WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1928

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

## *Playing Hookey*

THE LIFE STORY OF **WALLACE REID** *by* **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

# Blonde or brunette — *your* color harmony in a Jantzen

***For the blonde type*** ✦ ✦

*The alluring blonde who appreciates the distinctiveness of perfect color harmony should choose a suit of Jantzen blue . . . a peculiarly subtle and fascinating hue with a greenish cast, recalling the deep, sunkissed turquoise of the Adriatic. Accessories should be of violet and golden yellow.*

✦ ✦ ✦

***For the brunette*** ✦ ✦

*The imperious brunette who seeks a perfect contrast to dark hair, dark eyes or olive skin should choose a suit of Jantzen canary yellow. Accessories of spring green and blue make an irresistibly striking picture.*

✦ ✦ ✦

WHAT strikes the eye more at any fashionable beach or pool than becoming colors? Myriads of gala colors . . . trim-fitting swimming suits of vivid hues or pastel shades . . . beach robes, gorgeously patterned . . . vari-colored caps, shoes!

What makes one individual costume more striking than others? Color harmony . . . careful selection of colors that harmonize with one's personality!

Jantzen has created wondrous colors . . . dashing, youthful, flattering. . . . Hazel Adler, international authority, has combined them with harmonious accessories for every individual type of coloring . . . blonde, brunette . . . whatever yours may be.

And after the beach parade is over and you really want to *swim,* you're doubly glad your suit's a Jantzen. It gives you that rare combination of smartness with perfect freedom for swimming.

Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool by the Jantzen-stitch process, a Jantzen graces your body lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle.* And because of this flexibility of material, a Jantzen *retains* its shape.

See the new models on display at leading stores here and abroad. Newest is the Jantzen "*Twosome*". Bright hues, duo-tones, distinctive stripes. . . . Color-fast; being literally *dyed-in-the-wool.*

Send now for "Jantzen Color Harmony Guide" or secure your copy from local merchant. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

***For the titian type*** ✦ ✦

*That rare type, the titian-haired, who would make the most of her beauty should select a suit of Jantzen emerald. Titian, the great Italian painter, chose green to set off the burnished copper tones of auburn hair. Harmonious accessories are those of copper brown and cornflower blue.*

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

FILL OUT AND MAIL US THIS COUPON FOR COLOR HARMONY BOOKLET

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

# Must your daughter get married before she hears the truth *concerning feminine hygiene*

WHAT DUTY of a mother is more important than the duty of telling her daughter the facts about feminine hygiene? Yet how many mothers there are who fail in this duty! Some stand by and let the gulf of years widen between them—constantly "putting it off." Others doubt the accuracy of their own knowledge—and with good reason, for the ideas of even five years ago are decidedly obsolete today.

Result: the daughter, upon marriage, embarks upon a new life trusting that new-found friends and associates will enlighten her concerning these intimate matters. And what a tragedy it can be, if their information is wrong or incomplete!

### *Learn the truth as your physician knows it*

What are the dangers that make this subject of feminine hygiene so important? Ask your physician. He has the truth ever before him. His experience is replete with examples of untold harm caused by the use of certain germicidal preparations —deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid or their compounds sold under various trade names.

Every mother should keep these products clearly in mind, with the word "warning" associated with each and every one. For these skull-and-crossbone germicides are indeed dangerous, when employed for feminine hygiene purposes. In many cases their continued use leads to a deadening of the highly sensitive membranes and ultimately to the formation of areas of scar-tissue.

Then, besides the fearful effects of these compounds when so used, there is the continual threat of *accidental* poisoning. Think what it means to bring these deadly preparations into the home — among the family — perhaps into the hands of an innocent child!

### *Zonite banishes the risks that women run*

Only a few years ago women had no choice but to run the terrible risks of poisonous antiseptics or go without germicidal protection. This dilemma no longer exists. In *Zonite* science has provided a powerful germicide that is absolutely non-caustic and non-poisonous. Through this remarkable product women now possess a new standard of hygiene—a degree of protection made possible only by a safe antiseptic.

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. But what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is so caustic that its continued use produces an irreparable scarring of the tissues. Zonite, on the contrary, is as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs.

### *Every mother and daughter should read this booklet*

More information—vital information—concerning Zonite and the practice of feminine hygiene is given in the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This booklet has been prepared especially for women because of an urgent demand for more light on this much beclouded subject. In its pages the truth as declared by modern science is made available to all.

Mothers find the booklet a simple solution to the problem of advising their daughters. Because its information is trustworthy and authoritative, it may, after reading, be passed to others without hesitancy. Send for a copy now. It is *free*. Simply check the coupon below where it mentions "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*In bottles:* 30c, 60c, $1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home. L-6

(*Please print name*)

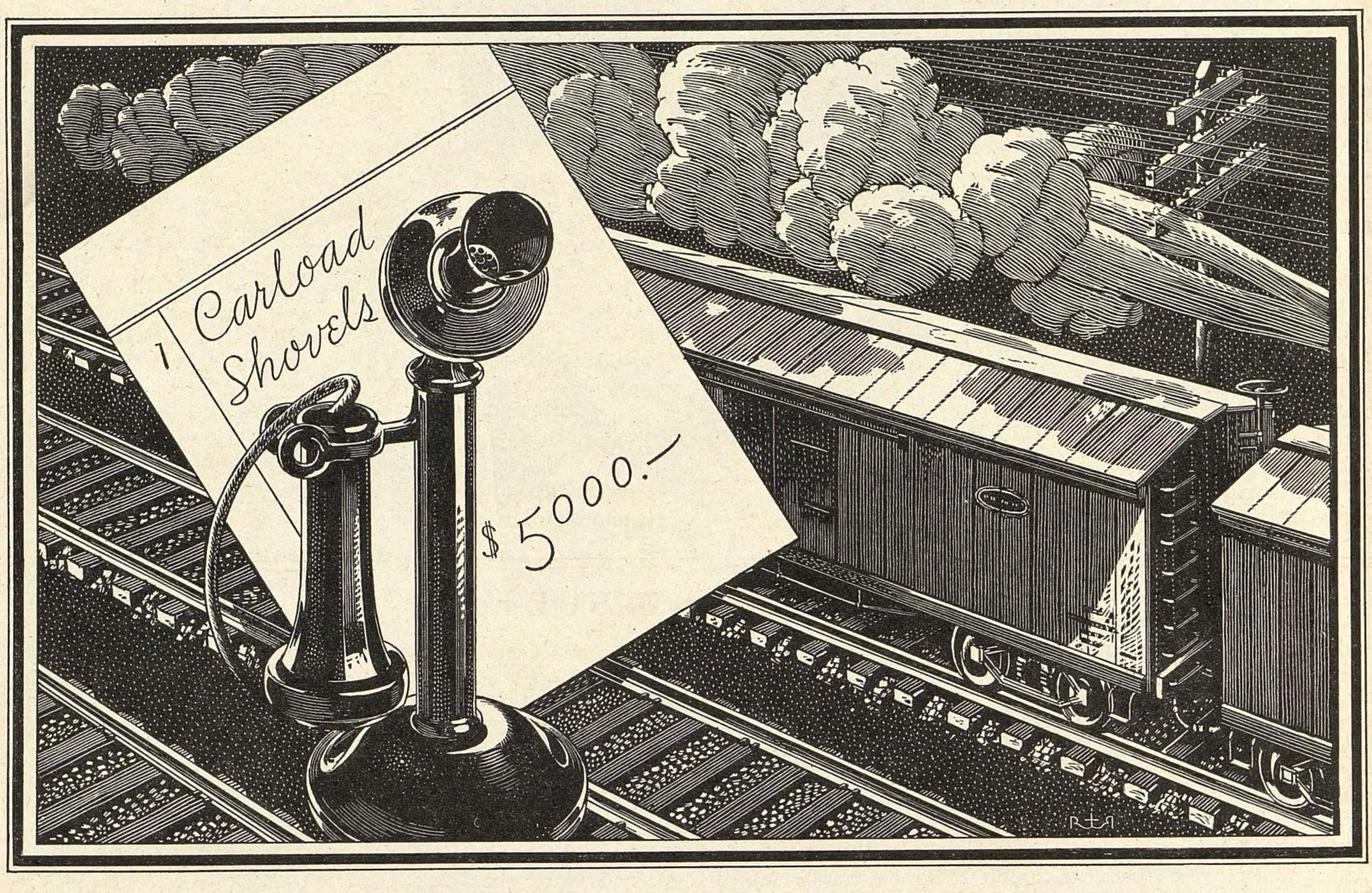
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

# Called on him for 3 years
# Then, a $5000 order by Telephone




*An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service*

THE sales manager of a West Virginia tool company made personal calls upon a Cincinnati jobber for three years—without making a sale. Then one day he learned that a large job of work was to be started. He instantly called the jobber by Long Distance. Sold him a carload of shovels. Amount of the order, $5000. Telephone charge, $1.30.

In the packing industry, reams of correspondence are often exchanged before specifications can be agreed upon. In a 10-minute telephone conversation, an Austin, Minnesota, firm took a 5-carload order and laid the groundwork for future shipments of half a million pounds. The new customer was 1500 miles away.

A Cedar Rapids insurance man had learned to use Long Distance while in the coal business. Each week from his desk he calls an average of 20 of his salesmen. "It enables me to talk to them just as well as if I visited them in person." In five years, his annual business has increased from one million to five and a half million dollars.

What long distance calls could you profitably make now? They are inexpensive. New station to station day rates are: San Francisco to New York, $9. Pittsburgh to Boston, $2.20. Chicago to Detroit, $1.35. Newark to Philadelphia, 60c. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

JUNE 23, 1928

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 5
No. 25

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Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING EDITORIAL

Once a year we feel impelled to urge people to swim.

Perhaps this is because we have been told our origin was in the water, and we hark back to it. We propose no disquieting discussion of evolution vs. fundamentalism, but we do remember pieces such as "When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish," and no doubt they have influenced us. It must be rather pleasant to be a tadpole on a very hot day.

Perhaps it is simply because swimming gives so much pleasure. Most babies, after they have overcome their inherited fear, take to the water like ducks. It is a natural and spontaneous delight.

Or perhaps we feel this urge because we like to get out of our clothes and show ourselves off—if we are so proportioned that this seems wise.

Here we come upon the perilous topic of bathing suits and modesty and censorship, and all that. Well, to the pure all things are pure. Not many will deny, we think, that modern bathing garb, suitably filled, is a joy to the wearer and beholder alike.

There is exultation and a fine sense of freedom in ridding ourselves of hampering toggery. The cause of sheer beauty may not always be served by it, but does that so much matter? Take the beaches as you find them, and you will be the better for it. There are usually a few pretty girls.

But don't stay on the beaches. Get into the water.

If you can, get into the ocean. To our inland brethren we say: if it is at all possible go to the coast and get some salt water in your eyes and mouths. It smarts and tastes brackish, and is altogether fine.

Sweet water swimmers know nothing of the joys of the sea. The water itself has a buoyancy and a stimulating virtue unlike any other. The sands or rocks of the shore have an endless fascination.

The tides come in and go out as if the ocean were some slowly breathing monster. There is lots of bare sand, peopled with shellfish, maybe clams to dig, seaweed, driftwood—an infinite variety of interesting things. The high water mark is a visible boundary between two worlds.

If you choose the right place, there is surf. If you are on Long Island (we think of that because it is near by) we offer you our opinion that the ocean side is better for bathing than the sound side. Much better—because of the surf. If the New Jersey coast or the wide California beaches are within reaching distance, go there.

Where the coast faces the open sea the long sweep of the rollers gives an incomparable effect of majestic power. There's a kick in just looking at it. And there's a greater kick in going in after a storm and letting the waves fling you about.

But, wherever you are, get acquainted with the water. Even a placid pool is better than nothing at all.

This is a moral editorial, and the moral is: Everyone should learn to swim, not only for the sake of safety but for the greater reason, that of pleasure. For most of us it is the only way of getting off the earth. It is the nearest we come to flying, if we cannot actually fly.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 25
June 23, 1928
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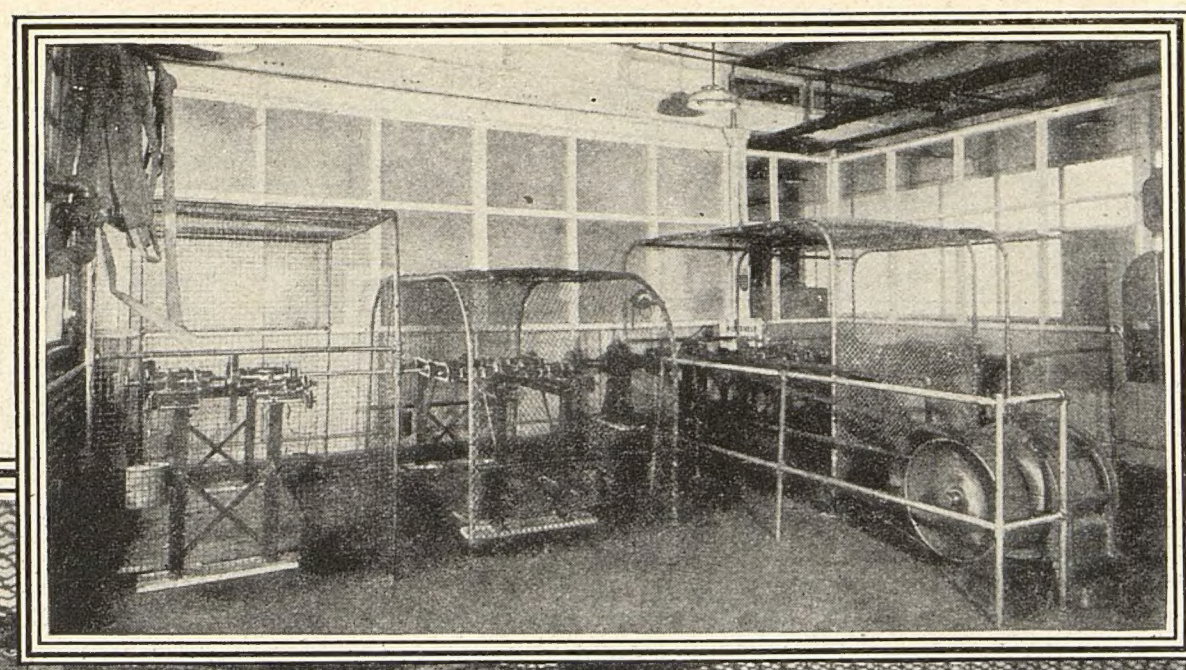
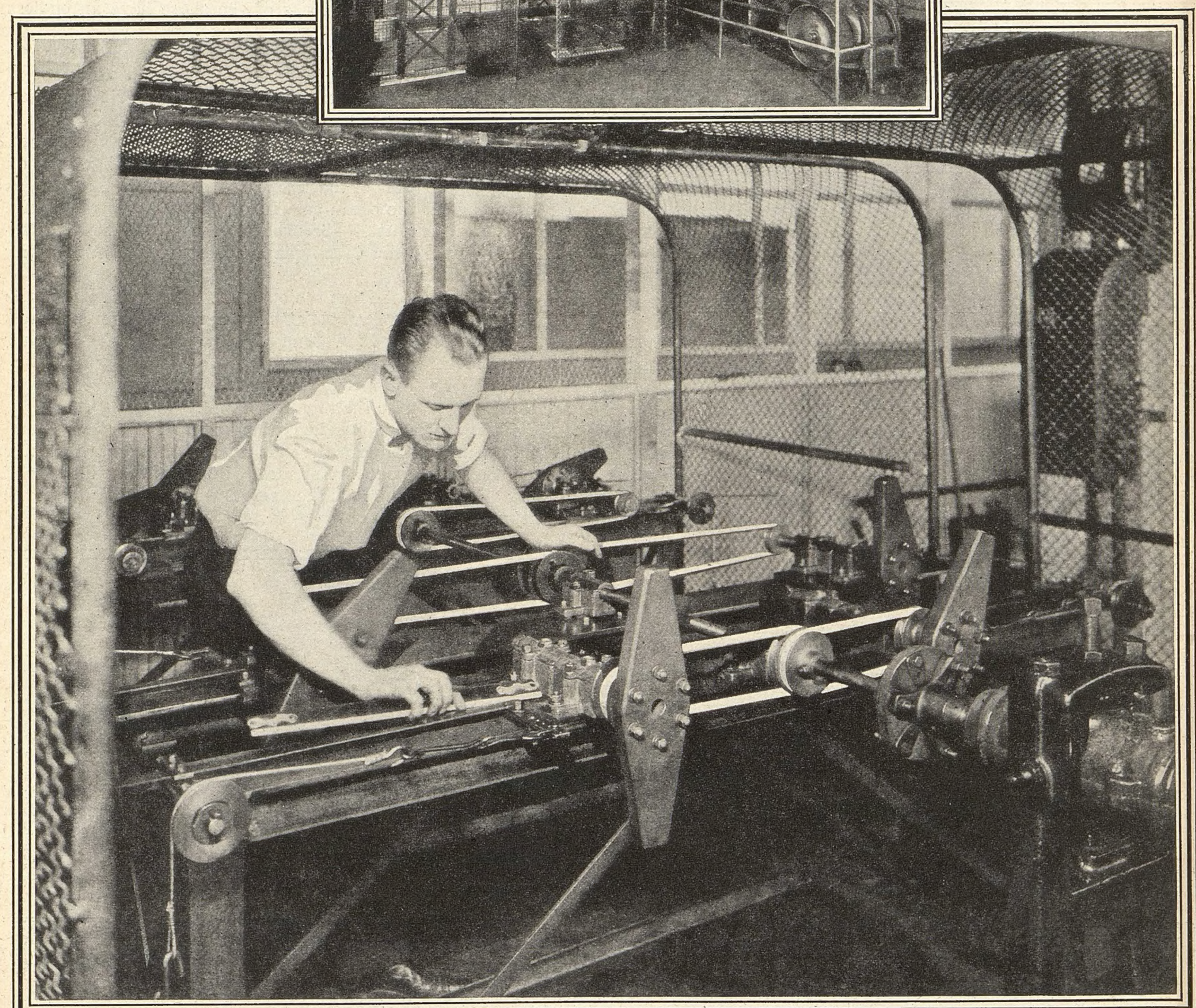
**Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.**
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

Many of the tests performed at the Laboratories and the Proving Ground are entirely new so that machinery had to be designed by General Motors engineers for conducting them. This applies to the testing of fan belts. The large photograph shows an engineer adjusting a fan belt on the machine that will run it night and day until it breaks. The smaller photograph gives some idea of the size of the apparatus necessary for testing even this very little part of an automobile.





# GENERAL

# FAN BELTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

THE best fan belt on the market a few years ago would render good service through an average year's driving, or perhaps two or three years. It seemed a satisfactory product, but it did not satisfy General Motors.

The laboratory engineers constructed a machine to run a fan belt under high tension at terrific speed, hour after hour, day after day. Under this stress and strain, the best fan belt lasted only seven hours.

General Motors engineers strengthened the belt, and the relentless machine tore it to pieces in eight hours.

They strengthened it again and raised its life to nine hours — to ten.

Then the engineers adopted a quite different principle of construction, producing a belt that resisted the test for more than fifty hours.

Again the specifications were changed and the score was 120 hours. At this point, when most men would have been content, the General Motors engineers felt they were just beginning. With the cooperation of belt manufacturers they proceeded to construct a belt that withstood all that the machine could do to it for 800 hours. This is the belt that is now being used on General Motors cars.

An improvement of 11,000 per cent in a minor part which was considered quite satisfactory even before the testing began! Thus it is that General Motors automobiles grow continuously better, as every part is studied with an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

*"A car for every purse and purpose"*

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
*All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE
*The Automatic Refrigerator*

DELCO-LIGHT
*Electric Plants*

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

*General Motors passenger cars. Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan*

TUNE IN — General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 9.30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

# LIBERTY Announces Details of Its Quantity Discount to Advertisers

EFFECTIVE with the first issue in July, 1928, advertisers buying space in LIBERTY in large units will be granted a cash-earning quantity discount. Until further announcement the following discounts on units of thirteen pages, used within a year after the first insertion, will be granted:

**First Unit** 2 per cent discount.

**Second Unit** 3 per cent for the second unit and
2 per cent for the first unit.

**Third Unit** 4 per cent for the third unit,
3 per cent for the second unit and
2 per cent for the first unit.

**Fourth Unit** 5 per cent for the fourth unit,
4 per cent for the third unit,
3 per cent for the second unit,
2 per cent for the first unit.

Discounts will be scaled down from the maximum on the last unit to the 2 per cent on the first unit. The maximum discount will not be paid on the aggregate. Odd pages over the thirteen page unit will earn a discount corresponding to that in the unit just below. The discount does not apply solely to full page space. For instance: 52 quarter pages or 26 half pages correspond to 13 full pages in earning the discount. All pages over 52 will earn the maximum discount of 5 per cent.

Payments will be made by check in the advertiser's name as discounts are earned upon the completion of each unit. Odd pages above the unit will receive the earned discount at the end of the contract year.

Under this arrangement, agency commissions will not be affected. Commissions will be based on advertisers' gross appropriations.

LIBERTY takes this new step at a time when its circulation is the highest in its history—and going up; when its financial status is the best it has ever been. It is simply adapting to the magazine publishing business the age-old policy of lower cost for large sales. LIBERTY is confident that advertisers will take advantage of this unusual opportunity.

## *Example 1*

An advertiser using fifteen pages within a year will receive a 2 per cent discount on the first unit of thirteen pages plus a 2 per cent discount on the last two pages. If the advertiser should increase his campaign to 26 pages within the year, he would then earn a discount of 3 per cent on the second unit of 13 pages.

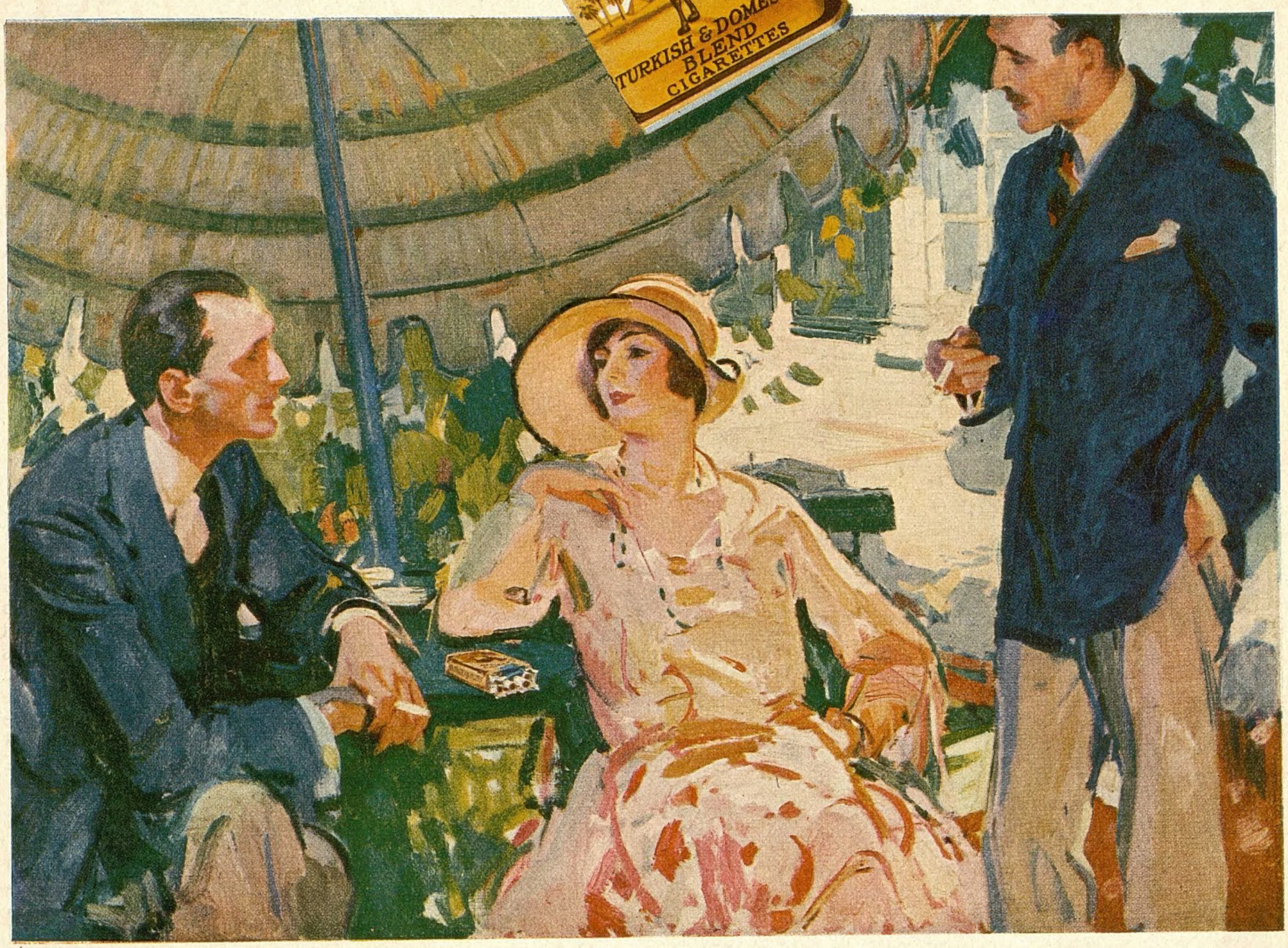
## *Example 2*

An advertiser using twenty-six pages will receive 2 per cent discount on the first unit of thirteen pages and 3 per cent on the second unit. At the current black and white rate, the advertiser would pay $110,500 for 26 pages. On the first 13 pages, costing $55,250, he would earn a discount of $1,105. On the second unit he would earn a discount of $1,657.50—a total of $2,762.50 on the 26 pages. Earned discounts on color units would be proportionately more.

*A representative will be glad to show how LIBERTY'S plan can lower your advertising costs. Ask for one to call by writing to LIBERTY WEEKLY, Inc., 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.*

**Liberty**
*A Weekly for Everybody*

H A V E A




C A M E L

*"Personally, I smoke for pleasure"*

When enjoyment is the first consideration, the overwhelming choice is

# CAMEL

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
KAY
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
After your favorite smoke
it's "always good taste"
to use –
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
"THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY"

# *The Life Story of* WALLACE REID

## *The Tragedy of an American Idol*

*By* ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

PART ONE

*(Reading time: 27 minutes 35 seconds.)*

WALLACE REID lived thirty-one years. He was born April 15, 1892. He died January 18, 1923.

Into those thirty-one years he packed the experiences, the work, the success, the joys and heartbreaks, the problems and temptations, of five ordinary lives.

The high voltage killed him.

That is the simple, psychological explanation. The actual story of his life is more complicated. It is utterly of our times. It is almost unbelievable in the extravagance and exaggeration of its color and action.

*AS he appeared in some of his greatest pictures. (Left to right) In The Student Prince in Old Heidelberg, in The Man Within, in Joan of Arc, and in Forever.*

Everyone is familiar with the picture of Wally Reid, and almost everyone knows the main events of his short life. The handsome, clean-cut boy who went up like a skyrocket and came down like a charred stick.

But the reason for it all has been cloaked in mystery—a mystery that can be solved only by complete familiarity with the things that happened to him and with his strange, wonderful, lovable character.

It is not enough to look upon the mere outward facts that were given to the world before and at the time of his tragic death. You have to go deeper than that. You have to go into the soul of the boy—and boy he was, right to the end—and into the play of events upon that too sensitive, too facile, too generous nature.

Perhaps I can do that.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr, Los Angeles

*The involuntary matinée idol of the movies, Wallace Reid.*

It has always seemed to me that only one who knew Wally could write the story of his life.

I knew Wally Reid as well as anyone ever knew him. I knew him from the time he made his first pictures until the day when I stood beside his wife and watched the smoke that consumed the last of him that was mortal fade against the sky. I am very proud and a little sad to remember that he thought of me as the sister he always wanted and never had.

In a letter he wrote me not long before the end he said:

> I don't know why I have failed like this. Sometimes I think you do. Pray for me that, somewhere in the strange land into which I am going alone, I may become at last the man I have always wanted to be.

STRANGELY enough, the reason for his going up and his coming down, for the love he inspired the whole world to feel for him and his own heartbreaking downfall and death, for his unequaled success and his unparalleled defeat was the same.

Wally Reid—the shattered idealist.

The important thing about Wallace Reid is not that he was the greatest and most popular man star the motion picture has produced. It is that he was, beyond dispute, the best loved man of his generation. He woke in the heart of the multitude a great affection, a lasting affection, that still gives off fragrance, like crushed lavender. It wasn't only women who loved him, though they did—and often not wisely but too well. Men loved him, boys, old people, children.

There was something about Wally that fitted into the dreams in every heart.

His life story is important because of that love, and because his death grieved and bewildered and shocked the whole world.

Now, love and grief like that aren't stirred by a mere handsome face.

It was the ideals back of that face, the ideals that corresponded

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID
Continued from page eleven]

so completely with the beauty and fineness of his outward being, that earned him that love. And it was those ideals, the shattered ideals he couldn't bear to live with, that destroyed him.

Men without ideals can live with their disillusionments, even with their sins. Men with ideals very often cannot.

The life story of Wally Reid, the shattered idealist, is a living proof of that.

. . . . .

PEOPLE used to say that Wallace Reid was the perfect type of young American. He stood for that upon the screen.

That isn't to be wondered at.

He came, on both sides, from fine old American stock, a blending of the North and South. The history of his ancestors would fit well into the biographies of many of our great men.

His paternal great-great-grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary War and acquitted himself with honor and distinction. The Reids had a hand in settling the country farther west after that war. His great-grandfather moved with the tide of restless Americans to Ohio in the early days, and knew the dangers and hardships of a pioneer life in creating a farm and a home for himself and his family there. This great-grandfather and the father of Whitelaw Reid, at one time United States Ambassador to France and to Great Britain, were brothers.

From Revolutionary days on down, the Reids were persons of standing and education who took an active part in the affairs of their country, whether those affairs happened to be war or pioneering or the spreading of education. The first of them were big, rawboned men, Anglo-Saxon by breeding, descendants of the English and Irish who sailed in such numbers to the New World.

His grandfather married a Kentuckian with an impressive family tree and a large percentage of French blood. Dr. Hugh Reid occupied the chair of dentistry in the Ohio Dental College and at the University of Minnesota, and was noted among his students for a gentle and winning personality.

He was a deeply studious man who read the Greek philosophers and dramatists in their original form, and was always more interested in the classic days of the ancients than in the modern world. When he retired it was to a small farm at Red Bank, New Jersey, where he lived quietly among his books until his death.

Photo by Stafford, Minneapolis

*Wally, wearing grandpa's spectacles, when ten months old.*

His only son was James Halleck Reid—"Hal" Reid—newspaper man and famous playwright, and the father of William Wallace Reid.

Wally's mother was born Bertha Westbrook, and she was closely connected with some of the oldest families of the South. Her great-grandmother was one of those famous old Southern belles about whom novelists love to write. There is in the family one of those delicate, jewel-framed miniatures, showing a girl of such gay and irresistible beauty that it takes no great stretch of the imagination to believe that she handed it down through the generations to her famous great-great-grandson.

Both of Bertha Westbrook's great-grandfathers owned Virginia plantations in the days of slavery. Many of her closest kin wore the gray under Lee.

And so the picture, always beloved by Americans, of the stately old homes, the twinkling candles and gleaming silver, the devoted darkies and the blooded horses, takes its place naturally upon the back drop of Wally Reid's life story.

Wally used to kid his mother about the family tree, of which she was so proud, and he laughed at the crest upon the family silver. He said it didn't matter what a man's grandfathers were: it only mattered what he was himself. In a measure, of course, he was right. But heredity cannot be altogether discounted. In Wally's veins flowed the blood of Northern pioneers and of Southern aristocrats, and I think you will see that the traditions and standards that flowed with it had much to do with the boy himself.

THERE was a dash, too, of good old New York Dutch. For his mother's mother, Mary Virginia Rice, married one Colonel Harry Westbrook, who moved west to St. Louis when the cornfields began to disappear around Twenty-third Street in New York City. A gentleman and a soldier was Colonel Harry, and as such Wally always remembered him.

The youngest daughter of this union was Wally's mother.

There can be no doubt that the most important factor in shaping Wally Reid's youth was his father. He loved his mother, but he idolized his father. As long as he could he believed that father the greatest of men. When he discovered the flaws in his idol, it broke his heart but didn't change his feeling. Those who were with him when that father died, not so long before his own passing, will probably not forget the intensity of the boy's suffering.

For these reasons it is necessary now to stop and consider Hal Reid in all his complexities.

A picturesque and brilliant figure, a veritable mass of contradictions, an erratic and lovable genius—that is as near as I can come to describing Hal Reid as I knew him and as his life presents him. A man who could hold any gathering spellbound with his wit and his extravagant flow of language, who could take the center of any gathering, and who numbered among his friends many of the most distinguished men of his day. Yet, with it all, as unstable as the wind, a prey to his own love of the pleasures and passions of life.

His success was tremendous. He made money and spent it like water, or gave it away in bursts of easy generosity. He adored the theater, its people and its pageantry. He could never resist the flowing bowl, a pretty face, or the sight of fast horses coming into the home stretch. He worked like a galley slave and played like Pan himself—always burning the candle at both ends.

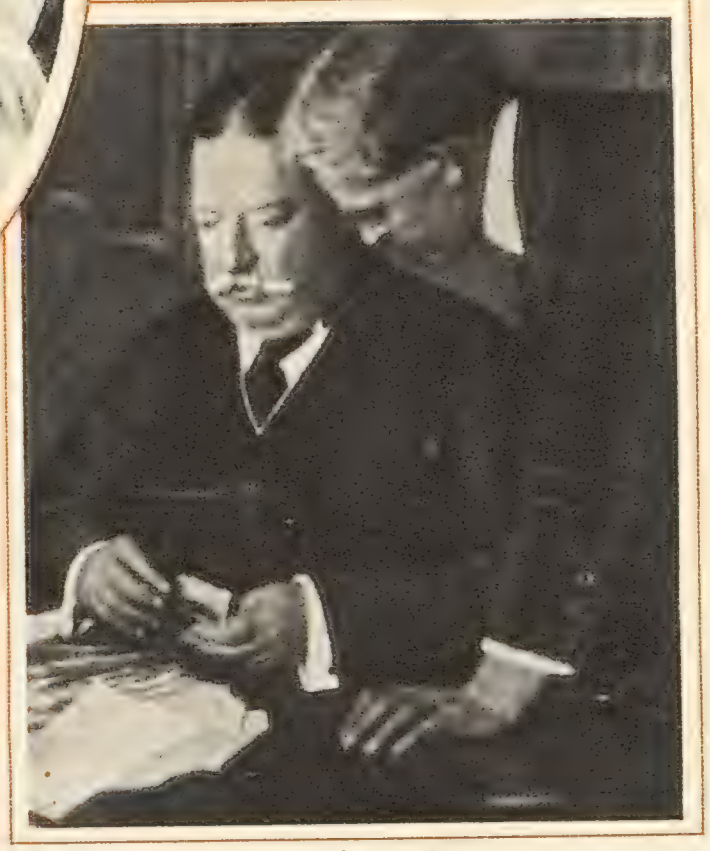
AS a youngster he went to work on the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which was then owned by Charles P. Taft, a brother of ex-President Taft. He had the gift of words. Men who worked beside him in those days say that he could take a yarn that to anyone else was worth a paragraph and turn out a column that held you from the first word to the last. Short on facts but long on writing, was the way the city editor set him down. In the parlance of Newspaper Row, Hal Reid's forte was "sob stuff."

From that he turned inevitably to playwrighting. His intense love of the theater and his sense of the dramatic combined naturally with his power to handle words.

Altogether, he wrote more than 150 plays and there was not a failure among them. One of them, Human Hearts, a melodrama that swept the country from one end to the other and remained a favorite for years, must be numbered among the most successful plays ever written. The Confession was another sensation, and was played in every city and hamlet in the United States.

There must be many people who remember Chuck Connors, the famous Bowery boy, in From Broadway to Bowery. And Terry McGovern in A Fight for Fame and Fortune, and Bob Fitzsimmons in A Fight for Love. And Gentleman Jim Corbett in another play.

Hal Reid wrote them all.



*Hal Reid, the famous playwright, Wallace Reid's father, with President Taft.*

As to the literary merit of these plays, in the critical sense, there must be some question. They were melodramas of the most "mellow" kind.

I once heard Wally explain them thus: "My father wrote the kind of play in which the attempts of the black-mustached villain to tie the golden-haired and tearful heroine to the railroad tracks were foiled by the splendid young hero, ably assisted by the soubrette and the comedian. But I defy anybody not to get a sob, a thrill, and a laugh out of them, even now, when they have gone out of fashion."

And there was truth in what he said. Lurid as they were, written at a time when melodrama was all the rage, they had in them a human, pulsing, heart-thrilling note to which we must pay tribute.

Above everything in the world Wally admired what he called "brains." Those his father had, in large quantity. And Wally's appreciation of him never faltered, though toward the end they became more like brothers than father and son.

I remember very well one Christmas night when Wally and Dorothy Reid had combined the holiday season and their entry into a new home as an occasion for a big party. My dear Dotty! She had on an apricot gown that night and above it her hair shone like polished mahogany. The picture is so vivid to me because I think that is the last time I ever saw her completely happy.

A telegram had come that Wally's father was ill. The boy showed it to me.

"I sometimes wonder," he said a little wistfully, "which of us is father and which is son. Sometimes I feel that he is my son, not I his. That's funny, isn't it? But I've had to look after him a good deal. Of course, you can't expect a man with a marvelous brain like Hal's to be just normal. Genius is always overbalanced."

Wallace's mother grew up in St. Louis, carefully reared and educated

in the fine arts, after the manner of all well bred Southern girls of that period. She painted a little, she played and sang very sweetly, she danced charmingly, she "sat on a cushion and sewed a fine seam." As she blossomed into womanhood, she displayed more than the usual share of beauty—one of those silvery blonde girls, with big blue eyes and a cream-and-roses complexion.

The lovely Miss Bertha Westbrook danced her way through two brilliant St. Louis social seasons, attended by a coterie of beaux and showered with lace-frilled and beribboned bouquets. Those who knew her then remarked less upon her beauty than upon the gayety and sweetness of her disposition.

"Lots of those young Southern beauties got awfully spoiled," an old friend of hers said to me; "but Bertha was always kind and thoughtful and sweet to everyone."

In the ordinary course of events she would have married one of her numerous suitors and continued upon the round of social and domestic activity belonging to her station in life.

One thing intervened.

There burned in Bertha Westbrook's romantic young bosom a great desire for dramatic expression. She wanted to be something more than just a wife and mother. She wanted to be a great actress.

It seems to me that most of the girls of that day concealed somewhere the same burning ambition. Most of them, however, never carried it any further than reciting certain well known poems at evening gatherings, and all that now remains is the oft-heard remark, "I always thought I could have been an actress. I wanted to be, when I was a girl, but father wouldn't allow it."

Photo by Brockmeyer, St. Louis

*The future actor when four years old.*

But Bertha Westbrook, possessed either of a more ardent desire or a stronger will, took the first step toward her goal when, at the end of her second season, she became a member of the McCullough Club for Amateur Theatricals, which then flourished in St. Louis. The word "amateur" silenced the parental protests.

She appeared before the footlights of the old Grand Opera House as the heroine of a drama in blank verse, and the audience and the critics greeted her work with acclaim. A play written by Augustus Thomas, also a member of the club, came next, and Miss Westbrook appeared in it, opposite the author. The hit she made was real enough to crystallize her determination to carry her work beyond the narrow limits of amateur theatricals.

She would become an actress, a real actress; preferably a Shakespearean actress. In the luxurious confines of her own chamber, she learned the words of the immortal *Juliet* and the mad *Ophelia* and declaimed them to the silent walls, which faded before her eyes into a sea of spellbound faces.

PERHAPS she was only a stage-struck girl. Perhaps she was something more. At any rate, Fate decreed she should be known to the world not as a great actress but as the mother of a great actor.

For just at this time she met Hal Reid, who had come to St. Louis for the purpose of producing one of his plays.

The attraction was instant, natural, and mutual. Hal Reid saw a beautiful young girl, fired with devotion to those gods of the theater which occupied his own altars. Bertha Westbrook encountered a personality more electric than any she had ever known. A witty, eloquent young man, who moreover could open to her the very gates she had intended to storm. Everything drew them together.

Hal Reid was not the husband the Westbrooks would have chosen for their daughter. But nothing could stem the tide of young love, and only a short time after their first meeting Hal Reid and Bertha Westbrook slipped away to Kansas City and were married in the rectory of an Episcopal church there.

The marriage was not to be an altogether successful one. Hal Reid must have been a difficult man to live with, for all his fascination. He was a true Bohemian at heart. To the girl, reared amid the rigid conventions and social restrictions of the South, many things must have been exceedingly trying. They were divorced after Wally had grown to manhood. Before that, there were various separations, but even when the final split came, they seem to have cherished a mutual respect and affection.

Wally loved them both and never took sides in their differences.

A man's end, they say, is always in his beginnings.

We have seen clearly enough Wallace Reid's beginnings. He had from his father a quick and facile intelligence, an almost too keen sense of humor, a love of the dramatic, and a Bohemian heart; from his mother, physical beauty, that golden thread of romance, a gay, sweet manner, and much idealism.

Photo by Bellsmith, Cincinnati

*Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid, Wally's mother, when she was playing in Human Hearts, Hal Reid's great success.*

But—but—where is the strain of iron, where is the hardy pioneer courage, the rippling steel fortitude of his more remote ancestors? Where is that hardihood of the great-grandfather who conquered nature in the West, of that great-grandfather who, when post-slavery days took his plantation from under him, founded a new life and a new town farther west and there sat on the Supreme Bench well into his eighties?

The erratic brilliance of Hal Reid, the romantic sweetness of Bertha Westbrook, seem to lack these things. Had they been "bred out," as they breed strength out of working and fighting dogs when they begin to fashion them for show points? Did the race soften in Wally Reid to more beauty and fineness and artistry—and less strength?

SOMETIMES I think so. Then I remember the blinding, dauntless courage of Wally Reid's last great fight, and I know it had not. Perhaps it lay dormant for a time. But in the end it triumphed.

No matter how the romance of Hal Reid and Bertha Westbrook ended, it began in a rosy glow. From St. Louis they went to Chicago and then to Cincinnati. The bride had her first glimpse of the great world. The bridegroom was busy on the manuscript of a new pastoral play, A Homespun Heart, which was presented for the first time in Cincinnati, with the new Mrs. Reid in one of the principal rôles.

But as soon as Bertha Reid knew she was to have a child, they went back to the Westbrook home in St. Louis.

It is interesting here to quote what Wally's mother herself has said, in a little book on her son's life, of the months before his birth:

> The time came when I knew that the great responsibility of a human soul-flower, an incarnated spiritual entity out of the fathomless mystery of Nowhere, was to be intrusted to my care, and the sacredness of that trust was ever with me from that time. Every single day found it conscience imposed, duties performed gladly, happily. An hour each was devoted to the most conscientious efforts to draw and paint good pictures, to practice the best class of music within my abilities, to write the best original prose of which I was capable, to healthful exercises and the bath, to the reading of good, clean literature and to religious thought and study, and I surrounded myself with many pictures of beautiful children, which I frequently intently studied. In short, I was a believer in the immeasurable power of prenatal influence.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page thirteen

Whatever one's own opinion on that subject may be, it is interesting to note that Wallace Reid was most astoundingly gifted in many of the lines which his mother here mentions. He was the most facilely gifted man I ever knew. There will be time later to comment and illustrate that statement at length, that it may not be classified as mere "press-agent bunk," such as the public has come to doubt and ignore.

But just here it seems important to recall that Wally painted better than well. I have in my possession a bookplate he once did for me, and a little head of my baby daughter, both of which are beyond the average. He wrote delightful poems. I hope that some day Dorothy Reid will publish a small volume of them. He was a musician of great talent. I believe that as a violinist, with proper study and training, he might have been an Elman or a Heifetz. His love of good books led him to accumulate a very fine library, even in the brief and busy time of his success.

On April 15, 1892, in the ancestral mansion in St. Louis, there was born to Hal and Bertha Reid a son, who was christened William Wallace.

He was a husky baby, weighing almost twelve pounds. From the first day he ever went out in his perambulator no one ever mistook him for a girl child. His eyes were big and blue—Irish eyes—and he had a fluff of soft baby hair so nearly white that his adoring aunts and grandparents nicknamed him "Cotton-top."

Photo by Hall's Studio, New York
*When Wally was—just American boy, at ten.*

It is always difficult to know exactly how much of a family's enthusiastic recital of the virtues and abilities of a baby may be taken at face value.

"To hear mother tell it," Wally once remarked, when Mrs. Reid had been repeating some of his earliest exploits for the edification of his own son, "you'd think I recited Shakespeare at six months and went to the grocery store alone before I was a year old."

However, there is no other testimony available, and according to family tradition Wallace was a beautiful, bright, and exceptionally good baby.

From the moment of his birth he was surrounded by devoted and indulgent relations. At the Westbrook home in St. Louis his crib was the family shrine.

When business took his mother and father to Minneapolis, the three of them were the guests of Hal Reid's father and mother—Dr. Reid was then on the faculty of the University of Minnesota. There a small tub was actually moved into the drawing-room every morning and he took his bath before an audience of aunts, uncles, and grandparents, more admiring perhaps than any he ever played to afterward.

At seven months he could say "mamma" and "papa," and he quoted his first Mother Goose rhyme on his first birthday.

AH, that fatal facility of his for winning adoration, for doing without effort the things other people had to sweat to do! To me, that facility, remarkable and charming as it was, was the weakest spot in his armor.

We should have to put up some kind of a fight for what we get in this world. We value it more and we are better prepared to keep it. The only thing Wally Reid ever had to fight for in his life was a clean death. His victory enshrines him in the hearts of all of those who knew and loved him.

His early childhood was characterized by a continual shifting of scene and environment.

His father and mother traveled a great deal, and sometimes he traveled with them, adoring the trains and the hotels and, above all, the theater. On the trains he was a constant center of attention. In the theater he used to toddle about the stage at rehearsals, his eyes big with interest. Often, when he was only four or five, he would astound his parents by repeating long scenes word for word. He played a child part or two, but his mother objected and his career as a boy actor was cut short.

He had a funny little way, still remembered by other actors who were members of those troupes, of talking seriously, using grown-up words and phrases. His trick of being interested in the other fellow and what the other fellow had to say was noticeable even then.

His curiosity about people and life awakened early. There were few children in the theatrical circles where their profession kept his mother and father, and his association was with older people who were always laughing at his quaint speeches, admiring his little ways and his childish beauty.

But the quality of sweetness which was always so predominantly his, and which held a note of true humility, kept him from being spoiled. He thought very little about himself.

When he was a very little fellow he went to see a revival of The Phœnix. His nurse held him on her knee, a breathless little figure in a white dress, his cotton-top motionless with attention. When Mrs. Reid made her entrance as the flower girl, he startled the audience with a gasp, and then squealed delightedly, "Oh, there's my mamma, there's my mamma!" After the performance he circled about her admiringly, as though this new revelation of her talents had quite overawed him.

When his mother thought it best for him not to follow their wanderings—Hal Reid was writing and producing plays at this time and money and success were rolling in—the boy went to his grandmother's home in St. Louis or to his great-grandfather's plantation in Virginia. In both places he had the most devoted care.

Wherever he was he was happy and good; one of those children who are "no trouble," chiefly because his little mind was incessantly active, and all this going about from one place to another, seeing new sights, being with new people, gave it plenty of food.

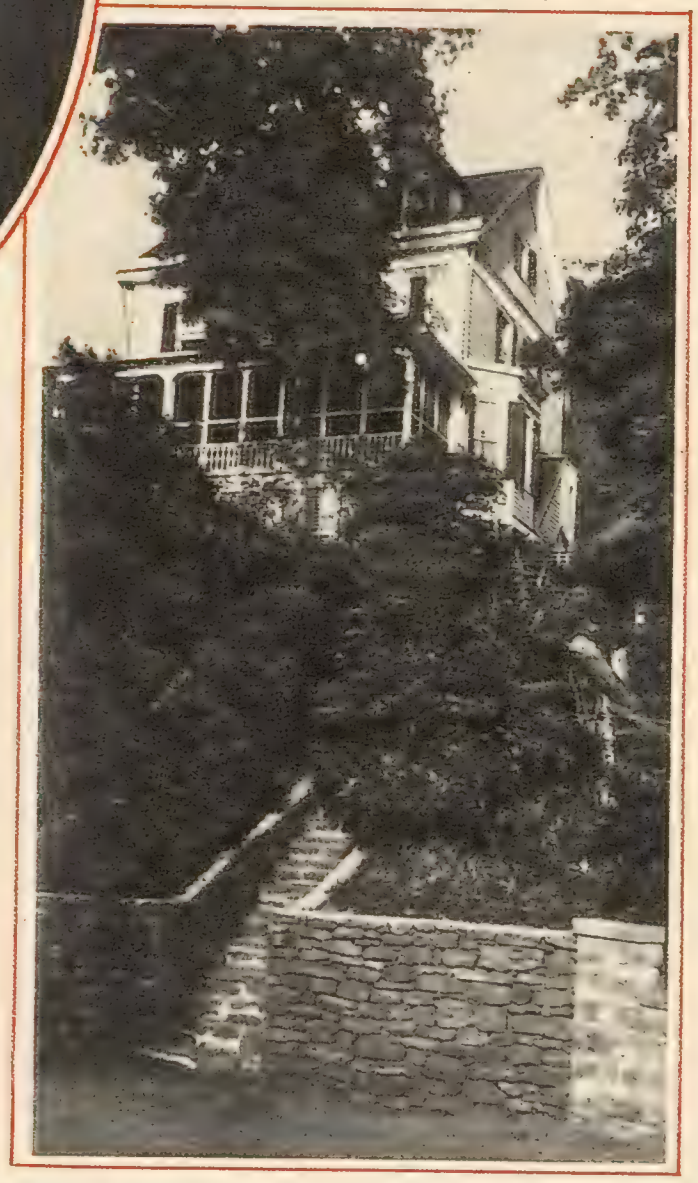
Boredom was always one of Wally's greatest foes.

As a child he had little of it to contend with.

THERE is one thing it will be well to remember about this early childhood:

It was so easy, so protected. Then, as always, the path was smoothed before him. He was the Fairy Prince. Nothing was ever refused him. Nobody was ever harsh to him. Love was the atmosphere in which he lived. His father adored him and never punished him. It was not in Hal Reid's nature to punish anyone.

His mother gave him a rather sentimental philosophy of life. She was essentially a good woman, a woman of high ideals and aspirations. But they were tinged with her own incurable romanticism. She dealt with his youthful faults through persuasion, through Wally's own affectionate nature. There seemed no need of discipline other than this with so sweet and bright and docile a child. So that here again the note of sternness, of a certain kind of *hardness*, is missing.



*Glory View, his boyhood home at Highlands, New Jersey.*

We were all talking before the fire one night—Wally, Dorothy, Jimmy Cruze, Lila Lee—I've forgotten the others. The subject of our first definite recollections came up.

"The first thing I remember," said Wally, "is a cyclone. I remember it just as well as I remember what happened yesterday. And the thing I remember best is that my aunt had just baked a lot of cherry pies and they blew out of the window and started raining cherries everywhere."

That was, of course, the terrible St. Louis cyclone of 1896. Wally was four years old at the time. He and his grandmother were alone in one of the upper rooms of the big house when the wind struck it. As the windows began to crack and crash and the chimneys to thud against the roof, she grasped the boy's hand and started for the cellar. The noise was terrifying. Suddenly the little hand slipped out of hers and the child knelt and began to say the Lord's Prayer out loud.

For a moment she hesitated. The sensible thing was to get to the cellar. But something in the little uplifted face brought her down to her knees beside him, and together the old lady and the boy prayed as the great wind swept over them and left them safe.

"I don't remember that part of it," Wally said simply, when I repeated it as his grandmother had told it to me.

But the thing made a lasting impression on his mind. He hated wind. A "Santa Ana" windstorm would send him flying into the house.

"Another thing I remember," he told us, "was the first time I ever went on a boat. We were going to Long Branch, New Jersey, I think. I was very seasick. I don't think I've ever cared much for boats since."

Reading he loved, deeply, sincerely, with his whole being. Books were a passion with him, even as a child. He could no more bear to see a book hurt than he could to see a dog abused. Above everything he loved to have someone read aloud to him. He wore out his whole family, going

first to one and then another with his book open in his hand and his small "Please read to me."

His imaginative faculty, which was always operative in his years of picture work, awoke early. He lay in bed at night and peopled the darkness with all sorts of creations of his fancy. He was very little when he found out that he could take up a story where someone who was reading to him had stopped, and carry it on himself. Often he found that he had "imagined" the ending exactly as it was written down.

When he was ten, his parents moved to New York, to make it their permanent residence. Hal Reid had by this time gained such distinction as a playwright and was collecting such large royalties that this move seemed the sensible one. He wanted to be at the heart of the theatrical business, which then, as now, was New York.

They first settled in an apartment on West End Avenue and later moved into the neighborhood of Columbia University, overlooking Morningside Park.

*Wally the athlete. (Seated, at right) On the basketball team at military school, and (left) as a prep school football player.*

That was their town residence. But the home Wally really loved was a country estate at Highlands, New Jersey. The place was one of great beauty. Below it flowed the Shrewsbury River and behind it lay the Atlantic. Glory View seemed a fitting name for it.

Here began Wally's real boyhood. Here, for the first time, he was outside the magic circle of family love. Here he met other boys, on a boy's ground.

"When I read Huckleberry Finn," he confessed one night, when I had caught him breathlessly absorbed in that precious volume, "I always think of the time I was a kid at Glory View."

There were caves by the river. There were ancient buildings, with tumble-down doorways, crumbling brick chimneys, iron latches. There was even a pirate's staircase of worn stone about which clung a tradition that Henry Hudson himself had once used it. The hills were thickly wooded.

COMBINE these advantages with the fact that Wally and his pals had just discovered James Fenimore Cooper, and you can imagine what the next few years held:

The secret club, which had a code language! The cave, dug in the side of the river bank, where they could build a fire, read Cooper, and plan their attack upon the hostile Indians or the savage wolves without! The nightly whistles that summoned the clan, who, having been safely tucked into bed, would climb stealthily out of windows and make perilous descent.

During that time Wally was—just American boy. Thousands like him, then and now, everywhere in this country. Tall, awkward, strong as a young ox, intent upon his own affairs. Maybe you have a twelve-year-old in your family. If you have, he is probably very like the Wally Reid of those days.

About this time he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church, but, let it be admitted, not without some difficulties. There was, even then, a peculiarly lucid, childlike logic about his mind. He wanted to *know*—why, when, where, and how. His spiritual yearning was real. But he was honest and open about his youthful doubts.

Dr. Hadley—son of the president emeritus of Yale University—had many long talks with him before the boy, grave and courteous, but ever questioning, could say "I do believe." Until he could say that, he would not go through the form which most sons of Episcopalian families accept as a matter of course.

Swimming was his favorite sport and he excelled at it. Coming from inland to the Atlantic coast and to the rivers, he soon beat the boys who had been born and brought up within sight of water. The kids pushed him in the first time. They could not understand that a big boy like that couldn't swim. Well, he could. At least, he did. And during the summers of his teens he had at least one thrilling rescue in the Atlantic to his credit and won a number of medals for diving.

Here entered also the first glow of love. I am sorry that he could not remember the girl's name. Perhaps that was because he never knew her very well—was content to adore from a distance. The thrilling climax of the affair was when he bought her an ice-cream soda. Anyway, her eyes were blue and she had long golden curls. But the crowning charm was that she lisped.

On the Christmas when he was twelve, Wally presented his mother and father each with a poem he had written. For them he himself made decorated cases. And he wrote appropriate dedications.

There is something to me a little pathetic in the lines he wrote in his own hand at the bottom of the dedication pages. Something vaguely prophetic.

On his mother's he wrote: "She who has stood by her two erring boys with the patience of Job and the forgiveness of the Saviour."

On his father's: "He who deserves great admiration for a wonderful change."

We get somehow from these things a picture of a boy who was a strange mixture: who wrote poetry and rescued drowning swimmers from the Atlantic; who understood perhaps too much of the soul struggles of his elders and read Cooper in a hidden cave; the gleam of an artistic, sensitive soul shining through the "just boy" exterior.

WHAT with long-distance swimming, high diving, outdoor life, and good Southern cooking—Mrs. Reid had brought colored servants with her from the South—the boy shot up out of all proportion. His father decided that he should go to military school. The discipline would be good for him, and the training would correct a bad habit of stooping to conceal his height, which was growing on him.

The Freehold Military School in New Jersey was chosen.

The next few years were school years. At the military school he was a favorite; a good athlete but a poor student. Studies didn't interest him in the slightest. Later he went to a preparatory school for Princeton. The classic course there was more attractive and he began to get high marks in his work.

At that time he decided definitely that he wanted to be a doctor. I think that was the one real ambition of Wally's life. His career as a motion-picture actor came more or less through circumstance. But always his leaning toward medicine was pronounced.

He played football and basketball at school. He fell violently in love with a girl who attended school at the same time he did—the prep school was a coeducational one. He made his first proposal and was rejected. She loved him, but she said she was "too young." Considering she was fifteen, one cannot but agree with her.

He passed his entrance examinations for Princeton, and his mother rejoiced. She had visions of her handsome young son beneath the shades of that ancient institution of learning. But it didn't work out that way, and Wally didn't go to Princeton.

Perhaps he himself never knew exactly why. Only—suddenly all this bored him. He had had enough of school. Of studying. He had had enough of home, for a while. The great world called him. He wanted to get out into it, to be on his own.

And so, suddenly, young Wallace Reid took the bit between his teeth and bolted—straight for Wyoming and adventure.

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*How Wallace Reid became a movie actor will be told in next week's Liberty.*

# Money for Nothing

## A New Serial of Crooks and Lovers and Gay Adventure

### By P. G. Wodehouse

*(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)*

A THOUGHT new and breath taking came to John Carroll: He would ask Patricia Wyvern to marry him!

John, slow, solid young Englishman, had loved Pat for years; but it required, literally, a dynamite explosion to fling him into this decision.

The explosion occurred at Rudge Hall, seat of the Carmody family, where John lived with his uncle, Lester Carmody. One of the old trees in the grounds had become a wabbly menace, and experts had been sent for to blast it out. They blasted a friendship with it. For Mr. Carmody and his old pal Colonel Wyvern happened to wander into the danger zone.

At a shout of warning Lester Carmody thrust the Colonel between himself and the doomed tree, and the retired army officer got the full force of the flying soil. Result: an estrangement of friends and a bad situation for John, for the testy Colonel was lovely Pat's father.

Pat, it happened, was just returning from the Continent. John made up his mind to drive at once to London, to meet her there, and, as his first gun, to convince her that he was absolutely pro-Colonel and all against his Uncle Lester. But another jolt was round the corner for him: his light-hearted cousin Hugo had, he found, taken his car.

Hugo, it developed, had driven to a queer place on a difficult mission. To induce his Uncle Lester to advance him £500, he had followed him to Healthward Ho, an establishment where a certain Dr. Twist put heavy gentlemen through a sort of thinning mill.

Hugo wasn't hopeful about getting the money. But he was going to have a pop at it.

PART TWO

THEORETICALLY, no doubt, the process of exercising flaccid muscles, opening hermetically sealed pores, and stirring up a liver which had long supposed itself off the active list ought to engender in a man a jolly sprightliness.

In practice, however, this is not always so. That Lester Carmody was in no radiant mood was shown at once by the expression on his face as he turned in response to Hugo's yodel from the rear. In spite of all that Healthward Ho had been doing to Mr. Carmody this last ten days, it was plain that he had not yet got that good will-to-all-men feeling.

Nor, at the discovery that a nephew whom he had supposed to be twenty miles away was standing at his elbow, did anything in the nature of sudden joy help to fill him with sweetness and light.

"How the devil did you get here?" were his opening words of welcome. His scarlet face vanished for an instant into the folds of a large handkerchief, then reappeared, wearing a look of acute concern.

"You didn't," he quavered, "come in the Dex-Mayo?"

A thought to shake the sturdiest man. It was twenty miles from Rudge Hall to Healthward Ho, and twenty miles back again from Healthward Ho to Rudge Hall. The Dex-Mayo, that voracious car, consumed a gallon of petrol for every ten miles it covered. And for a gallon of petrol they extorted from you nowadays the hideous sum of one shilling and sixpence halfpenny.

Forty miles, accordingly, meant—not including oil, wear and tear of engines, and depreciation of tires—a loss to his purse of over six shillings: a heavy price to pay for the society of a nephew whom he had disliked since boyhood.

"No, no," said Hugo hastily; "I borrowed John's two-seater."

"Oh," said Mr. Carmody, relieved.

There was a pause, employed by Mr. Carmody in puffing; by Hugo in trying to think of something to say that would be soothing, tactful, ingratiating, and calculated to bring home the bacon. He turned over in his mind one or two conversational gambits:

"Well, uncle, you look very rosy."

Not quite right.

"I say, uncle, what ho the schoolgirl complexion!"

Absolutely *no!* The wrong tone altogether.

Ah! That was more like it. "Fit." Yes, that was the word.

"You look very fit, uncle," said Hugo.

MR. CARMODY'S reply to this was to make a noise like a buffalo pulling its foot out of a swamp. It might have been intended to be genial, or it might not. Hugo could not tell. However, he was a reasonable young man and he quite understood that it would be foolish to expect the milk of human kindness instantly to come gushing like a geyser out of a 220-pound uncle who had just been doing bending and stretching exercises. He must be patient and suave—the Sympathetic Nephew.

"I expect it's been pretty tough going, though," he proceeded. "I mean to say, all these exercises and cold showers and lean chops and so forth. Terribly trying. Very upsetting. A great ordeal. I think it's wonderful the way you've stuck it out. Simply wonderful. It's character that does it. That's what it is—character. Many men would have chucked the whole thing up in the first two days."

"So would I," said Mr. Carmody, "only that damned doctor made me give him a check in advance for the whole course."

Hugo felt damped. He had had some good things to say about character, but it seemed little use producing them now.

"Well, anyway, you look fit. Very fit indeed. Frightfully fit. Remarkably fit. Extraordinarily fit."

He paused. This was getting him nowhere. He decided to leap straight to the point at issue. To put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all.

"I say, Uncle Lester, what I really came about this afternoon was a matter of business."

"Indeed? I supposed you had come merely to babble. What business?"

"You know a friend of mine named Fish?"

"I do not know a friend of yours named Fish."

"Well, he's a friend of mine. His name's Fish."

"What about him?"

"He's starting a new night club."

"I don't care," said Mr. Carmody, who did not.

"It's just off Bond Street, in the heart of London's pleasure-seeking area. He's calling it The Hot Spot."

The only comment Mr. Carmody vouchsafed on this piece of information was a noise like another buffalo. His face was beginning to lose its vermilion tinge, and it seemed possible that in a few moments he might come off the boil.

"I had a letter from him this morning. He says he will give me a half share if I put up five hundred quid."

"Then you won't get a half share," predicted Mr. Carmody.

"But I've got five hundred. I mean to say, you're holding a lot more than that in trust for me."

"Holding," said Mr. Carmody, "is the right word."

"BUT surely you'll let me have this quite trivial sum for a really excellent business venture that simply can't fail? Ronnie knows all about night clubs. He's practically lived in them since he came down from Cambridge."

"I shall not give you a penny. Have you no conception of the duties of a trustee? Trust money has to be invested in gilt-edged securities."

"You'll never find a gilter-edged security than a night club run by Ronnie Fish."

"If you have finished this nonsense I will go and take my shower bath."

"Well, look here, uncle. May I invite Ronnie to Rudge, so that you can have a talk with him?"

*Pictures by*
WALLACE MORGAN

*"Hullo!" Pat exclaimed. "Who are the people Hugo's got with him? Do you know them?"*

"You may not. I have no desire to talk with him."

"You'd like Ronnie. He has an aunt in the looney-bin."

"Do you consider that a recommendation?"

"No, I just mentioned it."

"Well, I refuse to have him at Rudge."

"But listen, uncle. The vicar will be round any day now to get me to perform at the village concert. If Ronnie were on the spot, he and I could do the Quarrel Scene from Julius Cæsar and really give the customers something for their money."

EVEN this added inducement did not soften Mr. Carmody.

"I will not invite your friend to Rudge."

"Right ho," said Hugo, a game loser.

He was disappointed, but not surprised. All along he had felt that that Hot Spot business was merely a Utopian dream. There are some men who are temperamentally incapable of parting with £500, and his Uncle Lester was one of them. But in the matter of a smaller sum it might be that he would prove more pliable, and of this smaller sum Hugo had urgent need.

"Well, then, putting that aside," he said, "there's another thing I'd like to chat about for a moment, if you don't mind."

"I do," said Mr. Carmody.

"There's a big fight on tonight at the Albert Hall. Eustace Rodd and Cyril Warburton are going twenty rounds for the welterweight championship.

"Have you ever noticed," said Hugo, touching on a matter to which he had given some thought, "a rather odd thing about boxers these days? A few years ago you never heard of one that wasn't Beefy This or Porky That or Young Catsmeat or something. But now they're all Claudes and Harolds and Cuthberts. And when you consider that the heavyweight champion of the world is actually named Eugene, it makes you think a bit.

"However, be that as it may, these two birds are going twenty rounds tonight, and there you are."

"What," inquired Mr. Carmody, "is all this drivel?"

He eyed his young relative balefully.

"I only meant to point out that Ronnie Fish has sent me a ticket, and I thought that, if you were to spring a tenner for the necessary incidental expenses—bed, breakfast, and so on—well, there I would be, don't you know."

"You mean you wish to go to London to see a boxing contest?"

"That's it."

"Well, you're not going. You know I have expressly forbidden you to visit London. The last time I was weak enough to allow you to go there, what happened? You spent the night in the police station."

"Yes; but that was boat-race night."

"And I had to pay five pounds for your fine."

Hugo dismissed the past with a gesture.

"The whole thing," he said, "was an unfortunate misunderstanding; and, if you ask me, the verdict of posterity will be that the policeman was far more to blame than I was. They're letting a bad type of man into the force nowadays. I've noticed it on several occasions. Besides, it won't happen again."

"You are right. It will not."

"On second thoughts, then, you will spring that tenner?"

"On first, second, third, and fourth thoughts, I will do nothing of the kind!"

"But, uncle, do you realize what it would mean if you did?"

"The interpretation I would put upon it is that I was suffering from senile decay."

"What it would mean is that I should feel you trusted me, Uncle Lester—that you had faith in me. There's nothing so dangerous as want of trust. Ask anybody. It saps a young man's character."

"Let it," said Mr. Carmody callously.

"If I went to London, I could see Ronnie Fish and explain all the circumstances about my not being able to go into that Hot Spot thing with him."

"You can do that by letter."

"It's so hard to put things properly in a letter."

"Then put them improperly," said Mr. Carmody. "Once and for all, you are not going to London."

HE had started to turn away as the only means possible of concluding this interview, when he stopped, spellbound. For Hugo, as was his habit when matters had become difficult and required careful thought, was pulling out of his pocket a cigarette case.

"Goosh!" said Mr. Carmody—or something that sounded like that.

He made an involuntary motion with his hand, as a starving man will make toward bread; and Hugo, with a strong rush of emotion, realized that the happy ending had been achieved and that at the eleventh hour matters could at last be put on a satisfactory business basis.

"Turkish this side, Virginian that," he said. "You can have the lot for ten quid."

"Say, I think you'd best be getting along and taking your shower, Mr. Carmody," said the voice of Dr. Twist, who had come up unobserved and was standing at his elbow.

The proprietor of Healthward Ho had a rather unpleasant voice, but never had it seemed so unpleasant to Mr. Carmody as it did at that moment. Parsimonious though he was, he would have given much for the privilege of heaving a brick at Dr. Twist. For at the very instant of this interruption he had conceived the Machiavellian idea of knocking the cigarette case out of Hugo's hand and grabbing what he could from the débris; and now this scheme must be abandoned.

With a snort which came from the very

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page seventeen ]

depths of an overwrought soul, Lester Carmody turned and shuffled off toward the house.

"Say, you shouldn't have done that," said Dr. Twist, waggling a reproachful head at Hugo. "No, sir, you shouldn't have done that. Not right to tantalize the poor fellow."

HUGO'S mind seldom ran on parallel lines with that of his uncle. But it was animated now by the identical thought which only a short while back Mr. Carmody had so wistfully entertained. He, too, was feeling that what Dr. Twist needed was a brick thrown at him. When he was able to speak, however, he did not mention this, but kept the conversation on a pacific and businesslike note.

"I say," he said, "you couldn't lend me a tenner, could you?"

"I could not," agreed Dr. Twist.

"Well, I'll be pushing along, then," Hugo said moodily.

"I hope," said Dr. Twist, as he escorted his young guest to his car, "you aren't sore at me for calling you down about those student's lamps. You see, maybe your uncle was hoping you would slip him one, and the disappointment will have made him kind of mad. And part of the system here is to have the patients think tranquil thoughts."

"Think what?"

"Tranquil, beautiful thoughts. You see, if your mind's all right your body's all right. That's the way I look at it."

Hugo settled himself at the wheel.

"Let's get this clear," he said. "You expect my Uncle Lester to think beautiful thoughts?"

"All the time."

"Even under a cold shower?"

"Yes, sir."

"God bless you!" said Hugo.

He stepped on the self-starter and urged the two-seater pensively down the drive. As he turned the first corner, there popped out suddenly from a rhododendron bush a stout man with a red and streaming face. Lester Carmody had had to hurry, and he was not used to running.

"Woof!" he ejaculated, barring the fairway.

Relief flooded over Hugo. The marts of trade had not been closed, after all.

"Give me those cigarettes!" panted Mr. Carmody.

For an instant Hugo toyed with the idea of creating a rising market. But he was no profiteer. Hugo Carmody, the square dealer.

"Ten quid," he said, "and they're yours."

Agony twisted Mr. Carmody's glowing features.

"Five," he urged.

"Ten," said Hugo.

"Eight."

"Ten."

Mr. Carmody made the great decision.

"Very well. Give me them. Quick!"

"Turkish this side, Virginian that," said Hugo.

The rhododendron bush quivered once more from the passage of a heavy body. Birds in the neighboring trees began to sing again their anthems of joy. And Hugo, in his trousers pocket two crackling five-pound notes, was bowling off along the highway.

Even Dr. Twist could have found nothing to cavil at in the beauty of the thoughts he was thinking. He caroled like a linnet in the springtime.

"Yes, sir," he was assuring a listening world as he turned the two-seater in at the entrance of the stable yard of Rudge Hall some thirty minutes later, "that's my baby. No, sir, don't mean maybe. Yes, sir, that's my baby now. And by the way, by the way—"

"Blast you," said his cousin John, appearing from nowhere. "Get out of that car!"

"Hullo, John," said Hugo. "So there you are, John. I say, John, I've just been paying a call on the head of the family over at Healthward Ho. Why they don't run excursion trains of sight-seers there is more than I can understand. It's worth seeing, believe me. Large, fat men doing bending and stretching exercises. Tons of humanity leaping about with skipping ropes. Never a dull moment from start to finish. And all clean, wholesome fun, mark you, without a taint of vulgarity or suggestiveness. Pack some sandwiches and bring the kiddies. And let me tell you the best thing of all, John—"

"I can't stop to listen. You've made me late already."

"Late for what?"

"I'm going to London."

"You are?" said Hugo, with a smile at the happy coincidence. "So am I. You can give me a lift."

"I won't."

"I am certainly not going to run behind."

"You're not going to London."

"You bet I'm going to London!"

"Well, go by train, then."

"And break into hard-won cash, every penny of which will be needed for the big time in the metropolis? A pretty story."

"Well, anyway, you aren't coming with me."

"Why not?"

"I don't want you."

"JOHN," said Hugo, "there is more in this than meets the eye. You can't deceive me. You are going to London for a purpose. What purpose?"

"If you really want to know, I'm going to see Pat."

"What on earth for? She'll be here tomorrow. I looked in at Chas. Bywater's this morning for some cigarettes—and, gosh, how lucky it was I did!—by the way he's putting them down to you—and he told me she's arriving by the three o'clock train."

"I know. Well, I happen to want to see her very particularly tonight."

Hugo eyed his cousin narrowly.

"John," he said, "this can mean but one thing. You are driving a hundred miles in a shaky car—that left front tire wants a spot of air; I should look to it before you start, if I were you—to see a girl whom you could see tomorrow in any case by the simple process of meeting the three o'clock train. Your state of mind is such that you prefer—actually prefer—not to have my company. And, as I look at you, I note that you are blushing prettily. I see it all! You've at last decided to propose to Pat. Am I right or wrong?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

*"Woof!" Lester Carmody ejaculated, barring the fairway.*

# You need a hot soup with cold summer meals

## For invigoration

NOW COME the days when every woman plans to make her table the picture of cool, inviting daintiness. Different now the problem. Different the dishes which must be provided to attract and satisfy the family appetite. Meats in a variety of tempting "cold cuts". Salads in no end of skillful and delightful combinations. Iced desserts and beverages, each with its own appeal on warm summer days.

Among so many cold foods, hot soup is especially healthful. This invigorating, liquid food acts as a tonic, wholesome stimulant to the appetite and the digestion. The cold meal tastes better and does you more good when hot soup is included.

## For health

This special attractiveness and value of soup for the summer menu is being recognized by new hosts of women each season. So soup is in constant demand throughout the year.

Soup is the ideal one-hot-dish of the cold meal. It is so popular with women everywhere that it has become a regular household dish in warm weather.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is one of the special summer favorites. This is not only due to its delicious quality, but also to its exceptional amount of hearty nourishment. In fact it has the reputation of being "a meal in itself!"

You will realize at once how handy and convenient it is to have such a substantial soup always ready, either as a luncheon or supper in itself, or as a part of your longer meals. 15 garden vegetables. 32 different ingredients. Blended with all the skill of Campbell's famous French chefs.

## For digestion

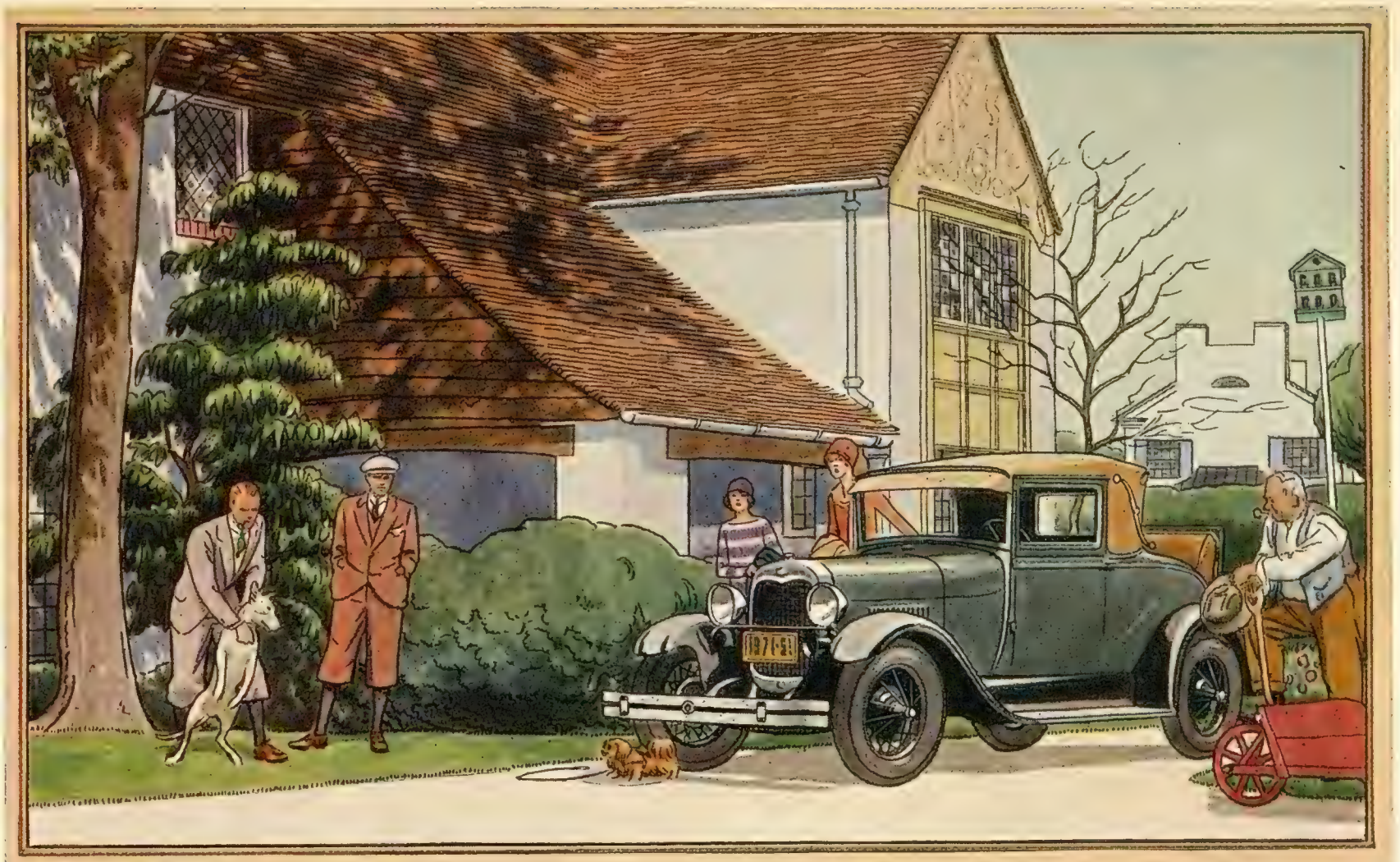
Campbell'sVegetableSoup is a real food that helps you to keep out of the hot kitchen in summer. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes!

All Campbell's Soups are just as easy to serve. There are twenty-one different soups and the full list is printed on every label.

It will repay you to read this list and become familiar with the delightful and welcome variety in Campbell's Soups. Women find them such a great help in making their menus "different". Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

**Campbells' Soups**

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER



# The new Ford has been built to endure

THE remarkable performance of the new Ford is the direct result of the quality that has been built into every part of it.

It has beauty of line and color because beauty of line and color has come to be considered a necessity in a motor car today.

Yet even more important than this outside beauty is the strength, efficiency and beauty of those parts which are on the inside—those vital mechanical parts which are the very heart of value and performance. It is well to look to this mechanical beauty when you buy an automobile.

An example of the quality that is built into the new Ford is the use of steel forgings instead of malleable castings and steel stampings. They are used throughout the chassis, except, of course, for the engine castings.

More steel forgings, in fact, are used in the new Ford car than in almost any other automobile regardless of the price.

Just what this means to every motorist is shown in the strength of the forged-steel spring perches alone. They will withstand 15,000 pounds pressure before indicating a permanent change in their structure. This is thirty times the strain put on each spring perch under normal running conditions.

Added strength, quiet and reliability also come from the number of electric weldings used in the new Ford. By the use of these weldings, one-piece parts of great strength replace those formerly made up of several parts bolted, riveted or soldered together.

Some of the other features which show the strength and quality that have been built into the new Ford car are the steel bodies; the carbon chrome nickel alloy valves; the five-bearing camshaft; the statically and dynamically balanced crankshaft which is built to withstand a twisting stress up to 60,000-inch pounds; the multiple dry-disc clutch; the standard gear shift with bronze, ball and roller bearings; the low center of gravity and minimum unsprung weight which combine with the Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and the new transverse springs to make the new Ford such an easy-riding car; the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield; the new steering gear which prevents road shocks from being transmitted to the hands of the driver and is unusually strong because the column and the housing of the steering gear mechanism are welded into a single all-steel unit; the mechanical four-wheel brakes; the seamless, all-steel torque tube; the new one-piece, welded, steel-spoke wheels; the aluminum alloy pistons which were selected because of their light weight and heat-conducting qualities; the three-quarter floating rear axle and all-steel rear axle housing.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

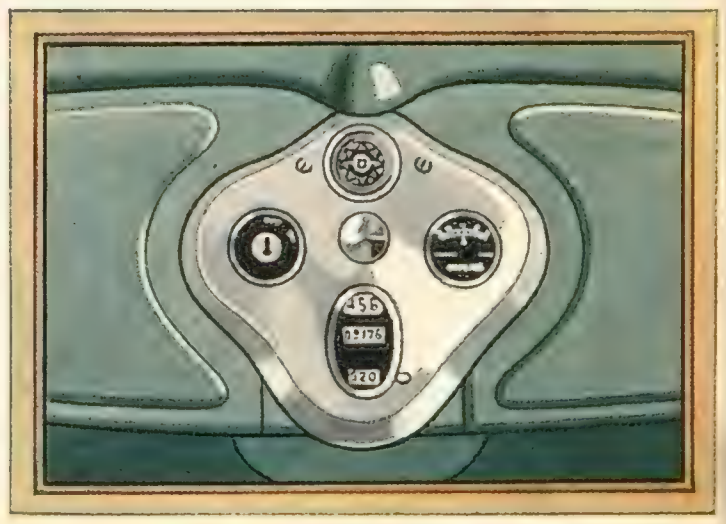
There are definite reasons, therefore, why the new Ford is more than a new automobile—more than just a new model. It is the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

So we say to you—take a little while to see and inspect this new car at the nearest Ford showrooms. Examine it carefully, part by part. Listen to its quiet, smooth-running engine. Know the thrill of driving it. By its performance you will know there is nothing quite like it anywhere in design, quality and price.

The Roadster sells for $385; Phaeton, $395; Tudor Sedan, $495; Coupe, $495; Business Coupe, $495; Sport Coupe, with rumble seat, $550. (F.O.B. Detroit.)

*The new Ford is a great car in traffic because of its quick acceleration, easy steering, short turning radius, and the safety of its four-wheel brakes. Gears shift easily, silently, because of the multiple dry-disc clutch and the standard gear shift with ball and roller bearings.*

*Shown below is the instrument panel of the new Ford. It is made of steel, beautifully finished in satin nickel. Instruments are in convenient clover leaf cluster, illuminated by light in center.*



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

John drew a deep breath. He was not one of those men who derive pleasure from parading their inmost feelings and discussing with others the secrets of their hearts. Hugo, in a similar situation, would have advertised his love like the hero of a musical comedy; he would have made the round of his friends, confiding in them; and, when the supply of friends had given out, would have buttonholed the gardener.

But John was different. To hear his aspirations put into bald words like this made him feel as if he were being divested of most of his more important garments in a crowded thoroughfare.

"Well, that settles it," said Hugo briskly. "Such being the case, of course you must take me along. I will put in a good word for you—pave the way."

"Listen," said John, finding speech. "If you dare to come within twenty miles of us—"

"It would be wiser. You know what you're like. Heart of gold, but no conversation. Try to tackle this on your own and you'll bungle it."

"YOU keep out of this," said John, speaking in a low, husky voice that suggested the urgent need of one of those throat lozenges purveyed by Chas. Bywater and so esteemed by the dog Emily. "You keep right out of this."

Hugo shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you please. Hugo Carmody is the last man," he said, a little stiffly, "to thrust his assistance on those who do not require same. But a word from me would make all the difference, and you know it. Rightly or wrongly, Pat has always looked up to me, regarded me as a wise elder brother, and, putting it in a nutshell, hung upon my lips. I could start you off right.

"However, since you're so blasted independent, carry on. Only, bear this in mind: when it's all over and you are shedding scalding tears of remorse and thinking of what might have been, don't come yowling to me for sympathy, because there won't be any."

John went upstairs and packed his bag. He packed well and thoroughly. This done, he charged down the stairs, and perceived with annoyance that Hugo was still inflicting the stable yard with his beastly presence.

But Hugo was not there to make jarring conversation. He was present now, it appeared, solely in the capacity of good angel.

"I've fixed up that tire," said Hugo, "and filled the tank, and put in a drop of oil, and passed an eye over the machinery in general. She ought to run nicely now."

John melted. His mood had softened, and he was in a fitter frame of mind to remember that he had always been fond of his cousin.

"Thanks. Very good of you. Well, good-by."

"Good-by," said Hugo. "And heaven speed your wooing, boy."

Freed from the restrictions placed upon a light two-seater by the ruts and hillocks of country lanes, John celebrated his arrival on the broad main road that led to London by placing a large foot on the accelerator and keeping it there. He was behind time, and he intended to test a belief which he had long held, that a Widgeon Seven can, if pressed, do fifty.

To the scenery, singularly beautiful in this part of England, he paid no attention. Automatically avoiding wagons by an inch and dreamily putting thoughts of the hereafter into the startled minds of dogs and chickens, he was out of Worcestershire and into Gloucestershire almost before he had really settled in his seat.

It was only when the long wall that fringes Blenheim Park came into view that it was borne in upon him that he would be reaching Oxford in a few minutes and could stop for a well earned cup of tea. He noted with satisfaction that he was nicely ahead of the clock. He drifted past the Martyrs' Memorial, and, picking his way through the traffic, drew up at the door of the Clarendon. He alighted stiffly, and stretched himself. And, as he did so, something caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. It was his Cousin Hugo, climbing down from the dickey.

"A very nice run," said Hugo with satisfaction. "I should say we made pretty good time."

HE radiated kindliness and satisfaction with all created things. That John was looking at him in rather a peculiar way and apparently trying to say something, he did not seem to notice.

"A little refreshment would be delightful," he observed. "Dusty work, sitting in dickeys. By the way, I got on to Pat on the phone before we left, and there's no need to hurry. She's dining out and going to a theater tonight."

"What?" cried John, in agony.

"It's all right. Don't get the wind up. She's meeting us at eleven-fifteen at the Mustard Spoon. I'll come on there from the fight and we'll have a nice home evening. I'm still a member, so I'll sign you in. And, what's more, if all goes well at the Albert Hall and Cyril Warburton is half the man I think he is and I can get some sporting stranger to bet the other way at reasonable odds, I'll pay the bill."

"You're very kind!"

"I try to be, John," said Hugo modestly. "I try to be. I don't think we ought to leave it all to the Boy Scouts."

*"I want a table, please," said Pat. "A nice, large one. I like plenty of room."*

II

A MAN whose uncle jerks him away from London as if he were picking a winkle out of its shell with a pin, and keeps him for months and months immured in the heart of Worcestershire must inevitably lose touch with the swiftly changing kaleidoscope of metropolitan night life. Nothing in a big city fluctuates more rapidly than the status of its supper-dancing clubs; and Hugo, had he still been a lad about town in good standing, would have been aware that recently the Mustard Spoon had gone down a good deal in the social scale.

To John Carroll, however, as he stood waiting in the lobby, the place seemed sufficiently gay and glittering. Nearly a year had passed since his last visit to London, and the Mustard Spoon rather impressed him. An unseen orchestra was playing with extraordinary vigor, and from time to time ornate persons of both sexes drifted past him into the brightly lighted supper room. Where an established connoisseur of night clubs would have pursed his lips and shaken his head, John was conscious only of feeling decidedly uplifted and exhilarated.

But then, he was going to see Pat again, and that was enough to stimulate any man.

She arrived unexpectedly, at a moment when he had taken his eye off the door to direct it in mild astonishment at a lady in an orange dress who, doubtless with the best motives, had dyed her hair crimson and was wearing a black-rimmed monocle. So absorbed was he with this spectacle that he did not see Pat enter, and was made aware of her presence only when there spoke from behind him a clear little voice which, even when it was laughing at you, always seemed to have in it something of the song of larks on summer mornings and winds whispering across the fields in spring.

"Hullo, Johnny."

The hair, scarlet though it was, lost its power to attract. The appeal of the monocle waned. John spun round.

"Pat!"

She was looking lovelier than ever. That was the thing that first presented itself to John's notice. If anybody had told him that Pat could possibly be prettier than the image of her which he had been carrying about with him all these months, he would not have believed him. But so it was.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page twenty-one]

Some sort of a female with plucked eyebrows and a painted face had just come in, and she might have been put there expressly for purposes of comparison. She made Pat seem so healthy, so wholesome, such a thing of the open air and the clean sunshine, so pre-eminently fit. She looked as if she had spent her time at Le Touquet playing thirty-six holes of golf a day.

"Pat!" cried John—and something seemed to catch at his throat. There was a mist in front of his eyes. His heart was thumping madly.

She extended her hand composedly. Her demeanor was friendly, but matter-of-fact.

"Well, Johnny. How nice to see you again! You're looking very brown and rural. Where's Hugo?"

It takes two to hoist a conversation to an emotional peak. John choked and became calmer.

"He'll be here soon, I expect," he said.

Pat laughed indulgently.

"Hugo'll be late for his own funeral—if he ever gets to it. He said eleven-fifteen and it's twenty-five to twelve. Have you got a table?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I'm not a member," said John and saw in her eyes the scorn which women reserve for male friends and relations who show themselves wanting in enterprise. "You have to be a member," he said, chafing under the look.

"I don't," said Pat with decision. "If you think I'm going to wait all night for old Hugo in a small lobby with six drafts whizzing through it, correct that impression. Go and find the head waiter and get a table while I leave my cloak. Back in a minute."

The head waiter was a large, stout, smooth-faced man who would have been better for a couple of weeks at Healthward Ho, and he gave the impression of having disliked John from the start.

JOHN said it was a nice evening. The head waiter did not seem to believe him.

"Has — er — has Mr. Carmody booked a table?" asked John.

"No, monsieur."

"I'm meeting him here tonight."

The head waiter appeared uninterested. He began to talk to an underling in rapid French. John, feeling more than ever an intruder, took advantage of a lull in the conversation to make another attempt.

"I wonder—perhaps—can you give me a table?"

Most of the head waiter's eyes were concealed by the upper strata of his cheeks; but there was enough of them left visible to allow him to look at John as if he were something unpleasant that had come to light in a portion of salad.

"Monsieur is a member?"

"Er—no."

"If you will please wait in the lobby, thank you."

"But I was wondering—"

"If you will wait in the lobby, please," said the head waiter; and, dismissing John from the scheme of things, became gruesomely obsequious to an elderly man with diamond studs, no hair, an authoritative manner, and a lady in pink. He waddled before them into the supper room, and Pat reappeared.

"Got that table?"

"I'm afraid not. He says—"

"Oh, Johnny, you are maddening. Why are you so helpless?"

Women are unjust in these matters. When a man comes into a night club of which he is not a member and asks for a table, he feels that he is butting in and naturally is not at his best. This is not helplessness: it is fineness of soul. But women won't see that.

"I'm awfully sorry."

The head waiter had returned and was either doing sums or drawing caricatures on a large pad chained to a desk. He seemed so much the artist absorbed in his work that John would not have dreamed of venturing to interrupt him. Pat had no such delicacy.

"I want a table, please," said Pat.

"Madame is a member?"

"A table, please. A nice, large one. I like plenty of room. And when Mr. Carmody arrives tell him that Miss Wyvern and Mr. Carroll are inside."

*"Say, I think you'd best be getting along and taking your shower, Mr. Carmody," said the voice of Dr. Twist.*

"Very good, madame. Certainly, madame. This way, madame."

Just as simple as that! John, making a physically impressive but spiritually negligible tail to the procession, wondered, as he crossed the polished floor, how Pat did these things.

It was not as if she were one of those massive, imperious women whom you would naturally expect to quell head waiters with a glance. She was no Cleopatra, no Catherine of Russia—just a slim, slight girl with a tiptilted nose. And yet, she had taken this formidable magnifico in her stride, kicked him lightly in the face, and passed on. John sat down, thrilled with a worshiping admiration.

Pat, as always happened after one of her little spurts of irritability, was apologetic.

"Sorry I bit your head off, Johnny," she said. "It was a shame, after you had come all this way just to see an old friend. But it makes me so angry when you're meek and sheepy and let people trample on you. Still, I suppose it's not your fault."

She smiled across at him.

"You always were a slow, good-natured old thing, weren't you, like one of those big dogs that come and bump their head on your lap and snuffle. Poor old Johnny!"

John felt depressed. This "Poor old Johnny!" stuff struck just the note he most wanted to avoid. If one thing is certain in the relations of the sexes, it is that the poor old Johnnies of this world get nowhere. But before he could put any of these feelings into words Pat had changed the subject.

"Johnny," she said, "what's all this trouble between your uncle and father? I had a letter from father a couple of weeks ago, and as far as I could make out Mr. Carmody seems to have been trying to murder him. What's it all about?"

Not so eloquently, nor with such a wealth of imagery as Colonel Wyvern had employed in sketching out the details of the affair of the dynamite outrage for the benefit of Chas. Bywater, Chemist, John answered the question.

"Good heavens!" said Pat.

"I—I hope—" said John.

"What do you hope?"

"Well, I—I hope it's not going to make any difference—between you and me, Pat."

"What sort of difference?"

John had his cue.

"Pat darling, in all these years we've known each other, haven't you ever guessed that I've been falling more and more in love with you every minute? I can't remember a time when I didn't love you. I loved you as a kid in short skirts and a blue jersey. I loved you when you came back from that school of yours, looking like a princess. And I love you now more than I have ever loved you.

"I worship you, Pat darling. I may have been poor old Johnny in the past, but the time has come when you've got to forget all that. I mean business. You're going to marry me, and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better."

THAT was what John had intended to say. What he actually did say was something briefer and altogether less effective.

"Oh, I don't know," said John.

"Do you mean you're afraid I'm going to stop being friends with you just because my father and your uncle have had a quarrel?"

"Yes," said John. It was not quite all he had meant, but it gave the general idea.

"What a weird notion! After all these years? Good heavens, no! I'm much too fond of you, Johnny."

Once more John had his cue. And this time he stiffened his courage. He cleared his throat. He clutched the tablecloth.

"Pat—"

"Oh, there's Hugo at last," she said, looking past him. "And about time. I'm starving. Hullo! Who are the people he's got with him? Do you know them?"

John heaved a silent sigh. Yes, he could have counted on Hugo arriving at just this moment. He turned and perceived that unnecessary young man crossing the floor. With him were a middle-aged man and a younger and extremely dashing-looking girl. They were complete strangers to John.

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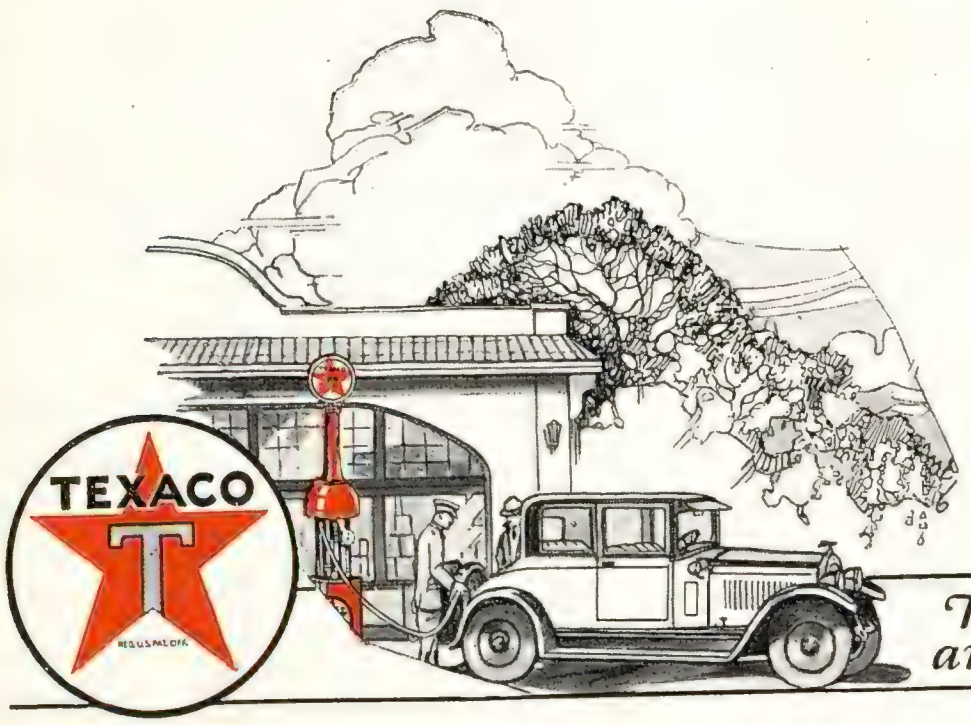
*Complete strangers—yet John would have been amazed could he have foreseen the part they were destined to play in his life. Watch their maneuvers in next week's installment.*

# *New Standards of performance~~Smooth quick-action power*

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# The Way HOME

## *Why Girls and Boys Run Away, and What's to Be Done About It*

An Article by

MARY E. HAMILTON

*Pictures by* W. FLETCHER-WHITE

*(Reading time: 18 minutes 21 seconds.)*

ALL night long I had been looking for Madge. Finally I found her, sleeping on newspapers under a bench in one of those subway stations that become isolated once the office hours of New York's busy financial district are over. She was ragged, dirty, hungry.

"You can arrest me if you want to, but I won't go home. Never!"

She said this with so much defiance, summoning every last bit of physical strength and courage that she had left to make her position in the matter clear and emphatic, that I knew it was useless to argue the matter with her then.

"Well, you don't have to go home—tonight," I assured her. "What you need now is a bath, a square meal, and a good bed to sleep in for twelve hours straight."

I took her to my own home, bathed her, fed her, and tucked her in bed. From a forlorn, bedraggled, hunted creature she was transformed into an amazingly pretty girl. It was then that she told me why she would rather go to prison than be returned to her parents.

"My father, a longshoreman, was sent to the penitentiary for striking a man with his bale hook. He was drunk and didn't know what he was doing, I suppose. He'd been arrested so many times before, we couldn't beg him off. The judge said he was too dangerous to be out of prison.

"Mother drinks too, even worse than dad. When she is sober, she works in a laundry; but nearly every cent she earns goes for bootleg whisky.

"I have one brother, twenty years old. He's a gangster and I'm afraid of him. He doesn't like me, because I've tried to be decent. He says I think I'm too good for the rest of them.

"All the younger children are in a home. There are six of them. When they are old enough to get their working papers, my mother will put them to work for her so she'll have more money to spend on booze.

"From the time I was three years old until I was sixteen I saw my mother exactly three times. I was in an institution, too. That was the happiest time of my life.

"For a year, now, I've been working in a factory. I was an honor pupil in school and could get a better job if they'd let me.

"Every Saturday I had to take my pay envelope home unopened. My mother took all the money I earned and didn't even give me enough to eat!

© Underwood photo

*Mary E. Hamilton, the author of this article, was New York City's first policewoman. She spent ten years on the force before undertaking private detective work and was director of the Women's Department, in charge of more than 100 policewomen. She has gained wide fame for social welfare work.*

*A runaway girl of foreign parentage actually became a bandit in order to acquire American clothes.*

"As for my clothes—look at them. Nothing but rags! The girls in the shop laugh at me and call me the scarecrow.

"See this ugly cut on my head? My mother did it. She threw a mustard bottle at me when I told her I was going to buy myself a pair of shoes. The ones I've been wearing are so full of holes I've been walking on my bare feet for weeks.

"See this mark on my forehead? That's where she hit me when I spent some of my overtime money for food.

"I never have any fun. Other girls my age go to dances and to the movies and have fellows to take them out, but my life is nothing but drudgery and disgrace.

"I just couldn't stand it any longer! Prison would be clean and quiet, like this, wouldn't it?" she asked wistfully.

"Go to sleep now and forget it all," I told her. "You're going to get a fair deal, and you won't have to go to prison for it, either."

There were two women waiting for me in my office when I arrived there after this hectic but satisfactory night's work. One was richly dressed, distinguished, refined. Under her cold reserve it was evident that she was in great distress. The other, a woman of the ignorant peasant type, I recognized as Madge's frantic mother.

"Where is my daughter?" she screamed. "I know you have found her. Where is she? I'll kill her when I get her home!"

"Suppose I told you that I had found her," I answered soothingly, "and that right now she was in a lovely home, sound asleep?"

"So that's what she's been up to—selling her soul and body for fine things." The woman of the slums became hard, cruel.

I SAW then that the threat she had uttered a few minutes before could become a horrible reality. I pictured that slip of a girl at the mercy of such a fiend. *Mother!* She dared to call herself that. I was a mother myself. I turned upon her with all the pent-up rage of a female defending her young.

"Yes, I've found your daughter," I fairly yelled at her (she was the kind that under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WAY HOME
Continued from page twenty-five]

stands only hard language), "but you'll never get a chance to kill her. She says she never wants to see you or her family again!"

With a foul oath, which was meant to be a lasting curse upon her daughter and upon me as well, she left the office. I never saw *her* again, nor did Madge.

For the first time the other woman, who had unwittingly been present during this unpleasant interview, spoke: "But *my* daughter—she, too, has run away, and if you find her, won't you send her home to me?"

"Every case is different," I said. "What's good for Madge might not do for the daughter of—"

"You know who I am!" She was greatly agitated, and made a move toward the door. Another case of a proud family fearing publicity.

"Yes. And I am going to find your daughter." I spoke so positively that she had to put aside her foolish prejudices and listen to me.

I knew, too, that she had consulted me—a member of the New York police force—only as a last hope. She, on the other hand, realized that if she went out of that door, her daughter might remain missing a long time. So far, the girl had completely baffled an army of private detectives; but it would not be so easy for her to escape the net that a great metropolitan police organization throws out in its world-wide search for a missing person. And so, at last, I got the chance to find Priscilla.

HER case was typical of many in which the daughters of the rich figure. She had everything that money could buy, and seemingly there was no reason why she should have given up a life of luxury for the uncertainties and hardships that go to make up a runaway's existence.

Her family was unable to give me any clews. They had been too much absorbed in their own affairs to bother much with Priscilla, who had long outgrown the nursery, but was still too young to be presented to society.

She attended a fashionable day school, but, aside from the hours spent there, her time was her own, to do with as she pleased, with little or no supervision. Ordinarily, the class of girls with whom she associated at school found plenty of amusement that would have horrified their sophisticated elders. But Priscilla was different from the average idle rich girl. She was a serious-minded young person who wanted to do something worth while.

This slim clew, which I gathered from a study of her school notebooks, had been discounted by the private detectives. They were working out the case on the theory that Priscilla had been kidnaped, spirited away. I believed that she had become a missing person deliberately.

The last person to see her was the chauffeur, a conservative man, long in the family's employ. He had driven her to a small exclusive shop, where she had dismissed him.

The shop, which I learned she had never patronized, was in the vicinity of a railroad terminal, and that gave me a hunch. I hurried to the station.

The first ticket agent questioned remembered that one day, several weeks back, a girl had thrown down a handful of money, saying she wanted to go as far as it would take her. It was such an odd request that he had not forgotten it. He gave her a ticket to New Haven. Thereupon I bought a ticket to the same place. Reconstructing Priscilla's flight, I journeyed to that fair college town.

THE first thing I saw when I left the train was a large sign—Help Wanted. Still playing the rôle of Priscilla, I climbed the rickety stairs. Yes, they remembered that a young lady, answering the description I gave, had applied for a position and had been placed, the records showed, as a nursery maid on a farm fifty miles distant.

And there I found the heir to the —— millions, happily earning her own living by taking care of three husky young children.

"I hate my family's indifference," she explained. "I hate their superficiality. I hate their uselessness. The Browns, for whom I am working, are all that my family is not."

It took a great deal of diplomacy to persuade Priscilla to return home, and it was no easy matter to make her father and mother understand that she and her philosophy of life were not to be disregarded or treated lightly.

Several years later I attended a very fashionable wedding, and when at last I got a chance to speak to the bride, she confided to me that Jack and she were going to live on a farm and raise a family like the Browns. The famous runaway Priscilla had finally solved the problem of getting away from her family, and this time I didn't have to show her the way home.

The runaway boy is just as much a problem as the girl. Take the case of Frank, for instance. Frank was sixteen years old. His parents, who were in comfortable circumstances, wanted to send him to college.

Frank had his own ideas. He wanted to give up school and go to work. He ran away in order to get his own way.

I found this prodigal son with three cents in his pocket, quite willing to go back home if only I could fix it up with his parents.

When Frank's father came to get him, I saw at once that he was in no mood to receive the penitent. He was angry with the boy, feeling that he had disgraced the family because, by running away, their name and personal affairs had been dragged into the newspapers. He said he was going to give his son a sound thrashing, believing it would teach him not to run away again.

That would have been the worst thing to do with Frank at such a crucial time in his life. He was a big, overgrown lad, and, had his dignity been injured, he most certainly would have run away again, next time going where he wouldn't be found—drifting, no doubt, into the hobo or gangster class in order to lose his identity.

I made a strong plea for the boy, and after I had finished there were tears in the father's eyes.

"Say," he said, "I guess I never understood the kid. I'm wrong. He's right. If he comes home, he can do as he pleases."

And, strange to say, upon learning that he didn't have to go to college, Frank decided to go.

MANY times the strictness of parents causes their children to run away in revolt. Children of foreign-born parents often leave home because they resent having to observe Old World traditions and customs.

A young Italian girl became incorrigible because she did not wish to wear a pair of old-fashioned diamond earrings—family heirlooms. She ran away to escape what seemed to her a terrible ordeal.

I located her and, upon hearing her story, got in touch with her father, advising him to put away the valuable jewelry until she was old enough to appreciate it, and meanwhile allow the child to wear cheap earrings of a more modern design.

Reluctantly this father forsook the customs of his ancestors, but in doing so he was able to hold his daughter—a far more important thing in the long run.

Another runaway girl of foreign parentage actually became a bandit in order to acquire American clothes. Foolishly her people wanted her to continue to dress like a European peasant.

"I am an American," she declared proudly, "and as an American I have a right to wear silk stockings, haven't I?"

Foreign fathers and mothers are not the only ones who are guilty of driving their children away from home because they stick to old ways.

Scores of girls whose mothers and fathers are American-born leave home because the head of the house sits in the parlor without his coat and shoes, smoking a smelly pipe, when the boy friend calls, or because an old-fashioned mother won't relinquish the ancient haircloth sofa of her early housekeeping days for a new overstuffed model.

It takes a lot of courage for a boy or girl to run away from home. Once home ties are severed, the problem of a young, inexperienced person to provide for himself without adult aid is a serious one. Freedom is largely a matter of economics. Too often runaways sink into degradation because of inability to compete as workers. Young, unaccustomed to

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

*Ordinarily, the class of girls with whom Priscilla associated at school found plenty of amusement that would have horrified their sophisticated elders.*

# I Felt Ashamed

## *HE was so proud of his children; why hadn't I taken snapshots of mine?*

JOHNSON took an envelope out of his pocket and handed me some snapshots.

"Just got these," he said. "Don't the kids look wonderful?"

"Look at Betty there," he rattled on, "isn't she cute in that dress? Her mother made it. Betty's crazy about dolls, but Buddy is strong for dogs. See here—this picture—"

I felt ashamed. While he showed *pictures* of his youngsters, I could only *talk* about mine. Without snapshots, though, I couldn't seem to find much to say. So my friend did most of the talking. A jealous pang ran through me. Why, *his* children couldn't compare with mine.

Often, because of mere thoughtlessness, a father fails to take snapshots of his children. As years pass he begins to regret this failure more and more. By the time he realizes how quickly he is forgetting the way his youngsters *used to look*, it is often too late. Don't let this happen to you. Take snapshots of them as they are today, as they never will be again.

As for not owning a Kodak . . . really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

deprivation and hardship, inexperienced and untrained, they are unable to make their way in the working world.

Then, too, when they first start out, they have no definite plan in mind, so in a short time their funds and even their clothes give out and they are "up against it." It is then that they become the prey of vicious people. And if they become disheartened before they are found, they are apt to drift into bad company and an easy mode of life, simply because otherwise they would have to face starvation.

A YOUNG girl left her home in a small town as the result of a quarrel with her parents over some trifling matter. When she reached New York she rented the first furnished room she saw advertised. That night the house was raided and she was arrested.

She was too frightened by the horrible experience to explain her predicament, and would have been convicted along with the guilty inmates had not a policewoman gained her confidence and thereby elicited from her the story of her innocent folly.

Emotional stress is another common cause of running away. Once, during a severe snowstorm, a girl was found wandering in an unfrequented section of Central Park. She was unable to give any reasonable explanation for having left her good home in a distant Pennsylvania town, coming from there directly to this particular place.

Her people came to New York to get her, and the case was closed without further investigation of the cause of her unusual flight.

Within six months, and again during a terrific storm, the same girl was picked up in the exact vicinity of her former escapade.

This time her grandfather came for her, and it was he who cleared up the mystery of the two runaways. It seems that the girl's mother had left her home during a terrible storm on the eve of the child's birth, and when found was wandering in a place very much like the one in Central Park that had twice attracted her daughter.

Another young woman always ran away when there was a full moon, because of some prenatal influence.

Every year thousands of runaway girls and boys from all over the United States are picked up in the streets of New York, while almost as many New York boys and girls leave the metropolis for parts east, west, north, south, near and far.

Many times the thing that lures them away is that imaginary pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They want a career, money, fame.

To become famous overnight! That dream has caused more girls and boys to run away from home than anything else. And the funny part of it is, fame *does* come to most of them, but not in the way that they plan it—with money and luxury, everything they want, and lots of it.

The fame they get—that passing fame of the moment—is not very pleasant, especially when so much depends upon their being free at that particular time to work out a great career for themselves.

When wandering sons and daughters see their pictures on the front pages of newspapers the morning after they disappear, they are generally very much scared—not thrilled.

If they have chosen the open road as the way to the fame of their dreams, they keep on traveling, all the time getting farther and farther away from home. That usually means that it will take a long time for the police to find them.

If they have not left their home town, they hide themselves more securely in what they believe to be the last place anyone would think of looking, which is usually the first place the police cover in their search.

While the reasons for running away may vary with the character of the runaway and his environment, the way in which a runaway reacts, once he finds himself "on his own," is much the same in all cases.

Invariably I can "spot" a runaway, even in a crowd. Usually they are self-conscious and ill at ease, if they haven't reached the point of being actually down at the heel.

Once, while having tea in a smart restaurant, I noticed a young girl who was finding it difficult indeed to order with ease a large repast which would have been more fitting at the dinner hour.

Upon a second glance I decided that she resembled Mary ——, for whom a general alarm had been sent out. Notifying the management to give her the slowest possible service, I got in touch with the girl's mother.

It was a very much surprised but not greatly disappointed young miss who rushed into her mother's arms an hour later. She didn't have the price of the elaborate meal that she was eating, and was mighty glad to see someone from home who would pay the check.

Unless the runaway meets with foul play, which is always a possibility, or persists in the determination to remain away from home permanently, he can be restored to his family eventually, especially if the proper machinery for finding him is maintained by the local police department, either at the place from which he starts or at his probable destination. The Bureau of Missing Persons of the New York Police Department represents the kind of organization necessary to trace successfully the whereabouts of persons who disappear.

HOW far a search may extend is shown in the following itinerary covered by New York's famous Missing Persons Bureau in one of its many thousands of cases. A runaway girl was traced from New York to Chicago, to San Francisco, to Seattle and back to San Francisco, thence to China and Japan, then back again to San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Boston, Troy—and finally back to a suburb of Chicago, where she was found happily married.

A Chinaman in New York had given her a large sum of money, telling her to wait for him in Chicago. Before his arrival she departed, leaving a forwarding address; but each time, before he could reach the next destination, she had traveled faster than he. Then, in the end, she foiled him by marrying someone else. She represents the extremely clever, self-sufficient type of runaway—a very rare variety!

The motives that prompt youth to run away—hurt feelings, a desire to be alone, rebellion against authority, boredom, love of adventure, desire to see the world and conquer it—are strongest during the adolescent age, when the girl or boy, no longer a child, stands on the threshold of young womanhood or young manhood.

There is a lot of good stuff in the young people who dare to run away—only it is misdirected, misunderstood, misused.

Few girls and boys leave home because they have really done something wrong. Running away is usually an expression of some honest impulse or natural desire. When a boy runs away to sea, leaves home to join the army or navy, or goes out into the world to make his fortune by getting a job, he is probably pursuing his dearest dream.

The bright lights of Broadway, the jazz of the dance halls, good clothes, a career before she is ready for it, are butterflies that a girl chases because they symbolize to her success and beauty. She starts out so bravely! And, if she stumbles, it takes a long time before she will admit defeat.

The serious-minded, altruistic runaway must be distinguished from the habitual one. The majority of runaways get enough out of one experience to satisfy them; but there is a group of runaways that never loses the spirit of *wanderlust*.

An eleven-year-old boy living in a New Jersey town ran away from home thirty-five times, each time visiting a different section of New York City. He admitted that he just couldn't stay away from the big town. A six-year-old youngster covered most of Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Philadelphia in the course of forty-five runaway trips.

Handling runaway cases is something that a woman cop can do particularly well. Before trying to discover *who* a runaway is, the physical wants of the weary traveler have to receive attention: that's a woman's job.

IT is not always easy to get the runaway's story. Some runaways are inveterate liars. A girl who had lived all her life on the lower East Side of New York so completely fooled me with a beautiful Southern accent that it was some time before her parents could be informed that their lost daughter was safe in Police Headquarters.

Had Yetta mastered geography as well as the art of acting, the farce that was giving her so much fun would have continued longer. A geographical line of questioning was followed, and it was found that she didn't know the first thing about the South.

Getting the runaway's story and finding out the other side of the question are both necessary before any satisfactory adjustment of a runaway case can be made. Runaways may come out of poor homes, but generally something can be done to make them fit for the child to live in. Where the home is a good one physically, it is usually possible to send a runaway girl or boy back to it after a better understanding between parents and child has been reached.

The fact that a boy may have run away from home in his youth never seems to affect his future; but let a girl once run away and she will find it always bobbing up to hurt or annoy her.

So many times a girl I met as a runaway has brought to me the man to whom she is engaged, so that I might assure him that everything concerning her case had been all right—that there had been no arrest and no court record.

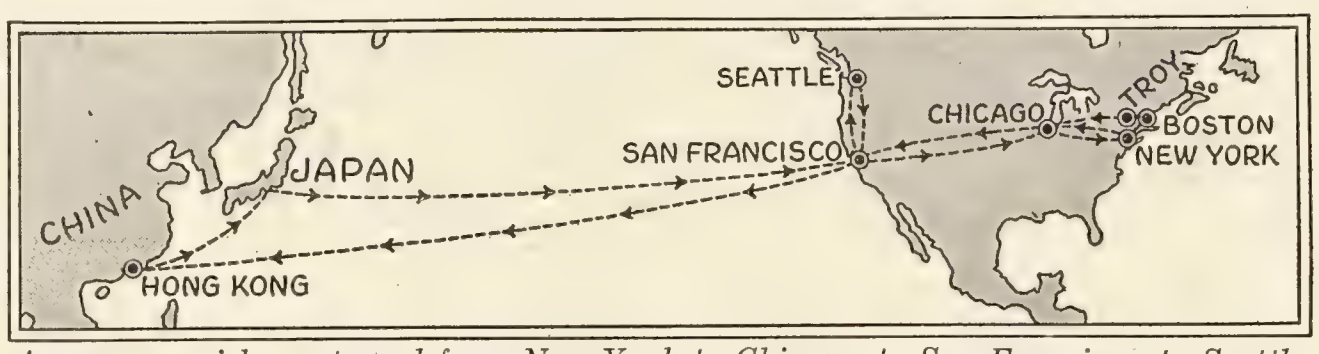
Even when a wealthy girl runs away, how quickly is she dropped from the roll of the fashionable school which the newspapers may have mentioned as her alma mater.

The runaway spirit in America is to be expected in view of the fact that the stern Pilgrim fathers came here to get away from all that was distasteful to them and that the great West was settled by sturdy pioneers who left comfortable homes in the East to blaze trails that have given the nation its vast wealth.

Besides these early settlers, there are those millions of Americans who came here as immigrants.

With all this for their heritage, it is not astounding that some of our girls and boys today occasionally feel the urge to run away, either to get away from something or to fulfill a fond desire that smolders in heart and brain.

THE END

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Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Edmonton, Alta.
Elizabeth, N. J.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Erie, Pa.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Gary, Ind.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Greensboro, N. C.
Hamilton, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
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Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Joliet, Ill.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
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Lexington, Ky.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
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Long Island City, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.
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Madison, Wis.
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Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Montgomery, Ala.
Montreal, Que.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
No. Battleford, Sask.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
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Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Quebec, Que.
Quincy, Ill.
Regina, Sask.
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Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. John, N. B.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo. (2)
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Saskatoon, Sask.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Springfield, Ohio
Syracuse, N. Y.
Terre Haute, Ind.
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Toronto, Ont.
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Washington, D. C.
Waterloo, Iowa
Watertown, N. Y.
Watertown, S. D.
Weyburn, Sask.
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## .....AND BRING ALONG YOUR STOP-WATCH!

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This smart new Six by Dodge Brothers is the fastest traveller ever sold for less than a thousand dollars . . . With the snappiest pick-up, too—whether you time it from 10, 30 or 50 miles up, or from full stop to full speed!

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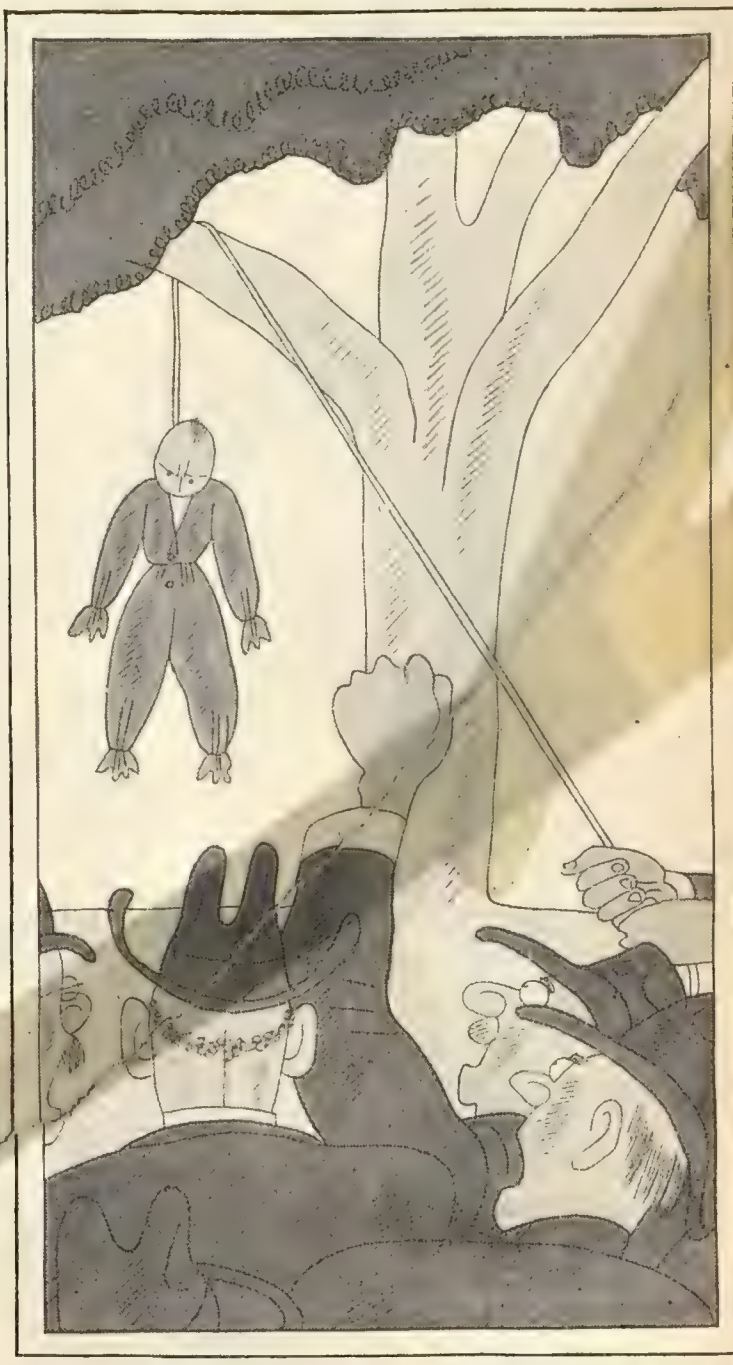
GRAPHIC SECTION

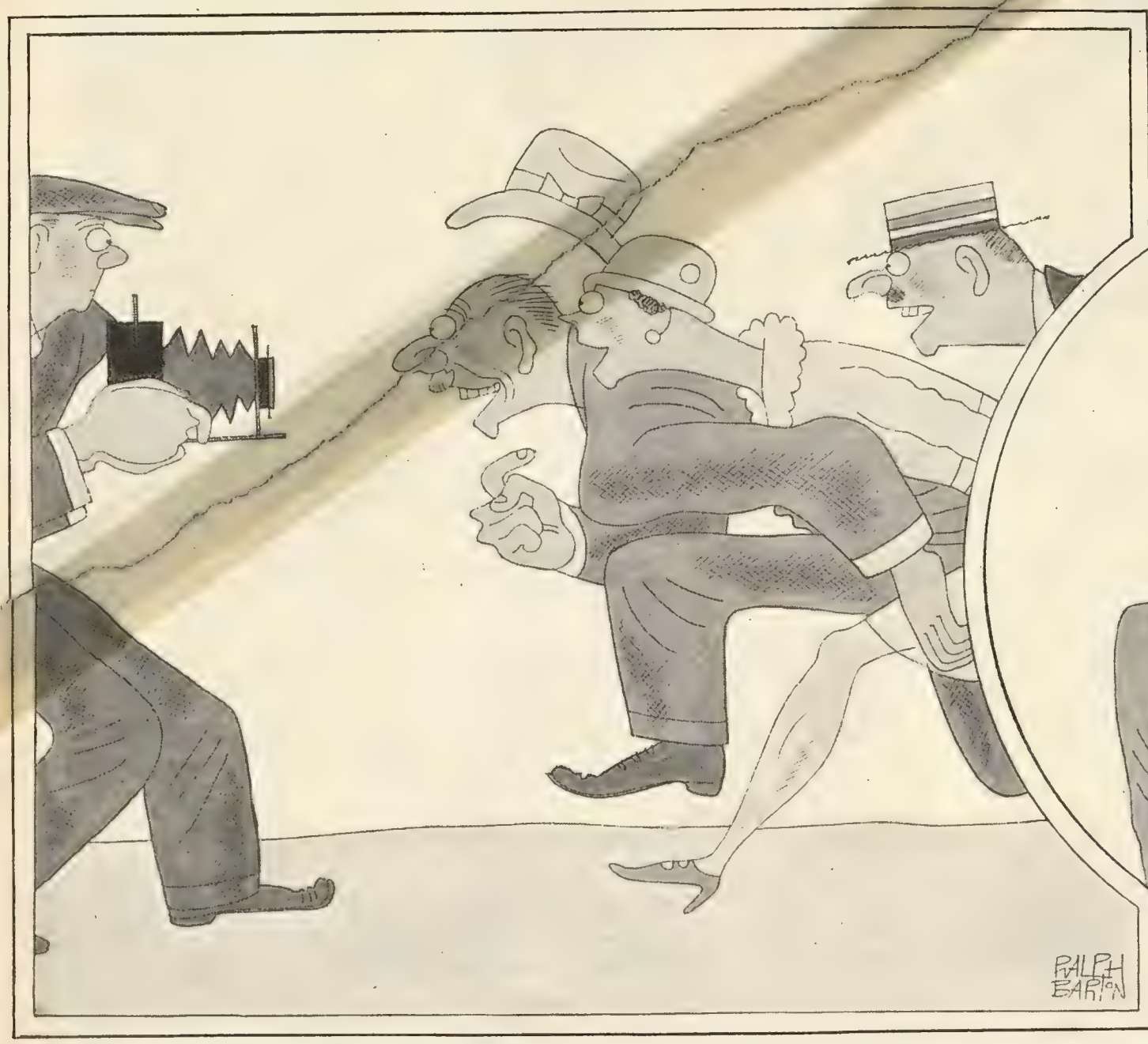
# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE GRAPH OF EVERYMAN'S LIFE showing the proportion of Complaint to Contentment. Analysis: four parts lived in the future; one part lived in the present; four parts lived in the past.



GROUP OF AMERICAN POLITICIANS hangs Mussolini in effigy as protest against his recent order tabooing hand-shaking.



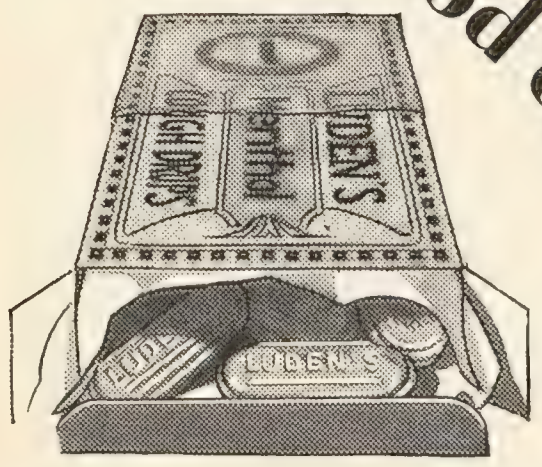

A TRADE THAT USED TO BE DIFFICULT. A newspaper photographer who can remember when it was a hard job to get some celebrated personages to pose for the camera.

*THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER.*

T. INGLESIDE KNUT, famous traffic expert, who proposes the hitching of an extra coach to suburban trains for the convenience of commuters who habitually miss their trains by an eyelash. (Idea by C. H. Rogers, Cleveland, Ohio.)

# smoke 10 take 1

## and find the good old flavor in the 11th cigarette




Your favorite cigarette doesn't change its flavor—it's your smoke appetite that renigs. Try this discovery of experienced smokers—after your 10th cigarette take a Luden's, quickly your mouth, throat, nose is cooled, freshened—and your 11th cigarette has its flavor back. Only Luden's Menthol Action will do this.

In the yellow package *Everywhere*

# LUDEN'S 5¢

*Donegan was moaning loudly and rolling from side to side in his anguish.*

Drawing by Captain John Thomason, Jr.

# Discipline

## *The Story of a Timid Hero*

*By* ARED WHITE

*(Reading time: 31 minutes 36 seconds.)*

THE regimental commander drew the telephone back from his ear with an annoyed gesture and listened patiently to the excited voice that shouted at him over the wire.

It warned him that an incoming draft contingent had run amuck, set up a reign of terror on the troop train, and insulted the civil authorities of a near-by railway village by tossing the town marshal in a blanket when he sought to restore order on the train. It was the indignant peace officer himself at the other end of the telephone.

"An' you better get your troops to meet 'em and quiet 'em, or that bunch'll wreck Camp Lewis," the marshal shouted. "They been drinkin', and they're a tough lot—cow-punchers and bad men from the Smoky Valley country!"

The colonel hung up the receiver calmly, the suggestion of a smile on his stolid face. Wild and woolly draft contingents were no innovation at this Far Western cantonment.

"Inform Captain Brent that I wish him to report to me at once," he instructed his orderly.

Captain Brent stood before him in a very few minutes, a trim, erect youngster whose serious expression and captain's bars seemed absurdly premature. His position at attention before the colonel was perfection, his uniform faultless, his manner one of alert and efficient ease. But it took his officer's uniform to proclaim him a grown man, one who had attained his majority.

Had he been in the enlisted ranks, not even his sober, studious face, with its level gray eyes and thin, firm mouth, would have saved him from question by vigilant inspectors as to whether he were of military age. As a matter of fact, Captain Brent was twenty-two.

"There's a train coming in with some raw material," the colonel informed the young officer. "I want you to meet them. They're your meat."

The captain's face brightened. It was the message he had been waiting for in feverish eagerness through many days. At last he would have men—men with whom to build a fighting unit. Within an hour he would be fitting them into uniforms, sorting, sizing, and recording them; providing them with a place to eat and sleep. At reveille he would throw himself into the task of making them over into soldiers, instilling discipline in them, respect for authority, habits of promptness, and rigid dependability.

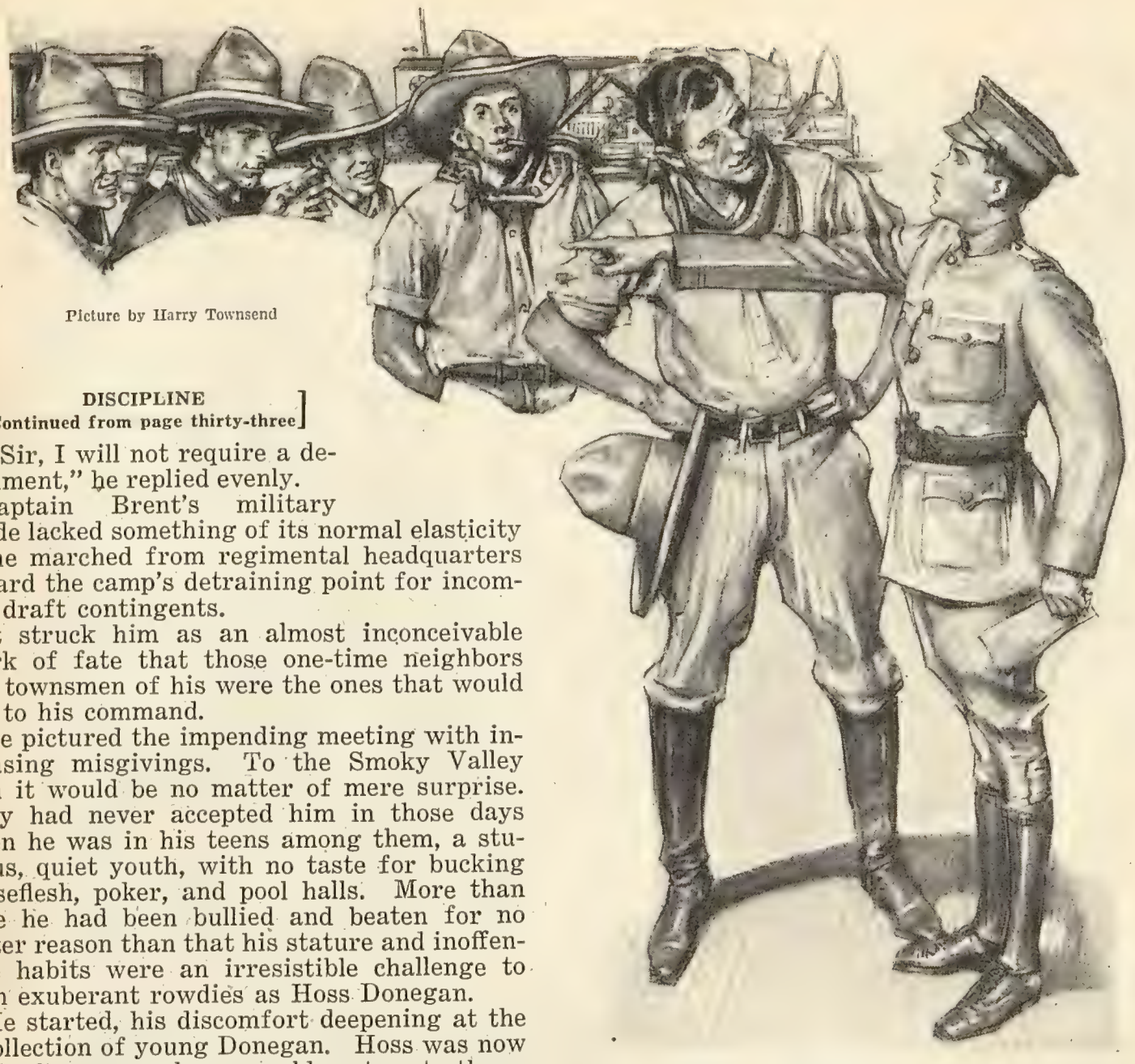
"They've been raising Cain on the troop train," the colonel went on. "Got liquor under their belts to celebrate coming into the big adventure. You know the kind?" The regimental commander laughed depreciatingly.

CAPTAIN BRENT'S thoughtful face registered only the mildest reflection of the colonel's mirth. He was wrapped up in his new profession—a serious and exacting profession in which he found little place for laughter.

"Nevertheless, I'm convinced this is an unusually bad lot," the colonel added. "That constable said they're mostly roaring bad men from the Smoky Valley country, wherever that is. It might be wise for you to take a small M. P. detachment with you to the train."

Captain Brent's eyes stared. He swallowed hard several times rapidly, then emerged from the stress into his normal placidity.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by Harry Townsend

*" Sufferin' wildcats! It's nobody less than our little old playmate— 'Purty' Brent!" he shouted.*

## DISCIPLINE

[Continued from page thirty-three]

" Sir, I will not require a detachment," he replied evenly.

Captain Brent's military stride lacked something of its normal elasticity as he marched from regimental headquarters toward the camp's detraining point for incoming draft contingents.

It struck him as an almost inconceivable quirk of fate that those one-time neighbors and townsmen of his were the ones that would fall to his command.

He pictured the impending meeting with increasing misgivings. To the Smoky Valley men it would be no matter of mere surprise. They had never accepted him in those days when he was in his teens among them, a studious, quiet youth, with no taste for bucking horseflesh, poker, and pool halls. More than once he had been bullied and beaten for no better reason than that his stature and inoffensive habits were an irresistible challenge to such exuberant rowdies as Hoss Donegan.

He started, his discomfort deepening at the recollection of young Donegan. Hoss was now of draft age—perhaps as old as twenty-three. If he were a part of the Smoky Valley detachment, he would be the natural leader—the one selected by the local draft board to have charge of the others on the trip to camp. Hoss had been the first to scoff openly when Brent received his appointment to West Point, four years ago. He would be the last to enthuse now at the calamity of finding himself in the command clutches of this sissy, Brent.

SIGHT of the long, low barracks invariably had a magic effect upon the most effervescent youngsters as they piled off the trains in the heart of Camp Lewis. The wildest contingents from the last frontiers of the old West became as lambs the moment they disembarked, as if overcome by a premonition of the red adventure that lay before them.

Smoky Valley's contingent was no exception to the rule. Open-mouthed, silent, wide-eyed, they climbed from the train. The journey was ended. It no longer was a lark.

Captain Brent watched them from across the road until the last of them was clear of the train. A motley array, some in store clothes, some in overalls and high-heeled riding boots, all wearing broad-brimmed hats of the kind peculiar to the Smoky Valley country.

They were laden, every man of them, with bulging, battered suitcases, or ancient leather satchels of the kind brought West by their grandsires. A few even carried precious personal effects in saddlebags slung loosely across their shoulders. A dozen dogs came scampering off the cars behind them.

As the train pulled slowly away, Captain Brent approached. From the distance he had recognized with certainty many of the old familiar faces and figures of Smoky Valley. Of Hoss he had seen nothing. He now shut out of his mind any thought of personalities. He must line them up, give them brief preliminary instructions, turn them over to a sergeant, who would herd them to their barracks.

A few of the bolder spirits were recovering from that awed silence inspired by the first few moments in camp. They launched, in bantering voice, the first fervent battle cry of the new army—phrases they had picked up already while en route to camp:

" Where do we go from here, boys? When do we eat? "

It quickly grew into a roar, only to break off almost abruptly at sight of the erect figure in olive drab marching upon them. Captain Brent gave no sign of recognition. He looked them over coolly while they stood gaping back at him intently, straining for the first words to come from this uniformed denizen of the mysterious realm about them.

" Who is in charge of this contingent? Step forward promptly," ordered Captain Brent summarily.

" I'm the guy you want! " shouted back a voice. At the same moment a swaggering youth detached himself and moved toward the captain with the rolling slouch that goes with high-heeled riding boots.

The lines of Captain Brent's face tightened. He recognized Hoss Donegan.

" Read the names of those on your typewritten list, and each one of you men answer 'Here' as your name is called! " the captain commanded brusquely as young Donegan approached.

THE terror of Smoky Valley gave no sign of recognition. He turned to his comrades, fumbled with the list that had been handed him by the chairman of the draft board, and began calling the roll noisily, substituting picturesque nicknames for the given names written on the draft roster.

" Bull Schaeffer! Flint McGettigan! Snub Fletcher! Hooch Winters! " he bellowed.

" Cut out that pool-room nonsense. Read those names as they are on that roll! " broke in Captain Brent in a voice that crackled. " Start it all over again and do it right! "

Hoss Donegan cast a quick look at the officer, one of mingled malevolence and apprehension. He shifted from one foot to the other, drew himself together, and read the names correctly, at first almost sheepishly, then with a surly leer as the sharp reprimand rankled deep. It was the first time anyone had challenged Hoss Donegan thus without coming to a settlement with bare knuckles on the spot.

" Well, they's all here. What's next on the program? " Hoss asked sulkily, turning to the captain.

Captain Brent walked over to him and took the roster. " You will form the men up by twos," he directed. " They will be marched to—"

" Sufferin' wildcats! "

The exclamation came from Hoss Donegan in a derisive howl. He shoved his face close to the captain in final confirmation of his sudden suspicion, then clapped his hips, and roared in laughter.

" It's nobody less than our little old playmate—'Purty' Brent from Smoky Valley! " he shouted, half turning to the others.

CAPTAIN BRENT turned purple at this affront to his dignity as an officer. There was an added sting in the sound of the old nickname. It had clung to him from the days of long ago, when his mother had called him Bertie and Hoss had insisted that she really called him Purty. Because he was such a cute little thing, Donegan put it.

" Why in hell didn't you introduce yerself in the first place, Purty? " shouted Hoss Donegan. " You don't mean to say you ain't glad to see the old Smoky Valley bunch, do you? " His voice was caustic, overbearing.

" Captain Brent is my name," announced the officer in a level, withering voice. " Cut out that cheap chatter of yours and do what I told you to do—and do it quick! "

There was a clash of eyes that lasted the greater part of a full minute. Hoss Donegan was the one to break. There was an indefinable something in the other's eyes that had not been there when last they met in unequal conflict: a quality born of four years of rigid discipline, of self-control, of a recasting of body and soul in the mold of duty and honor that is West Point. Donegan turned away with a snarl.

" I'll see you later," he threatened significantly.

" Frequently! " responded Brent with equal significance.

The sergeant who was to march them to barracks reported, and made short work of whipping them into column. He was even smaller in stature than Captain Brent, equally erect, far more bristling; and he carried the weight of thirty-odd years upon his shoulders —more than a third of those years spent in the army. The mental habits of recruits withheld no mysteries from him. To him they were all hopeless novices, flabby, raw, and repugnant.

" Step out there—full step, and faster! " shouted the sergeant as the nondescript column pattered toward the barracks like so many leisurely cattle. " Remember you're on your way to chow now! "

There was a quick response of approving shouts from the ranks at this cheering information. Their only food that day had been coffee and sandwiches served early in the morning by Red Cross canteen workers at the Portland depot. Hoss Donegan alone refused to be cheered by the news. He was trudging along in ugly humor, nursing his badly injured feelings. The light badinage in the air encouraged him to speech.

" Say, mister," he addressed the sergeant, " is a guy supposed to take guff off that sister back there in the starched clothes? "

" Use your own judgment, brother—use your own judgment! " called back the sergeant unsympathetically.

" We know all about the bird—he hails from over in Smoky Valley where we lives," Donegan announced disparagingly.

" Don't hold that against him too hard, buddy. Maybe he'll live it down in time," retorted the sergeant.

Several men laughed aloud at this fling. Hoss Donegan flushed a deeper red. " He was always such a purty little thing it puzzled me

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

# Cry Babies of Business

*"This time, Mr. Jones, I want results!" There's something ominous about the president's voice when it rings that way. And Jones is always getting it in the neck for something he doesn't think is his fault. He says so, too.*

*"I haven't had the cooperation I should have had on this job, sir. I don't really see how you can blame me, either—I gave very careful instructions to my secretary . . . "*

*Hard to work with, these cry-babies of business. Self-pity, bad-temper, and never enough drive to put things through. The boss wonders whether things wouldn't run smoother without them.*

NINE out of ten probably realize they're in bad condition physically. But they don't realize the way out . . .

They've tried ordinary laxatives . . . some taking weeks to act—others so violent they leave the system tired and shaken . . . until the remedy has come to seem almost worse than the disease. Naturally they are a little puzzled over the answer to their problem . . .

## *Feen-a-mint is different*

You don't swallow it hastily—you *chew* it, exactly as you would a delicious bit of chewing gum.

This is important; because you chew it, the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes a *part* of the digestive fluids—and acts with the body, not *against* it! Instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently helps the system to *help itself*.

Thus Feen-a-mint strikes at the root of fatigue, irritability, nerves and inefficiency. Drop in at your druggist's. Get a package of Feen-a-mint today—realize for yourself the fresh, wide-awake, up-in-the-morning early feeling that so many men and women now know. Already millions of people have found Feen-a-mint preferable to all other means of correcting constipation. Your own first experience will show you clearly *why!*

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Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint—also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name.....

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[DISCIPLINE
Continued from page thirty-four]

to know whether to kick him or kiss him!" he sneered. "And I sure don't take much of his lip now."

"You'll take a lot of it, lad—and a bit of the hoosegow along with it if you don't change your tune," replied the sergeant in a voice that would have warned a cautious man to drop the subject.

"Not me; I can break that kind over my knee as fast as you bring 'em on!" Donegan asserted breezily.

"Shut off the gas, you big windbag; you're in the army now!" snapped the sergeant.

Donegan stopped stock-still and turned toward the sergeant. His eyes were blazing, his face distorted by the sudden rush of uncontrolled passion. The little sergeant moved straight toward him, bristling, hand pointed to the front in silent command. Donegan's pause was brief. He turned back into column and slouched sullenly along. But he would see about all this a bit later, he vowed. He'd die before he would accept such affronts from his physical inferiors.

THE sun had not yet topped the pine trees east of camp the next morning when Captain Brent threw himself into the task of making them over into men of discipline.

His six sergeants, seasoned nucleus of this potential fighting machine, had seen to it that the newcomers were fitted into uniforms, bathed, shaved, hair cut uniformly. But as they stood in a long line in the gray light of dawn they had little the appearance of soldiers. Shoulders drooped, heads were set at varying angles, even the strongest bodies were slouching and without set-up. Their minds were many minds that wandered to any subject that happened to catch their fancy.

A high ranking officer, strolling by in the dignity of new-found rank and preening himself in the early morning air, caught their attention while the captain was addressing them. A few smiled openly. There was an interchange of amused and significant nudgings. Someone chuckled audibly—almost a catcall.

"Attention!" the captain commanded sharply.

Their faces sobered instantly under the sting of the rebuke and their eyes returned to Captain Brent. He was deathly pale. In his code such a show of disrespect toward an officer of high rank was little short of treason. His trained eye caught no mirth-provoking detail in the officer's exaggerated air and make-up. He saw only constituted authority—the commander of his brigade—one who was certain to resent such an undisciplined exhibition from the ranks commanded by Captain Brent.

He turned smartly about, brought his hand to salute, and stood respectfully rigid until the general released him with a casual toss of the hand in return of the courtesy. As the brigade commander passed unconcernedly on, ignoring the deplorable exhibition if he had seen it, Captain Brent was conscious of knees that trembled perceptibly.

Private Donegan noted that detail, too, with enthusiastic satisfaction. Moreover, he had seen the captain blanch, and detected the tremor of his hand at salute. He commented upon it picturesquely at the first rest period in the morning's setting-up drills.

"I didn't see the cap'n tremble much when you lit into him yesterday," protested one of the boldest of the Smoky Valley men.

Donegan turned upon him with contempt. "I'll show him up right, before this war's over with!" he swore.

But many days had not passed before Private Hoss Donegan arrived at the discreet conclusion that a man in the ranks cannot hope successfully to carry on a feud against his company superiors—at least, not openly. He thrashed two sergeants who invited him to try, and was as soundly thrashed by the undersized sergeant he had first met. Before the end of the first week in uniform he yielded, outwardly, to the requirements of discipline.

But his inner bitterness only grew that he must continue to treat as his superior this stripling Brent whom he knew to be his physical inferior, whose mettle he had tested so certainly with bare knuckles back in Smoky Valley.

Picture by Harry Townsend.

*A few yards at a time, they made their way back.*

The Smoky Valley levies were merged in what had become the first platoon of F Company, ——th United States Infantry. Stooping shoulders, sagging bodies, rolling gaits, unkempt hair, and stubbly faces speedily disappeared under Captain Brent's exacting ministrations.

They learned to keep their eyes to the front at formations, to co-ordinate body and mind at drills so that they no longer dodged their rifles or moved off prematurely at the preliminary commands.

PRIVATE DONEGAN followed the lead of the others with slow reluctance. It irritated him that their sympathy and loyalty were swinging rapidly to the captain. He grudgingly yielded his old place as physical leader of Smoky Valley's youth. In barracks, after evening mess, he would scoff at their timidity, at their sheeplike acceptance of Purty Brent. Why, they even let the captain tell them when to bathe, and they changed their underclothing at his suggestion, and wrote letters home to their folks because he told them to.

"Next thing he'll be havin' you in the washtub, scrubbin' your backs with a brush, you poor babes," Donegan chided them. "Now, me—I'll do my part, but there ain't no mamma's boy under captain's bars going to tell me how to chaw my food or when to wash my hide!"

That harmless speech served to divest Private Donegan of the last vestige of his status as a barrack-room military critic the next day. He came half limping into camp after a long hike at extended order exercises.

Captain Brent followed him into quarters shortly after F Company was dismissed.

"I noticed you were limping, Donegan," the captain said. "I hope you are not seriously lame?"

"Nothin' but—but sore feet, cap'n," replied Private Donegan, arising to his feet reluctantly and removing his hat. "I'm all right."

"Take off your shoes and let me inspect your feet." The captain's voice invited no argument.

Private Donegan unwound his cloth puttees and removed his field shoes and light woolen stockings.

"Exactly as I thought," announced the captain. "Now you get out there to the shower bath as fast as you know how, and use plenty of soap on those feet!"

"But I'm all right, cap'n," grumbled Donegan. His high talk of the night before rose before him to deepen the crimson in his face. "I can walk as far as anybody—and them's my own feet."

"Those feet belong to the army just now, and I am responsible that you keep them in fit condition for field service," replied the captain tersely. "Are you going to the shower baths, or shall I have a noncommissioned officer take you out there and give you a good scrubbing?"

AT reveille next morning the hard hand of discipline came upon Hoss the second time. He fell in for morning roll call a minute late, buttoning his blouse as he took his place in line. The acting first sergeant reported this breach of discipline at once to the captain, who haled the offender up for interview.

"Were you late at formation again this morning, Donegan?" inquired the captain. "It has been so reported to me."

"It wasn't no fault of mine—an' I wasn't really what you'd call late," Donegan muttered.

"Were you late or were you not?"

"Well, I want to tell you about it, cap'n. I—"

"I asked you a direct question. Answer it!"

"But I was goin' to explain. It wasn't—"

"Donegan, if you ever learn to think without equivocating—if you ever learn to discipline yourself and think straight—you'll get somewhere in this world. I'll ask you once more—were you late or were you not late?"

"Yes—yessir, I was a second or two late."

"Do you wish a trial by summary court or company discipline?"

"I—I don't believe I understand the difference."

"A summary court will hear the witnesses, consider any statement you wish to make, and the maximum penalty does not exceed two days' confinement and extra duty. Company discipline, on the other hand, means that you leave it to me and I will be free to give you as much as I feel you need."

Private Donegan reflected upon this proposition at some length. His first impulse was to ask for the court. His experience with courts had not been unpleasant. Nothing had come of it the two times he had been hauled up at Smoky Valley for assault and battery. But perhaps Captain Brent was only blustering as far as doing anything more than warning him was concerned.

"I'll take comp'ny discipline," he concluded at last.

"Ten days' confinement to camp, Donegan. Report as kitchen police immediately," announced the company commander almost before the offender had finished speaking.

When Private Donegan reported back to the rifle ranks from the kitchen, he took his Springfield rifle in hand with a new course of conduct

firmly in mind, one that had grown out of sober reflection during those ten long days he had spent over scrub brushes and potato buckets.

Persistent grapevine rumors of an early secret departure of the division for battle service overseas had stimulated this new attitude and added a new flavor to life. At the front a man would be measured for the breadth of his spine. Soft weaklings, fortified by silver shoulder bars, would not be able to bluff their way along to the detriment of better men. There would be a show-down of what was inside of men.

In the meantime, there was another batch of corporals to be made at the end of the month. The captain had announced to the company that he would appoint as corporals those men who displayed the strongest characteristics of disciplined leadership. Command of a squad, Hoss Donegan reasoned, was his only present hope of getting back into something of his old place among the Smoky Valley men.

Of course, when the guns were roaring black death at the front, and a man was a man according to his true inner worth, his own great opportunity would come. There'd be a new captain of F Company then. But just at present there was only one way to get as much as a corporal's chevrons. That way lay in playing at this game of military tiddledywinks that passed under the name of discipline.

IF Captain Brent noted the sudden change in Private Donegan with professional satisfaction, he offered no comment. The fact that a man was doing his duty in a satisfactory way did not call for special commendation in the world for which the captain had been trained. Donegan put the captain's silence down to sheer personal spleen. Purty Brent had him under his thumb and was going to keep him squirming.

"I ain't got a chance in the world with this outfit," Donegan grumbled morosely in quarters, after he had put everything he had into his work for a full week without drawing a word of credit from the captain. The list of promotions was to be announced in the morning, and Donegan was framing an advance excuse for his own probable failure to appear on that list.

But when he went nervously to the company bulletin board at reveille in the morning, the first name on the list of promotions to corporal was that of Horace Donegan. Donegan beamed his triumph. It warmed his blood like a glass of wine, this basking once more in the adulation of some of those Smoky Valley men. At last they were coming to their senses.

"It's only a squad," he said depreciatingly. "It'd be more like it if they'd make cap'ns out of red-blooded men. But just watch my smoke from now on!"

Relaxing in the full and luxurious enjoyment of his new-found rank and prestige, he failed to snap out of his bunk next morning at the first note of the bugle, and his belt wasn't buckled yet when he stepped into that exacting line a few seconds late. The first sergeant turned him in to the captain, who summoned him immediately. An immutable law of the army had been broken again.

"Corporal Donegan, is the report correct that you were late in line again this morning?" began the captain.

"But the guard didn't—I mean yes—yessir."

"I am sorry," said Captain Brent. "I thought you had found yourself. My mistake. You understand, of course, that no man is fit to lead others who has not succeeded in bringing himself under discipline."

"It'll not happen again," Donegan promised grimly.

"Not if you have made up your mind to it," replied the captain. "I shall not take disciplinary action other than to reduce you to the ranks. That is a duty I cannot avoid. That's all, Private Donegan."

Private Donegan saluted with precision, his face stony. "Thank you, sir!" he retorted, using the one rebuke that is open to the man in the ranks. He turned with an abrupt about face and marched to the barracks. From his sewing kit he drew forth a small pair of issue scissors and snipped off the chevrons, his passion bursting into open flame as he tossed them aside.

"Weeks of hard work to win those things—and off they come for being two seconds late. And me in plenty of time for roll call! They call that discipline!" he muttered disgustedly.

A picture flashed into his mind. It gave him comfort as it grew. He laughed aloud, stridently, and unbosomed himself.

"That may be the way they make their Purty Brents—the kind that tremble like a girl when a pair of tin stars passes by," he sneered. Donegan's sneering mirth mounted. "How'll he act when he's got to stand up under the hell-roarin' gaff of the guns? I'm telling you! I'm predictin' right now. Those legs of his'll wobble like a pair of dice in a leather bowl and his teeth'll rattle like a mowin' machine. And there'll be Hoss Donegan to look at him and laugh—an' then we'll know what stuff a man's made of."

HOSS DONEGAN'S prophecy came true. He had not overdrawn the details in his forecast. On the eventful morning that F Company stood at the jump-off line, taking its solemn baptism of fire and waiting for the moment when it should plunge forward into the final test of battle, Captain Brent's teeth chattered with an intensity that racked his head and set up within him the counter-fear that this uncontrollable sound might betray him to his men above the bellowing of the artillery.

F Company lay spread in one line in what cover was left of an ancient trench that had been flattened out by artillery in the sanguinary struggles of bygone months. The first discolored light of a wet October day was in the sky. The roaring wrath of frenzied cannon saluted the dawn.

THE men lay grouped at points where the remnants of the trench offered best protection from the hurricane of hate that filled the air with leaden sleet. Some quivered in terror, eyes ringed and staring. Others sought to shut out the hideous world about them by lying close to the ground, heads covered with their arms.

Captain Brent leaped to his feet at sight of two of his men darting in frantic terror to the rear. He took a step after them as they disappeared in a thicket; then stopped. They would be picked up at the stragglers' line by the military police and forced to go forward again—perhaps to weird feats of daring later in the day.

Their bolting warned him. The example might be contagious. He must walk about coolly among his men, setting them a proper example. F Company might be required to lie here under this rending strain for an hour—even for two hours. Its mission was that of a liaison company between two attacking brigades. It was to advance only on order. He must take no chances of a spread of the panic.

His legs were unsteady as he moved forward. He stiffened himself and kicked his legs out. They refused to obey him. He walked on more rapidly, going from group to group, straining to keep up an appearance of unconcern.

He paused nonchalantly and filled his pipe, tamping the bowl hurriedly lest someone detect his unsteady hands. He saw that there was a stiffening of morale now. He kicked his legs out again. His pounding pulses unsettled his knees and put an ashen pallor in his drawn face.

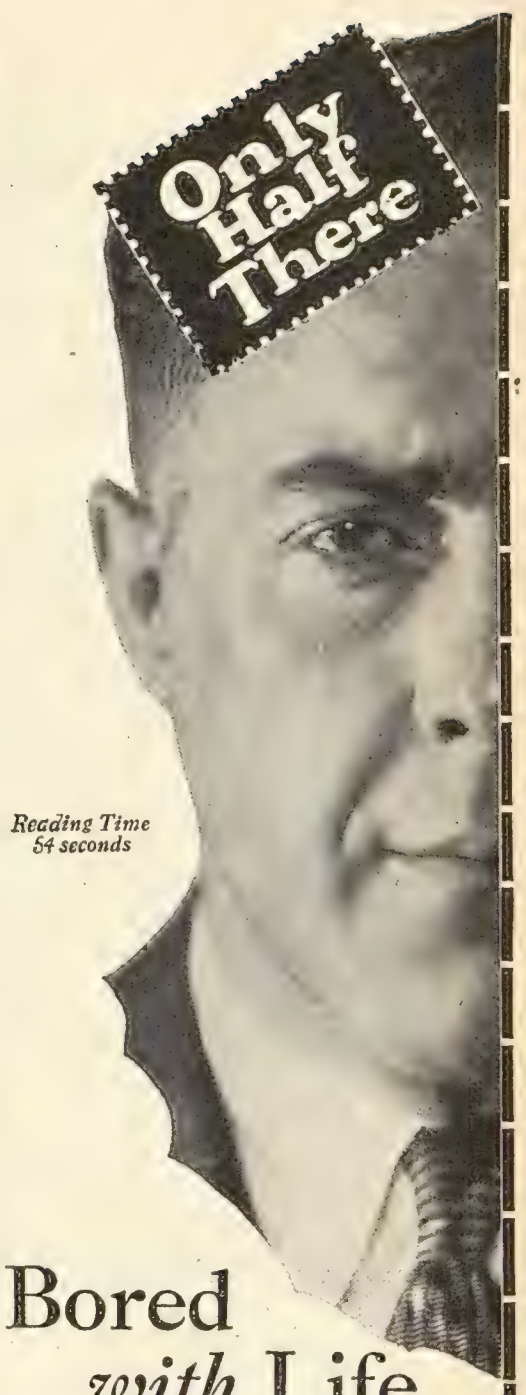
"Cold—cap'n?"

The captain looked down to see Hoss Donegan on the ground, staring at his quaking knees. Hoss' own cheeks were bloodless, his eyes ringed in deep black, but he had forced to his face the semblance of a hard, sneering grin. His prophecy had been fulfilled.

Captain Brent turned away without reply. He wondered if the other men had seen.

As he moved slowly, in a supreme effort at complete ease, toward his headquarters group, he saw a runner scurrying forward from the rear. The runner made progress slowly, although it was apparent from his actions that he was in a desperate hurry. He zigzagged over an irregular course, advancing a few yards and diving forward on his face to reduce his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]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*another victim of cachexia (run-down condition)*

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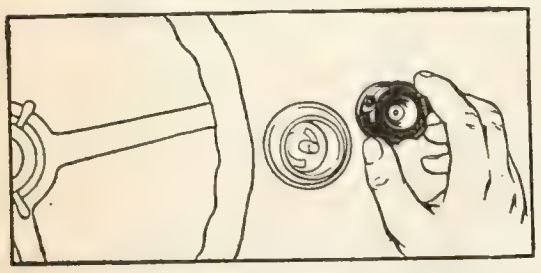


*The Pass-a-Lite bowl lifts easily out of the nickel plated socket, for passing among the car occupants.*

COUPON

If your dealer cannot supply you with a Pass-a-Lite, write his name and address, and yours, in the margin, and mail this coupon with your money order or check for $2.50, for your gift-packaged Pass-a-Lite. Specify car make.

## DISCIPLINE

[Continued from page thirty-seven]

risk as a target. The moment he was down he would gather himself for another rush.

Sight of Captain Brent standing calmly on his feet caught the eyes of the runner, and he covered the last fifty yards without a halt.

The captain took the man's message. It must be the vital order to advance.

A pang of disappointment swept through him as he read. It did not bring relief from this racking suspense of waiting under fire.

It described in detail the location of an enemy machine-gun concentration in the tangled maze of vine and brush on his right front. The nest was firing intermittently on the left flank of the right attack brigade. The captain of F Company was directed to reconnoiter at once and put the guns out of commission by use of a small detachment.

A grim decision came into his mind before he had completed his first hasty reading of the message. By the time he had studied its details his decision was fixed. Since the mission was one of importance, affecting the security of the brigade on his right, he would lead the reconnoitering patrol himself. He gave his instructions immediately.

"Seven men to go with me—call for volunteers!" he instructed his platoon commanders.

The platoon leaders called out for men. One arose from the ground. They called again. Men looked up as if they did not fully comprehend. A second man left the ground. Precious minutes were slipping away. There were no further volunteers.

The captain stepped forward and filled in the detail in a loud voice, picking the men by name. He took them from the platoon nearest to him—the Smoky Valley platoon.

"Corporal Schaeffer—Privates McGettigan—Fletcher—Winters—Donegan!"

THE five men rose slowly, almost reluctantly, at the sound of their names, stepping forward in the mood of men about to plunge in icy water, Donegan bringing up the rear. The captain led them around the flank of the position, out into the tangle of half-dead vines and willow brush, where ambushed death might lash at them.

Their nerves were keyed to the highest pitch, every faculty alert, eyes straining at every dark and uncertain object in all the intensity of men who play hide and seek with death. The captain kept well ahead, orienting his course by compass; crawling, creeping, lying flat at times to look and listen; guiding the others by signals of his hand as they lay spread out behind him.

At last his eyes ferreted out the vague outlines of the carefully camouflaged German machine-gun position. He lay for many minutes with his head raised barely clear of the ground, studying the details.

A group of three guns manned by half a dozen men was snuffing out the lives of men of the right brigade. Time was too precious to waste minutes sending back for half a platoon. Six men of his patrol could eel their way through the tangle to the right and draw the fire of the machine guns on themselves from cover in comparative safety. Two men could then rush in for the grapple with the machine gunners through their hapless right flank.

He crawled back among his men and gave them their instructions, pointing to the five who were to go with their corporal to the right. As the six men slipped cautiously away, Hoss Donegan turned to go with them, crawling rapidly. Captain Brent's voice stopped him before he had covered twice the length of his prostrate body.

"You are to go with me against the flank," the officer snapped. "I thought I made that clear."

Private Donegan turned back, his face strained and livid now. "I—I thought you was pointin' to the corporal to go with you," he muttered.

The captain led the way, forcing himself ahead on elbows and toes, body hugging the ground for security. Donegan wormed his way along doggedly, close behind. His heart was in his mouth, every nerve in his body crying out against this mad adventure. But stubborn pride kept him steadfast. At least his teeth did not chatter. Where Brent could go he could go—and farther, too, he told himself.

WHEN they came to the point from which they were to make the flank assault, Captain Brent raised himself on his elbows and studied every detail of the final desperate lunge. Donegan, lying close behind him, hung on to his nerves grimly.

The hope that Brent might not go through with it had come into his mind to sustain him. His hope was quickened by the sudden discovery, through staring eyes, that the captain's teeth were chattering violently again. The captain's legs were a-quiver, too, as he lay there with his eyes glued to the front. But the next moment the captain dashed Donegan's hope to the ground.

"Get ready," he cautioned in a voice that came through his chattering teeth. "Run straight in there at the top of your speed. Hold your fire until the last minute; then fire, and use your blade on the ones that—"

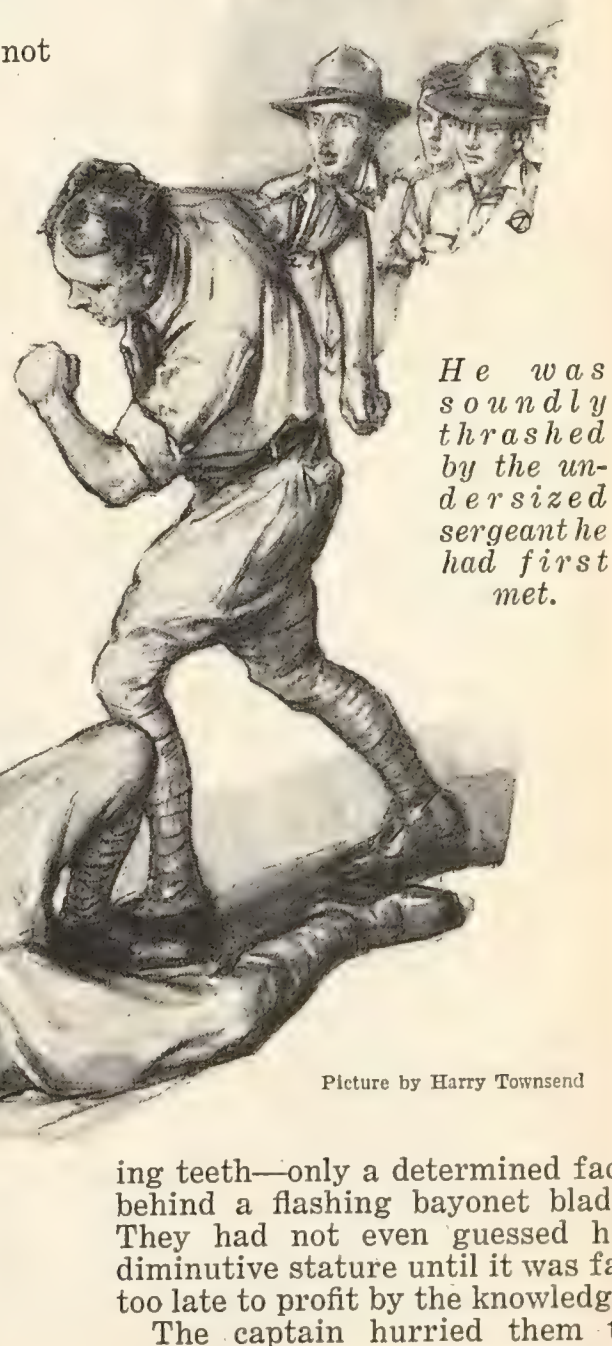
A wild, whistling shriek drowned out the captain's voice. There was a deafening, blinding crash just above them.

The next moment Private Donegan was rolling in the agony of shrapnel wounds from an errant shell—an American shell that had been searching for the machine gunners.

CAPTAIN BRENT reached instinctively for his first-aid packet. Donegan was moaning loudly and rolling from side to side in his anguish. Captain Brent hesitated a moment. This man of his command was in need of aid. But it came to him that Donegan's cries would attract those machine gunners. The military mission was in peril. He sprang to his feet and catapulted to the front, leaving Donegan alone in the agony of his wounds.

When he returned, presently, to the wounded Donegan, Captain Brent was not alone. Ahead of him loomed three towering Bavarians—the last of the machine gunners. They had raised their hands in the *Kamerad* of Teuton surrender when a blazing human hurricane had burst in suddenly upon their unprotected flank. Their seasoned eyes had caught no hint of quaking knees or chattering teeth—only a determined face behind a flashing bayonet blade. They had not even guessed his diminutive stature until it was far too late to profit by the knowledge.

The captain hurried them to where the wounded Donegan lay



*He was soundly thrashed by the undersized sergeant he had first met.*

Picture by Harry Townsend

writhing and rolling in the anguish of his pain.

"I can't walk—I can't walk!" Donegan cried. "My whole arm is shot off—it's hangin' to me by a thread."

The captain took his own borrowed rifle and Donegan's and forced the Bavarians to improvise a crude litter by lashing two Bavarian field overcoats across the weapons. He had them carefully lift the stricken Donegan on to this, the while he supervised every move and kept the prisoners covered with his pistol.

A few yards at a time, they made their way back, the six men from the flank joining to bring up the rear.

The captain halted his strange convoy, when he came to F Company, only long enough to turn the patrol back into ranks and issue a terse order to his senior platoon commander.

"If orders come for F Company while I'm gone," he directed, "send a runner for me to the dressing station at Point Four-four-six-seven. Hold here until I come up. It will take only a few minutes. Unless you send for me, I'll be gone not to exceed thirty minutes."

They gave Donegan morphine to ease his suffering in the improvised shelter where the wounded were being received for treatment or evacuation. The wound was a painful one from a shrapnel splinter that had cut a deep gash into his upper right arm. The surgeon diagnosed the case quickly.

"Nothing serious, but very painful," he announced. "He'll have a very sore arm for several weeks and we'll have to evacuate him to a base hospital."

Private Donegan, quieted by the narcotic, looked on in new-found tranquillity while the surgeon dressed his wound. He even took the tetanus antitoxin without flinching at the prick of the needle. A growing satisfaction with himself and his prowess was evident in the laconic puffing at a cigarette.

HIS eyes sought the captain. "If I hadn't got plugged I'd of set you a pretty fast pace, cap'n," he said airily. He lay propped on his sound elbow, disdaining to stretch himself at full length He felt a wounded man's freedom to speak his mind a bit more openly now.

"It's tough luck I'm out of the game," he went on. "Action's the stuff I'm cut out for—not footracin' to beat everybody in line at reveille. I may of been short on some of the fancy stuff, but put me in front with a squad—or a platoon—"

"I've never had any question of your courage, Donegan," broke in Captain Brent patiently. "I'm sorry your arm is hurt and I hope we'll have you back with us in a little while."

Donegan felt the hot rush of blood to his face. That ring of sincerity in the captain's voice was hypocrisy. His words meant only one thing—a shameless reflection upon the seriousness of Donegan's wound. Arm hurt! Be all right in a little while! An open affront.

His infuriated eyes saw the captain's set face, the pallor of his skin, the dark rings of nerve strain under his eyes. He saw that Purty Brent's knees were trembling again. It came to him that the captain's interest in bringing him back here was nothing more, after all, than a cowardly subterfuge—a pretext the captain had used to get away from the fighting line.

"Anyhow—I didn't come back here to this place because I wanted to," he muttered, a sneering implication in his voice. "I come because I was packed out—with a hole in my carcass—like a man!"

IF Donegan's meaning reached him, Captain Brent gave no indication of it. He stood in silence until the dressing of Donegan's arm had been completed, then turned to the medical officer.

"I must rejoin my company without delay," he said quietly. "I thought I ought to wait for an injection of antitetanus. Shrapnel sometimes brings on lockjaw."

He indicated his right arm. The surgeon gave a sharp gasp. He slit the young officer's sleeve. There was exposed a ragged wound where a jagged shrapnel fragment had bitten deep into the muscles of his upper right arm. It was a part of the burst that had stricken Private Donegan.

"Captain, this is severe!" the surgeon exclaimed. "I'll have to evacuate you. You cannot go back to duty with such an arm as that."

"Impossible!" Captain Brent replied decisively. "I have my men to look after."

"But I insist," said the surgeon. "You risk losing that arm if you neglect it too long. You should be on your way to a base hospital at this minute."

The captain's resolution only strengthened. "It is my right as a line officer to refuse evacuation," he asserted. His voice became peremptory, the voice of a man asserting his authority. "Act promptly, please. I have no further time to lose."

He held out his arm for the needle, wincing noticeably as it punctured the skin.

Captain Brent had little the appearance of a leader of men as he stood, quaking from head to foot, his face twisted with pain, while the surgeon purged his wound and wrapped his arm tightly in medicated gauze.

At the door of the dressing station he paused a moment as he went out at the end of the brief operation.

The grimace had vanished from his face.

"If they do not give you the right kind of treatment at the hospital, Donegan," he addressed the wounded member of his command, "you get a message through to me and let me know."

THE END


# The Story of two Men

## who fought in the World War

*One of these men has done big things in business since the war. The other is still moving from job to job. Why? You will find the answer on this page.*

FROM a certain little town in the Middle West came two men to fight in France.

Both were commissioned officers. Both made fine records with the A.E.F.

But after the war came a change in their fortunes. In ten short years one of them became wealthy, while the other was still moving unsuccessfully from one job to another.

He "had hard luck," the friends of the latter explained. He never "seemed to catch hold after the war." And recently, when his companion proposed that they go together to the Paris Convention of the American Legion, he was forced to decline because he could not afford it.

What is the reason for tragedies like this? These men had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for prosperity were equally good. Why, after the war, did one man surge steadily ahead, while the other stood still?

### Two types of men

The answer is simple. In all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

The other man takes a new hold upon himself in his twenties or thirties or early forties; he adds training to experience and travels far.

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been engaged in the splendid task of helping men to find themselves. Its training means larger vision; more rapid progress; increased earning power.

Only a training vitally sound and practical could have the endorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. That Advisory Council consists of:

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### Only you can decide where you will stop

Every man in business is paying for this Course whether he takes it or not. The man who "had hard luck" paid, and at a tragic price. He might have moved on up to large success—but he was thru just when he should have been gathering speed.

Only *you* can decide where you will stop. The training which has done so much for 358,000 other men is open to you also. It is worth your investigation at least; make the investigation now.

For men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be in business five years from now?" the Alexander Hamilton Institute publishes a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It tells what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains letters from men whose business situation was precisely like yours. It will richly repay a careful reading, and it is free; the coupon will bring it.

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# The Big YOUTH Drive

## *Newcomers Have Their Fling Again in Harold Teen and Laugh, Clown, Laugh*

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 12 seconds.)*

*HAROLD TEEN* has stepped right out of the funnies into the films. Carl Ed's famous comic strip has just been transferred to celluloid via the Hollywood film foundries.

Next to *Andy Gump, Harold* is my favorite of the humorous strips. To me, and to millions of others, his screen début means a whole lot. Without taking terrific liberties with character, First National has dropped *Harold* into celluloid, along with *Lillums, Giggles, Horace, Gran'pop Teen, Dad Jenks,* and *Harold's* flivver. Dad's Sugar Bowl, where the Gedunke Sundae flourishes, is filmed, although the simple old store does assume Grand Central proportions under the lavish and benevolent hands of the Hollywood magnates.

You know *Harold.* He is Adolescent Youth. Booth Tarkington used to dissect him with merciless humor. Carl Ed does him a little more kindly. The film story constructed around *Harold* is slender and rambling. *Harold* is a rube freshie who develops into the high-school football hero in the usual last minute of play. The funniest part of the film reveals an amateur Western melodrama produced by *Harold* and his pals, aided by *Lillums* and *Giggles,* but almost frustrated by that supreme annoyance, *Horace.*



*Lon Chaney in his latest rôle.*

*Loretta Young as Simonetta in Laugh, Clown, Laugh.*

*Alice White and Arthur Lake as Giggles and Harold in the new First National picture, Harold Teen.*

In process of cutting, Harold Teen has lost some of its characters. For instance, just a flash remains of the giddy *Widow Honora Hazzit,* who was played by Hedda Hopper. *Beezie,* done by Lincoln Stedman, is gone entirely. And *Harold's* kid sister has departed.

Arthur Lake, one of the new Hollywood finds, is *Harold Teen.* Probably you could hardly stand *Harold* around the house in real life, but young Lake makes him earnest and really amusing on the screen. This Lake hails from Corbin, Kentucky, and he is just twenty-three. He tried the New York stage—indeed, he appeared in the chorus of a Broadway musical show for thirteen weeks—and then followed Horace Greeley's advice.

Out on the Universal lot he appeared in a dozen one-reelers, called the Sweet Sixteen Series. One little hit, in Cradle Snatchers, did more for him than all the short reelers. Now I should not be surprised if Lake were made, provided that enough callow rôles can be located.

The director of Harold Teen, Mervyn Le Roy, is a mere kid himself. Born in San Francisco, he is still in his twenties. Le Roy drifted to Hollywood, got a job as a gag man, was advanced to directing, and only recently he married Edna Murphy, one of the pleasantest blondes of the film colony. Thus does success come to a lad who might still be worrying over his geometry.

GUESS the plot of Metro-Goldwyn's newest starring vehicle for Lon Chaney. Laugh, Clown, Laugh. Right! Another clown with a breaking heart.

The homely *Tito* loves little *Simonetta,* a waif he found years before and brought up in his circus wagon. But *Simonetta* loves a handsome young nobleman who wears a monocle. *Tito,* who does a slide for life on his head down a slender wire, lets himself fall to the theater floor. Thus *Simonetta* will feel free to marry her *Luigi.*

One of the big scenes of the picture is a development of the old story of the clown, suffering from melancholia, who went to a doctor. The physician led him to a window and pointed to a billboard. "Go see Flick," advised the doctor. Whereat the clown replied, "I *am* Flick."

Herbert Brenon, the man who made such a good job of Beau Geste, smooths over the creaky yarn with pretty photography and adroit use of his lights. But, for all that, the picture never once seems real.

Lon Chaney overacts badly as *Tito,* and his fellow clown and friend is poorly done by Bernard Siegel. When these two old boys get to spoofing off the stage, thus to hide their tears and heartbreaks, you can hardly bear it.

Mr. Brenon has tossed all the opportunities to another newcomer, Loretta Young, who plays *Simonetta.* Miss Young, I regret to report, is too immature for the part.

LORETTA has two sisters in films, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. The Youngs—who are really the Belzers, and Loretta is really Gretchen—hail from Salt Lake City. Loretta has been in films for all of a year, following her older sister, Sally. Tiny parts in several Colleen Moore films led to her big chance in Laugh, Clown, Laugh. That, and the fact that she won several prizes for ballroom dancing.

All of which brings me to rise to a point of order: It is all very well to keep experimenting with new faces in films, but what of the established players of personality who know how to act? Is experience to be discarded in a rush for new blood?

Besides, I suspect the altruistic motives of the Hollywood movie moguls. The big youth drive savors of hiring a lot of new people at infinitesimal salaries.

For one, I'm for the old faces—even at $2,000 a week per face.

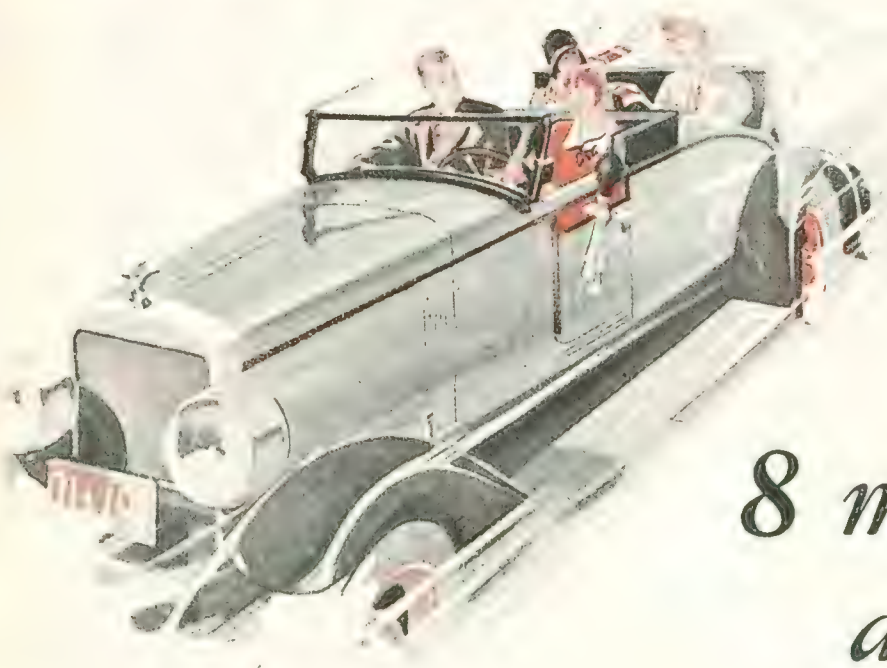
*Do you know that—*

Eric von Stroheim is to direct Gloria Swanson in her next film? . . . Harry Langdon is no longer a First National star comedian? . . . Cecil De Mille has purchased Sue Carol's five-year contract from Douglas MacLean? . . . Mae Murray is going to produce her own films, which, naturally enough, will star Mae Murray?

# By the way- *refresh yourself*

Drink Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



*8 million a day*

As you journey along, refresh yourself by the way. Turn in to the curb at the little red sign that dots the road map of the world, and pause for the drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. Such a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

*The Best Served Drink in the World*

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The finishing touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

*Look for this Diamond Sign. It identifies those better fountains that serve Borden's Malted Milk.*

# Diamonds that lead the way to health ••

When all the world seems a deep dull blue—look for the brightest spot on the horizon. A red Diamond.

You'll find these red Diamonds at all the better soda fountains. Like red traffic signals they say STOP! and order yourself the best drink in town! A tall glass of Borden's Malted Milk. Don't pass it by.

No matter how down-and-out you're feeling, Borden's will set you up. Quicken your pace. Straighten your sagging shoulders. Start you off tingling with energy.

And send you on rejoicing. That's Borden's Malted Milk.

You can't mistake the Borden fountains. They're all marked with the distinguishing red Diamond. Wherever, whenever you see this symbol, it flashes the message that there's a cheery drink waiting for you.

But be sure you get Borden's. The kind of malted milk that only Borden's could make, with its 71 years' experience. Borden knows how to take creamy country milk with its sun-born vitamins. Choice wheat for extra food value. Barley malt for extra digestibility. And blend all these priceless ingredients into the most delicious food-drink ever concocted.

Look for a Diamond. There's one around the corner from you.

Or ask any *young* person the way. They all know Borden's. It's an everyday habit with them.

◆ ◆ ◆

DIAMONDS FOR DEALERS: Let people know *you* serve Borden's. Get your complete Diamond Sign outfit for your fountain display.




The Borden Co., 510 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, U. S., or The Borden Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

*If you enjoy Borden's Malted Milk at the fountain, buy it for home use, too. Natural flavor or Sweet Chocolate Flavor. Convenient-sized packages.*

# The *best* gasolines become *better* when ETHYL is added

RACING car drivers *can't* take a chance with their engines.

Before a race they test their cars with the best gasoline obtainable. Then they add "Ethyl" fluid—the anti-knock compound—to develop the last ounce of power for speed and safety.

Similarly, leading oil companies are adding "Ethyl" fluid to the gasoline produced for the general motoring public, so that your car too may increase its performance under all driving conditions.

This fuel is called Ethyl Gasoline and is sold at pumps which display the emblem shown below.

Read the facts about Ethyl Gasoline given below. Remember that even the best gasolines become better when "Ethyl" fluid is added.

Then give Ethyl a trial. Its price is merely the price of good motor gasoline plus the few extra pennies the "Ethyl" ingredient costs. But what a difference it makes in your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada

## *What Ethyl Gasoline is*

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("Ethyl" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

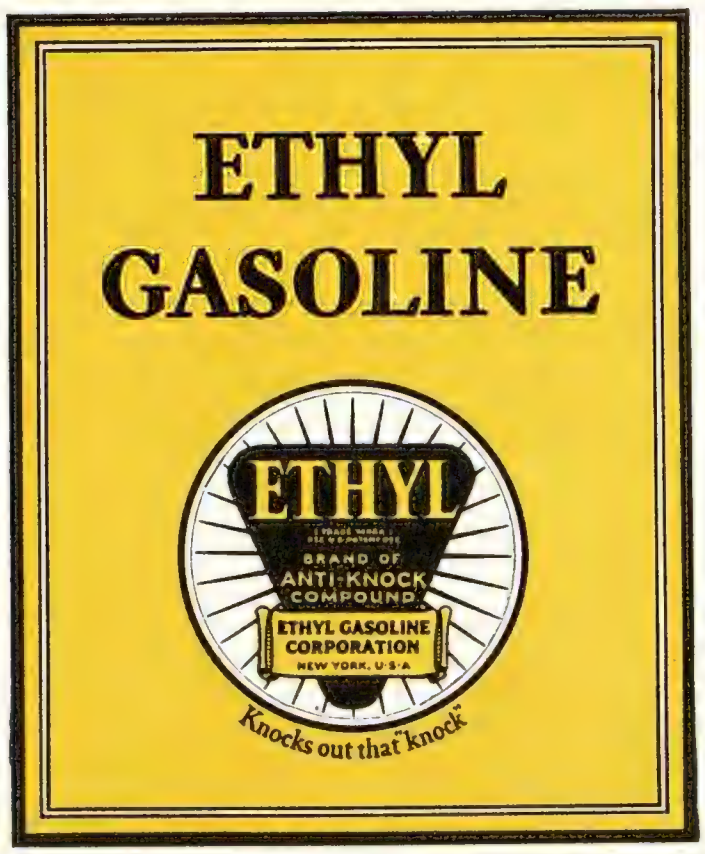
"Ethyl" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "Ethyl" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "Ethyl" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "Ethyl" trademark.

*Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.*




## *What Ethyl Gasoline does*

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

*Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.*

*Make carbon deposits a source of* extra *power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is* the *high compression fuel.*

*Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.*

*Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.*

*Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.*

*Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.*

*Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.*

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

In short, Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

Photo from Martin Johnson expedition

*THE grotesque African rhinos which were the dangerous quarry of the author's expedition.*

# RHINOS!

## *Thrills and Perils of Camera Hunting in Africa*

An Article by

JAMES L. CLARK

James L. Clark photo

*One shot from the author's rifle dropped the rhino beside which he is standing.*

*(Reading time: 21 minutes 18 seconds.)*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: James L. Clark, the author of this article, for more than twenty-five years has devoted his time to scientific exploration. Risking his life on repeated expeditions to unexplored regions, he has applied his skill as a sculptor to the mounting and perpetuating of his finds, and now is curator of the Department of Preparation of the American Museum of Natural History.]

AFRICA is changing. To the newcomer, it is true, the herds of game seem huge. Lions, rhinos, and elephants still seem plentiful enough. But to those of us who first went out to British East Africa before advancing civilization and the numerous hunters had made such fearful inroads among nature's original inhabitants of the plains and jungles, it seems like hardly more than a shadow of its former self.

I have done my share, certainly, in bringing this about, and I often wish that I had been able to shoot less. But I have shot more often from necessity than for "pleasure," and have hunted principally for the purposes of information.

It was with A. Radclyffe Dugmore that I made my first trip to Africa, and it was our idea, on that expedition, never to shoot save in self-defense, except when meat was required. Our task was to photograph the animals in their native haunts, in order that a valuable and interesting record might be made before civilization had changed the face of Africa—before the game had been driven out or killed. Most of the shooting that was done fell to me, for Dugmore was the photographer.

Neither of us had been in Africa before, and I had never shot anything more than a few elk, mountain sheep, and other similarly inoffensive American animals. But now I was to act as guard over Dugmore, who was utterly helpless when he had his face buried in the hood of his huge camera. I must say that I admired his nerve as he kept focusing his lens on charging rhinos.

It was strain enough to stand there with a gun in my hands, without having to depend on someone else to stop the beasts or turn them before they came too close. I had agreed not to fire until I heard the shutter as it was released.

Once I heard it go, I rarely waited long before I fired; for many times rhinos came pounding and snorting up to within fifteen or twenty yards of us before Dugmore's shutter clicked.

WE had outfitted at Nairobi in January, 1909, and obtained permission from the authorities to photograph in the game preserve, a 10,000-square-mile district lying southeast of Nairobi, with the railroad as its northern boundary. Hunting in that district was prohibited, but we were forced to take guns in order to protect ourselves.

We left the railroad at Kiu on the 3d of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Begin now to give your arms and hands the care they deserve. Beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—women who realize the value of lovely skin—write us that they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

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*Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.*

*Ingram's Milkweed Cream*

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

## RHINOS!

[Continued from page forty-five]

February and made camp within a stone's throw of the station. I had often been in camp before, but that first night on the Kiu plain seemed very different to me. Already, from the train, we had seen many animals.

It was wonderful lion country, and while we had as yet seen no rhinos, the natives we had hired assured us that they were plentiful. In that, by the way, they almost understated the case. We found later that the great beasts were far too plentiful.

*Two frightened rhinos, ears inquiringly raised,*

I REMEMBER distinctly that I did not sleep well that night (I suspect it was not entirely because I had not yet become accustomed to my cot), and the next morning both Dugmore and I were up bright and early in order to be about our work. It must be remembered that we were among the first of the photographers to enter Africa.

Schilling, it is true, had preceded us, and no doubt a few snapshots had been taken by others, but the experience of these others had not been compiled, so it was up to us to learn as we went. That meant that our equipment was largely theoretical, and our methods, of course, were those that Dugmore had developed while photographing the totally different wild life of North America.

On top of that, I was not at all certain of what I would do when a rhino or a lion charged. Of course I didn't tell Dugmore, but I wondered more than a little about my ability as a marksman, and was not at all reassured when I took my elephant gun and tried, very unsuccessfully, to hit a tin can that I had set up as a target.

However, otherwise we were ready, and bright and early on the morning after our arrival at Kiu, we set out at sunrise, as the mist lay in the valleys and the plain lay cool and inviting before us. But though we traveled for half that day, and for a part of the following day, we saw nothing but impalla and zebras.

It was during our third night out that I heard my first lion. He roared twice, and I shall never forget the thrill that awesome sound gave me. The roar of a caged lion is not to be compared with it. Iron bars give one a far greater sense of security than one is likely to imagine.

It was all very well to assure myself that lions rarely enter camps when the fires are burning. I knew enough about animals even then to realize that lions are individuals, and, quite regardless of what any given hundred lions might have done in the past, the hundred and first might decide to act differently. It is no wonder that I had some difficulty going to sleep.

However, the lion turned out to be quite respectful, and nothing except our imaginations disturbed us that night.

A day or two later we had our first experience with rhinos.

We located two of them half a mile or so away, and decided to try to photograph them. In working our way around so as to have the wind from them to us, we suddenly found that we had got in between the ones we had seen and another old fellow. But we managed to get around down wind from him.

Dugmore, from a distance of 100 yards, succeeded in taking two telephoto pictures of him while the old fellow was undisturbed. The tick birds still were sitting on his back. With two pictures taken, we were planning our next move, when we saw the object of our interest preparing for his noon siesta.

We waited for a few minutes while the rhino went to sleep, and then Dugmore, with me following him, began a careful stalk in order to get a close-up of the ugly old beast.

HAVING approached to within about thirty yards, Dugmore made his camera ready. I stepped out beside him with my rifle, and Dugmore made a little noise.

It was extraordinary how quickly that rhino was on his feet. More than that, he no sooner was up than he was charging. I can see him yet. His head was down and he snorted like a switch engine. His tail was up and his short, heavy legs were pounding along furiously.

I aimed and listened for the camera. It took that rhino a very few seconds to cover half the distance to us, but it seemed more than long enough for me. He seemed to be the size of a freight car, and his snorts were terrifying. Then I heard the camera snap. I fired at his shoulder and he turned.

Theoretically, I was trying

merely to turn him, but I suspect that I actually fired to kill him, and that turning him was mere accident; for one is not likely to have complete control over himself during his first rhino charge—or some of his later ones. Had he been hit hard I should have gone after him, but from the way he galloped off one could see that he

Carl E. Akeley photo

*tails elevated nervously, investigating an alarm.*

would recover from that shot within a few days.

Then we sat down and wiped the perspiration from our foreheads. It had been even more exciting than I had anticipated, and we found, when we had recovered our breath, that the old fellow had turned when he was exactly fifteen yards from us.

NOW, that is a point that I'd like to make. Fifteen yards is forty-five feet, and forty-five feet seems like a goodly distance if one measures it out on his lawn. If one stood forty-five feet from a cage in which a rhino was confined, the distance would be far too great to satisfy the curiosity. But forty-five feet of African plain seems like a fearfully small distance when a rhino is coming full speed at you.

He seems, by that time, to have blotted out almost the entire landscape, for he apparently has grown to enormous dimensions. I suppose that a person who has never faced a charging rhino at such a distance can understand the psychology of that, but I suspect that imagination rarely is sufficiently strong to make it possible for one who hasn't been there actually to realize the sensation.

After that charge I was more than willing to rest for a time, even at the risk of losing the rhinos we had first begun to stalk. But Dugmore presently started after them.

They were a male and a female and were making their way slowly over the plain while we followed at a quick walk.

They did not seem particularly disturbed, but just before we had got into a position from which Dugmore could photograph them to good advantage, the tick birds flew from their backs, and at that warning they turned around.

We were down wind from them, and at least 150 yards away, so we expected no trouble. But after a few snorts and a little running about both of the rhinos came pounding straight for us.

Dugmore was changing his plates and attempting to replace his telephoto lens with a shorter-focus one, but he was not ready by the time they had come too close. I was wondering which one to shoot first, and hoping that Dugmore would get his picture quickly, when he called to me to fire. I let go at the female. But she did not turn.

THE bullet seemed to make no impression whatever, and the beast only came on with as many snorts and as much energy as before. And now the second rhino charged out from behind a bush that had shielded him. Dugmore was still trying to get his camera ready, although the two charging animals were no more than twenty yards away. At fifteen yards I fired again, and instantly the second rhino fell.

Certainly I had shot to kill that time, and I have congratulated myself since that I had been no more upset than I was by the earlier charge. At any rate, I hit him squarely and he went down. At that the other rhino galloped off. My first shot, apparently, had not injured her badly, for she was going rapidly as she disappeared over the brow of a low hill.

That was enough hunting for one day, and we decided to look for no more trouble. Instead we measured the fallen rhino, cut off his horn in order that it might be turned over to the game ranger's department—trophies taken in the reserve are demanded by the government in order to discourage sportsmen — and permitted the natives to cut up the animal for meat.

Then I got my first close view of a rhino's structure. His brain is small, and because of that he is not extraordinarily clever. He seems to learn nothing from experience. His eyesight is notoriously bad, but his strength is tremendous.

The result is that when his ears or his nose tell him that something unusual is in the neighborhood—and his nose and ears are very keen—he promptly proceeds to investigate. It is this investigating process that we call a charge.

I am the last person to wish to generalize unduly about an animal's habits; but I do believe that the rhino, because he has no enemies except man, has developed this method of investigating as

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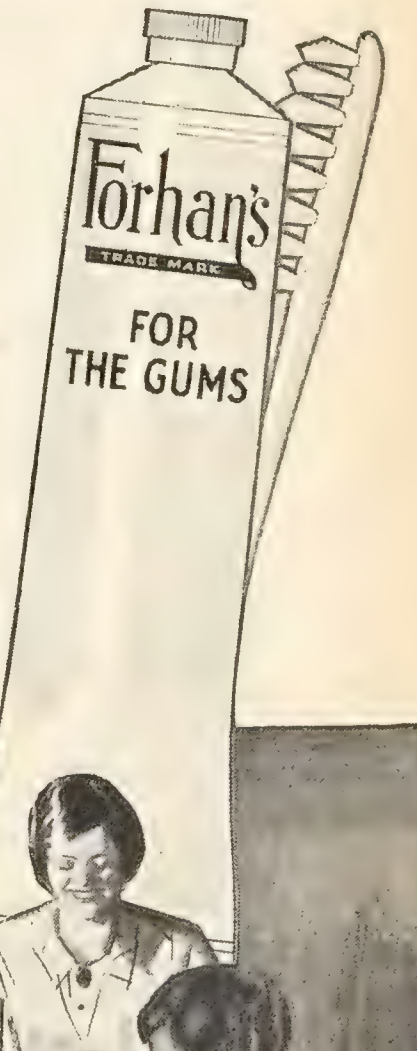
White teeth deceive

*4 out of 5*

BECAUSE...

*teeth are only as Healthy as the Gums*



SO many people think they are secure when teeth are gleaming white. But too often they surrender to a disease of neglect—Pyorrhea.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

*It's* *milder*


[RHINOS! Continued from page forty-seven]

he usually can do so with the utmost impunity.

The only things that he might run across that might do him any harm are elephants and other rhinos. Any other animal is likely to get out of the way, and even if he didn't, very little harm could come to the rhino.

With man it is different—particularly with the white man—for a rifle carries just as much power as a rhino does, and it is more effective. It is likely the result will be that the dumb old fellows will never learn before it is too late, and hunters will go on shooting them until there are none left to kill, merely because they are so incurably inquisitive.

HOWEVER, when such an animal comes storming along with his head down and his tail up, with you as his goal, it matters little whether he intends merely to find out what you are or to eliminate you at once. The result is likely to be the same in either case.

Consequently it seems to me that if the hunter happens to be in the line of a rhino's rush, he may most legitimately say that he has been charged. Fortunately for both the hunters and the rhinos, a rhino often will change his course when he has almost succeeded in running the hunter down. But more than a few hunters have been killed by the powerful beasts.

After that first day with the rhinos I realized that we had been exceedingly foolish to go out and face the beasts with no more understanding of their nature than we had, and so I spent many days watching them with my glasses.

It didn't take me long to learn that a hunter could tell a good deal by watching their ears and tails. Just as a horse puts a lot of expression in his ears, so does a rhino. To see one of the old fellows half asleep in the shade of a tree is an interesting sight. Half a dozen tick birds may be perched on his back, picking the ticks from the folds of his heavy hide.

His head is drooped, and his half-blind eyes apparently almost closed, while his ears have no rigidity whatever. His tail, too, is motionless, or nearly so.

But at the faintest sound—or at the merest trace of scent—his whole attitude changes. If the sound or the scent is very faint and does not suggest any particular danger, his appearance will change very slightly. Yet if one looks closely he will see that the ears are alert. First one and then the other will turn, as if he were listening carefully.

If the sound is repeated so that he gets a definite idea of its direction, both ears will turn toward it, and through the glasses one can see his ugly nose wrinkle as he dilates his nostrils in an attempt to catch or interpret the scent.

If he becomes suspicious, his tail will sometimes twist a bit and he will snort wildly. Then he is likely to move—running a little this way and then that. His snorts become louder, and obviously he is becoming more and more disturbed. When he catches a particularly clear scent, he is likely to start in real earnest.

His absurd little tail will go up, like a battle flag being raised. His head will go down, his snorts will become real threats, and his short, sturdy legs will carry him along at an amazing speed.

Now is the time. He is charging, and nothing can successfully stand in his way. His ungainly body is one solid mass of bone and muscle and sinew. He goes through tall grass and bushes as if they did not exist.

He does not go as fast as a horse can trot, but he goes far faster than a man can run. It would be simple for him to catch any man on foot, were it not for the fact that his brain is so slow. I have actually dodged the old fellows, although never for sport.

The first one I ever dodged nearly got Dugmore and me, and almost got one of our natives as well. It all came about because prior to that time I had successfully turned one with a charge of buckshot from a shotgun, which gave me undue confidence in the efficacy of that method of driving them off.

AS we did not desire to kill any more animals than was absolutely necessary, I was forever trying to figure out what I could do to turn the charges of rhinos without doing them any serious harm. One result was that I figured out that a good load of buckshot would sting a rhino pretty smartly, but that it could not injure him more than superficially.

After a trial of this new method, in which it worked perfectly and turned a charging rhino at about sixteen or eighteen yards, I determined to use it exclusively in the future.

However, I wanted a little assurance in addition to what the buckshot could offer, so I loaded one barrel with buckshot, and the other with a ball cartridge. So armed, we started off one day, after we had been in the field something less than three weeks.

We had been fairly successful in the game preserve, and were on our way back toward the railroad station at Kiu, traveling through the high grass with a Masai *askari*, or fighting man, in the lead. This askari was a handsome specimen of humanity as he strode along with his blanket draped over one shoulder, his head covered with a tight fitting cap made of the stomach of some animal, his shining black shoulders glistening in the sun, and his long spear tipped with its three-foot point.

Dugmore was following the askari and I came third, with the twenty native members of our safari strung out behind, burdened with all our boxes and bales and packages. Suddenly the askari stopped and held up his hand.

"*Kifaru!*" he whispered. And there, not twenty yards away, directly in our path, lay a huge rhino, sound asleep in the grass.

Instantly we were as busy as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

James L. Clark photo

Photo from Martin Johnson expedition

*In spite of his clumsy appearance, the rhino can walk and run with incredible ease. (Above) The profile of a so-called black rhino. The hooked upper lip is a peculiar feature of this species.*

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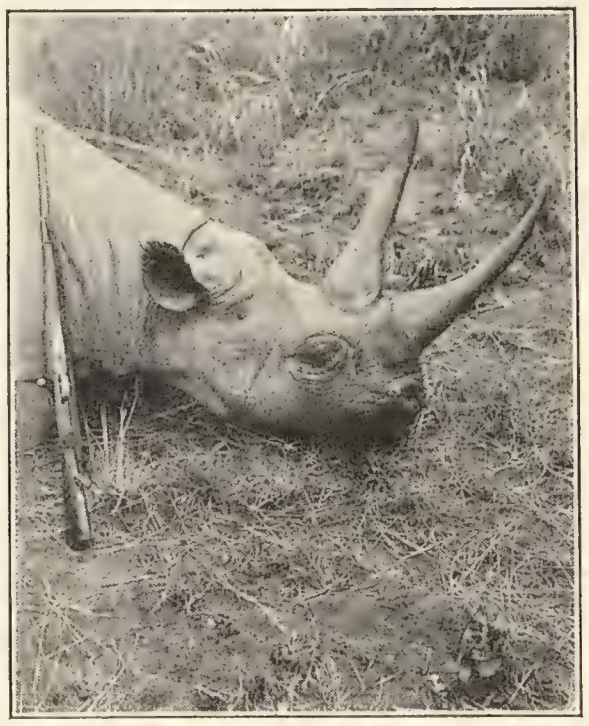
[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

kangaroo mice in a grass fire. Our safari men dropped their bundles and took to their heels. Dugmore reached for his camera. And I, having unloaded for fear my inexperienced gun bearer would shoot someone accidentally, grabbed my gun from him and loaded one barrel with buckshot and the other with ball. I felt at my side, too, and loosened my revolver in its holster.

Of course, with all that activity about, there must have been some sound, and the rhino was on his feet in a flash. There was not the faintest moment that I could detect between the time he got up and the time he got under way. Dugmore was focusing his camera, and the Masai askari had his spear ready for action, though I remember thinking at the time that such an antagonist was not to be stopped by a spear.



James L. Clark photo

*The almost equal sized horns mark the female rhino. This pair measured about eighteen inches.*

This time I did not wait for the sound of Dugmore's camera, but let go with the charge of buckshot. However, the rhino was no more affected by the shot than he was by the sound of the gun. I fired the ball cartridge, and still he charged. I seized my revolver and leaped to one side, firing into him as he passed within six feet of me.

OUR askari was directly in the line of charge. He waited until it almost seemed that the big horn had him, and then leaped lightly aside. The rhino turned and went for Dugmore, who had snapped one picture and was vainly endeavoring to change his plate. He was weighted down with the huge camera he always used, and for a moment things looked decidedly bad.

Then the askari went into action. He leaped through the tall grass and drove his spear into the rhino's side. The wound was sufficiently deep to distract the brute, and Dugmore skipped aside. But now the rhino came at me once more, and I managed to put another bullet or two from my revolver into his head.

He was a bit bewildered by now, and turned again, charging off after the rapidly scattering safari, and after him scurried the askari, armed now only with his long knife.

The rhino, which heretofore had done the chasing, possibly didn't like having somebody chase him, for, with more speed than the askari could muster, the old fellow blundered away. Nor did we try to stop him.

We paused for breath and to permit the porters to collect their loads. The askari found his badly bent spear in the grass, and for a few minutes we were busy bringing order out of chaos. But hardly had we got the safari straightened out again than we saw another rhino hardly 400 yards away.

I looked narrowly at Dugmore. But he, apparently, felt as I did—that we had had quite enough rhino for one day. I doubt if any rhino was ever treated with more consideration than was that new one we sighted.

Since those first few weeks, when Dugmore and I hunted rhinos in the vicinity of Kiu, I have seen scores of the homely beasts, and feel that I have got fairly well acquainted with them. Naturally, we were convinced, after being charged so many times near Kiu, that all rhinos must be cantankerous beasts, always hunting trouble.

But never have I seen in other parts of East Africa such unnecessarily troublesome rhinos as we first met. It seemed that every rhino we encountered in our first month in the field was certain to make trouble for us. On several occasions we faced two or three charges in a day, and on one occasion we had to stand three charges before 10 o'clock in the morning.

Rhinos were thick in the neighborhood and I have no theory at all to account for their disagreeable dispositions, for they were in the preserve, where they were seldom hunted. Elsewhere I have seen almost as many rhinos, and on one occasion I saw twenty-two between noon of one day and noon of the next while we were on the march. Yet, in that case, not one charged.

THERE are two species of African rhinos, popularly called the "white" and the "black."

As a matter of fact, all rhinos are a kind of elephant gray in color. The difference between the white and the black is not in color, and to the untrained eye there might seem to be little difference at all.

The white rhinos are fast approaching extinction. They never were numerous, and because they are usually somewhat larger than the black variety sportsmen have been more desirous of getting them. The major difference between the two varieties is in the head.

The white rhino is a grass-eating animal, and has a broad, square lip, which makes a very effi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]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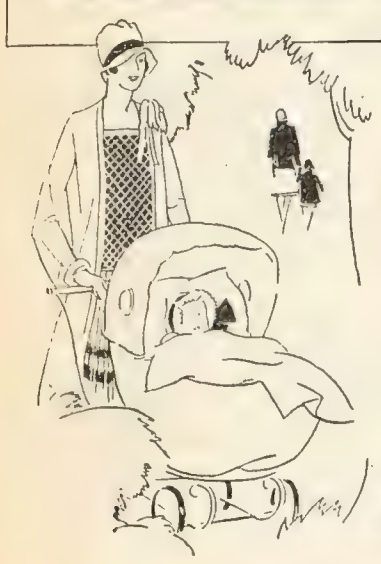

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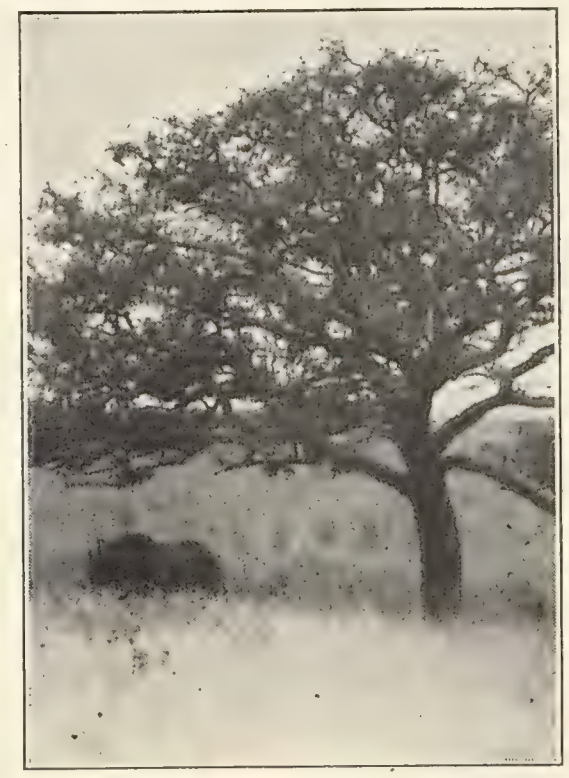
## RHINOS!

[Continued from page forty-nine]

cient mowing machine. The black rhino has a short, prehensile upper lip, unfitted for short grass, but admirably designed for browsing on bushes and plucking tufts of grass. The white rhino's head is longer and more massive. Both are armed with double horns, which are radically different from the horns on most other animals.

In reality, the horns of a rhino are not horns at all, and are not connected directly with the skull. Instead, they are highly compressed masses of hair or bristles, and are attached to the flesh very much as are the nails of a man's fingers. Bony knobs on the skull underlie the bases of these horns, but the connections between the skull and the horns are not direct.



Carl E. Akeley photo

*A rhino seeking relief in the shade from the African heat.*

There seems to be a popular idea, too, that the rhino is plated. This belief apparently has grown up because the heavy hide is marked by deep wrinkles, permitting the animal to move without stretching and flexing the heavy sections of the hide. In reality, the hide is less tough than it appears.

It can readily be cut with a sharp pocketknife, and presents no particular opposition to a bullet. It is thick, of course, sometimes as much as an inch, but it is far from being armor, although it is sufficiently tough to keep hyenas and jackals, when they find a dead rhino, from making their way through it, except beneath the belly or in a few portions of the body where the thinner skin of the deep wrinkles presents less resistance. This fact alone has served to set the stage for more than one harmless near adventure.

ON one occasion, early in my first visit to Africa, I saw a sleeping rhino. As yet I had not learned to let sleeping rhinos lie, and so I crept toward him, finally approaching to within about twenty yards of the beast.

I saw that, for a wonder, there were no tick birds about him. I didn't want to shout at him, for I was perfectly willing to waken him gently, if possible, in order to keep him from developing a temper. So I whistled—very softly. There was no movement, and I repeated the whistle—a little louder this time. Still no move. So I whistled with considerably more energy. Still no move.

I shouted, and still he slept. And then, seeing a small stone at my feet, I stooped, quickly picked it up, and tossed it in a high arc so that it struck his ribs. Before the stone had reached its mark I was alert, with my gun aimed; but, to my amazement, I heard a strange hollow sound when the stone struck, and still there was not the faintest sign of movement.

Still I did not understand it. I circled about and edged a bit closer, until I saw that there was a hole in his stomach and that he was nothing but a shell. The jackals and hyenas and vultures and ants had long since eaten everything that they could make an impression on.

The dryness of the season and the heat of the sun had more or less mummified the remains, and I had come upon a shell that had all the appearance — even at a distance of a dozen feet—of a living rhino peacefully napping there in the grass.

We saw many of these mummies later, and, as a matter of fact, felt sure that the rhino that charged us so energetically, only to be driven off with rifle, revolver, and spear, was one of these shells. Luckily we had made enough noise to awaken him and to discover our mistake in time, for we might have blundered even closer in the belief that we were perfectly safe.

IT seems strange that Dugmore and I should have been charged so often while we were in the Kiu district, and that of all the scores of rhinos I have seen elsewhere I have never been charged but once; but this only goes to prove that animals do not follow rules.

Obviously a contented rhino is less likely to react unfavorably than a rhino with the toothache. Following this line of reasoning, I have always been tempted to suspect that the rhinos of the Kiu district were all either suffering from some painful or trying ailment while we were there, or were the scattered members of some family whose forebears had specialized in bad dispositions.

But there is one rule that one should invariably follow when rhinos are about, and that is to assume the worst. Play safe with rhinos, as with other game, and one need not be surprised when, as is certain to happen if one keeps at it long enough, some old fellow proceeds to attempt a charge that necessitates defensive action. But that does not mean that all hunters should do as one man I met admitted he did.

The very first rhino he ever met charged him and nearly got him. The result was that that hunter developed a peculiar antipathy to the clumsy beasts, and told me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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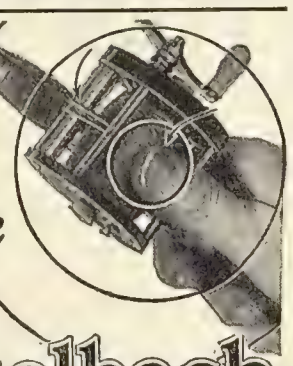

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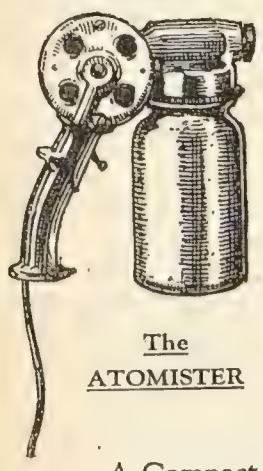

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**Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.**


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

that he had killed every rhino that he had seen since. He had twenty-five to his credit, and did not seem to realize that he was guilty of inexcusable conduct. To snuff out the life of those huge beasts with no more reason than he had, when nature had made their growth so slow a process, is, to my way of thinking, downright criminal.

I doubt if anyone can be sufficiently careful in the rhino country to be able to steer clear of dangerous situations in which these animals play a prominent part. For instance, Dugmore and I, after we had left the preserve, were trying our best to take flashlight photographs of lions at night. Nowadays one can obtain excellent flashlight apparatus that will almost invariably work when the bait is touched, but the apparatus we had seldom worked automatically.

On two occasions we actually had animals roll on the string that was supposed to set off the flash, without obtaining any results. After an endless number of such failures we decided to build sturdy thorn *bomas*—or blinds—so that we could operate the cameras with electric wires running to the cameras from them.

The idea was excellent, but we completely left rhinos out of our calculations. The result was that we built an excellent boma in which we would be fairly safe from lions, but neglected to consider that a rhino, with one toss of his head, could hook the blind from above us, or, if he cared to, could charge through it with the utmost ease and without even any discomfort, for thorns make mighty little impression on his heavy hide.

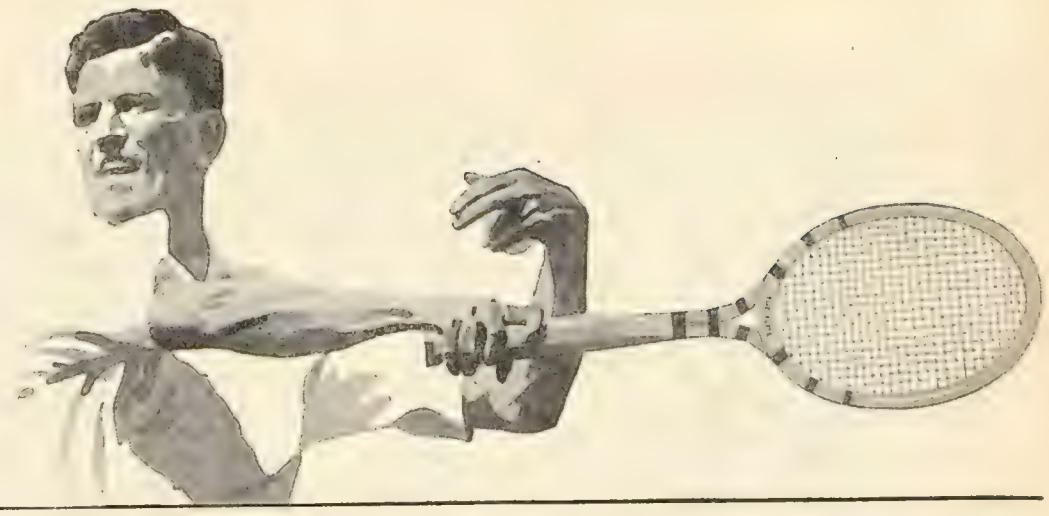
WITH our first boma complete and our cameras set up, we waited for dusk, and then entered the boma, sent the natives back to camp, and began to hope that lions would come and tackle the zebra we had killed for bait. The night grew darker and darker, until not the faintest thing was visible against the background of water hole and trees.

The hours passed uneventfully, save for a lion's roar in the distance now and then, and the other night sounds that are common on the African plains. Then, without the slightest warning, we heard the rush and the snorts of a rhino. There was no doubt about his being close to us, even though we couldn't see him. And he had our scent.

We grabbed our rifles and turned about, realizing all too late what a hopeless position we were in. In front of the boma was our lion bait, and a lion might even at that moment be stalking it. Now, behind our boma, through which we could not see a thing, there was a rhino, snorting and running up and down, considering whether or not to charge us.

We dared not leave the place for fear of bumping into a lion. So there we sat, with our backs toward the lion bait, caring less than nothing whether or not lions should approach the zebra, but holding our rifles ready and expecting every moment to hear the rhino coming even closer.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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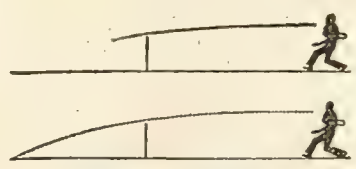

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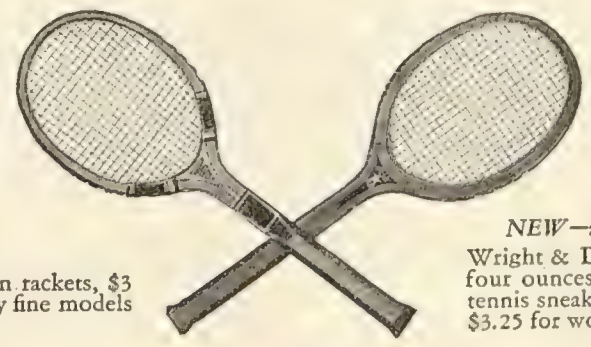

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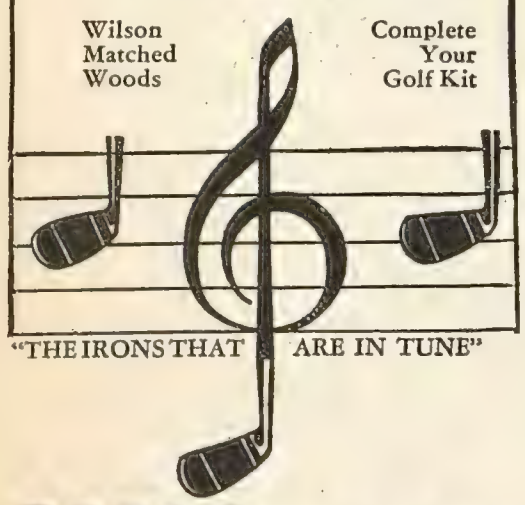
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RHINOS!
[Continued from page fifty-one]

It seemed, as we sat there, that he was too close as it was, and the next morning we found innumerable footprints within thirty yards. But what we fully expected was to see the tip of his horn come at us through the thin protection of thorns, to see him toss the boma to one side and trample or toss us to death.

I do not recall ever having been in a more terrifying situation. For half an hour we listened to that old fellow snorting and rushing up and down, sometimes closer and sometimes a little farther away, but never far enough away to relieve the strain. Our guns were cocked and ready, our backs up against the thorn front of our shelter. We hoped to be able to kill the old fellow instantly if he should charge, but we were far from certain that we could place our shots properly if he did.

Carl E. Akeley photo

*The specks on this rhino's back are tick birds, which subsist on the ticks in his hide and warn him of approaching danger by their chattering.*

Rarely have there been two more relieved hunters than we, when finally the rhino gave it up and wandered away.

ON another occasion, when Dugmore had left Africa and I was protecting Cherrie Kearton on what was probably the first motion-picture expedition that ever made cinema records of African game, I had a demonstration of how suddenly and unexpectedly these blundering beasts can appear.

I had, on one occasion, seen a band of fourteen lions, and one day, while we were passing the spot at which I had seen them, I pointed it out to Kearton.

We were making our way along the bank of a dry stream bed, beyond which, about thirty yards away, lay the bushes on the other side of which the fourteen lions had been. Kearton and I were in the lead, two askaris were following us, and after them came our camera boy, our gun bearers, and our water boy.

"There's the place where the lions were, Kearton," I remarked casually, pointing toward the clump of brush across the stream bed.

And even while I had my hand raised I heard a commotion in the brush.

"Good Lord, they're there now!" cried Kearton.

At the same moment our camera boy dashed up from behind, trying to shout something. But if he ever got it out I didn't understand him, and then he was gone, at top speed, for the protection of a thorn tree twenty yards away.

Instantly two rhinos appeared from the brush, charging with all their speed. Every one of us turned to run, for they had come so quickly that we had no time to think. But after two or three yards I realized that I couldn't outrun them, and furthermore, the nearest tree was already sheltering the two askaris and the water boy. I turned to fire. But by then the two ungainly animals were down in the dry stream bed, and I could see only the tips of their horns and the tops of their backs. There was no target and I had to wait. In a moment they were climbing the bank, and I pulled one trigger.

To my horror, the gun did not go off! I pulled again. Another misfire! And by now both those rhinos were within five yards of me. I turned and ran, passing close beside the tree. I remember seeing Kearton kneeling and aiming.

"Fire, Kearton!" I cried as I passed, and I heard his gun go off. That one rhino was close behind me I knew; so, hoping to throw him off his charge, I changed my course to the right, to bring me behind the tree. As I turned I was reloading, and out of the corner of my eye I saw a fearful situation.

KEARTON had fired at the rhino that was after me, while the tree obscured the other. The rhino he hit hesitated for just the fraction of a second that made my getaway possible, and then came on, while Kearton, trying to dodge him, darted around the tree and almost ran squarely on to the other's horn.

He saw his danger in time, and stopped just as the rhino went past not more than three feet away. Then, to their everlasting credit, the two Masai spearmen went into action. As the rhinos went past the tree, each thrust with his spear, and by great good fortune the two rhinos parted, going in opposite directions.

The native who had thrust at the wounded rhino had merely struck the beast's horn, but the man had thrown all his power into the thrust and had bent fully three inches of the heavy spear until it formed a semicircle. The other man had done even better, and his rhino galloped off with twelve inches of spear in his neck. After half a dozen jumps the spear fell out, badly bent, and all of us, once we were certain that the animals were not coming back, sat down to recover our composure.

It is such experiences as this that make one decide, in time, that rhinos are beasts that it is best to let alone.

THE END


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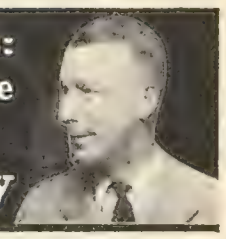

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# The Greatest Inning Ever Played

## *A Brilliant Baseball Duel of Wits and Speed*

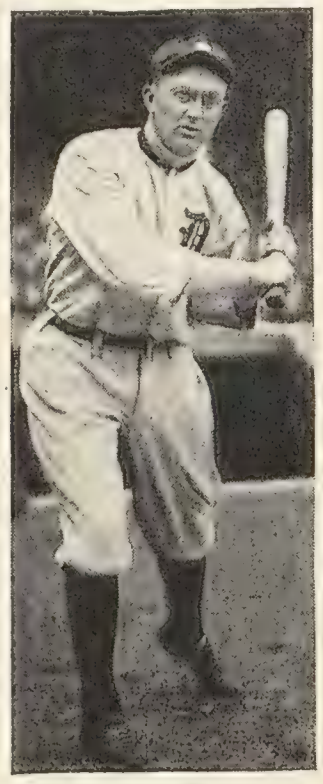
### By Hugh Fullerton

*(Reading time: 6 minutes 4 seconds.)*

THE greatest and the most brilliant inning, from both the standpoint of strategy and of execution, ever played in the history of baseball, according to the judgment of players and experts, was in the game between the Chicago Cubs and the Detroit Tigers, played on October 13, 1908. That inning wrecked Detroit's hope of victory that day and their chances of winning the world's championship.

Probably never before or since have two teams engaged in any World's Series that were as closely matched as were the Cubs and Tigers that year—matched in brains, speed, hitting power, defensive work, and pitching. Where the Tigers had a shade in hitting, Chicago met it with a slight superiority on the infield and a more evenly balanced team.

Nor have two teams ever met in a World's Series with both more at the top of their form. They had fought their way through a season of greater sensations than any in baseball history, and the World's Series was to them, in fact, a sort of relaxation. Detroit had won after a hard, long-drawn-out fight, and the Cubs, winning the play-off game from the New York Giants after the teams had finished in a tie, regarded the postseason games as a season of celebration.



Brown Bros. photo

*Ty Cobb, whose perfect bunt was spoiled by Mordecai Brown's perfect thinking.*

Picture by Ray Sisley

*Tinker leaped over, caught the ball, and tagged Crawford.*

Thompson photo

*Sam Crawford, trapped by the sharp wits of Tinker and Kling.*

The Ring photo

Brown Bros. photo

*Joe Tinker (above, left) and Johnny Evers, the Cubs' famous keystone pair who helped trample Detroit in 1908.*

THE BOX SCORE
October 13, 1908

| CHICAGO | R. | H. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sheckard, lf.. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Evers, 2b.... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Schulte, rf... | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Chance, 1b.. | 1 | 3 | 17 | 0 | 0 |
| Steinfeldt, 3b | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Hofman, cf.. | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Tinker, ss.... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 0 |
| Kling, c..... | 0 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Brown, p.... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Total ..... | 3 | 11 | 27 | 19 | 0 |

| DETROIT | R. | H. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| McIntyre, lf. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Leary, ss.. | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Crawford, cf. | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Cobb, rf..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Rossman, 1b. | 0 | 0 | 12 | 1 | 0 |
| Schaefer, 2b. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Schmidt, c... | 0 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| Coughlin, 3b. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Summers, p.. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Winters, p... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| D. Jones, x.. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total..... | 0 | 4 | 27 | 15 | 0 |

x Batted for Summers in ninth.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| CHICAGO..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | —3 |
| DETROIT..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —0 |

Hits off Summers—9 in 8 innings; off Winters—2 in 1 inning. Two-base hit—Crawford. Sacrifice hit—Steinfeldt. Stolen bases—Evers, Schulte (2), Hofman. Bases on balls—off Summers 3, off Winters 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Brown 1. Left on bases—Chicago 10, Detroit 3. Struck out—By Summers 5, by Brown 4. Double play—Brown, Tinker, and Chance. Passed balls—Schmidt 1, Kling 1. Time—1 hour 32 minutes. Umpires—Connolly and Klem.

Jennings had chosen to start with Winters, keeping Summers warmed up; while Chance had played his ace—Mordecai Brown—believing that to win the game meant the championship. If Detroit won and tied the series, Chance knew the great Tiger hitters—Crawford, Cobb, and Rossman—would be hard to stop.

Brown was in superb condition. He started pitching one of his studied, careful games, using his "hook" curve only when necessary to check the assaults. Detroit's one weakness was against fast-curve pitching, and Brown was the master curve pitcher of his day. Chicago, hitting Winters in timely fashion, scored two runs in the early rounds, and the last half of the fourth inning started with the score 2 to 0 in favor of the Cubs.

The inning did not appear to threaten danger until Charlie O'Leary, the speedy little shortstop man of the Tigers, singled. Brown admitted later he had made a mistake in not pitching hard enough to O'Leary and making certain of retiring the first batter. O'Leary's single changed the aspect of the contest, for after O'Leary came Crawford, Cobb, and Rossman, one of the strongest hitting trios in baseball history.

Brown pitched to Crawford, who drove it safe to center, advancing O'Leary.

Detroit's big chance had come. Cobb, the greatest of all batsmen, and perhaps the most skillful bunter in the game, was next. There was no doubt as to what Cobb would do. He would bunt.

With Cobb, bunting was not mere sacrificing to advance the runners. He bunted with the hope and the intention of beating the ball to first base. It was difficult for any but a fast fielder to throw Cobb out on a perfect bunt, and one season he added eighty-one hits to his total by beating out such hits.

Steinfeldt, Chicago's third baseman, was a hard-blocking, marvelous throwing fielder. He was not fast, but in fielding bunts he could throw out runners if they were within three steps of first base when he threw. He was not the "smart" type of player that most of his mates were. At times he erred by too quick judgment.

CHICAGO knew exactly what Cobb would try to do: bunt toward third base. Instead of trying to prevent this, Brown decided on a brilliant bit of strategy. He would pitch the ball exactly where Cobb wanted him to pitch it, and let Cobb bunt it exactly as he hoped to be able to do.

Brown walked to third base and said to Steinfeldt: "Anchor that big leg of yours on that base and don't move it. I'll take the bunt."

Evers and Tinker, working back and forth to get behind O'Leary, held him close to second until Brown pitched, a fast ball, right on the out corner of the plate—the kind of ball Cobb would push toward third base best. Cobb poked

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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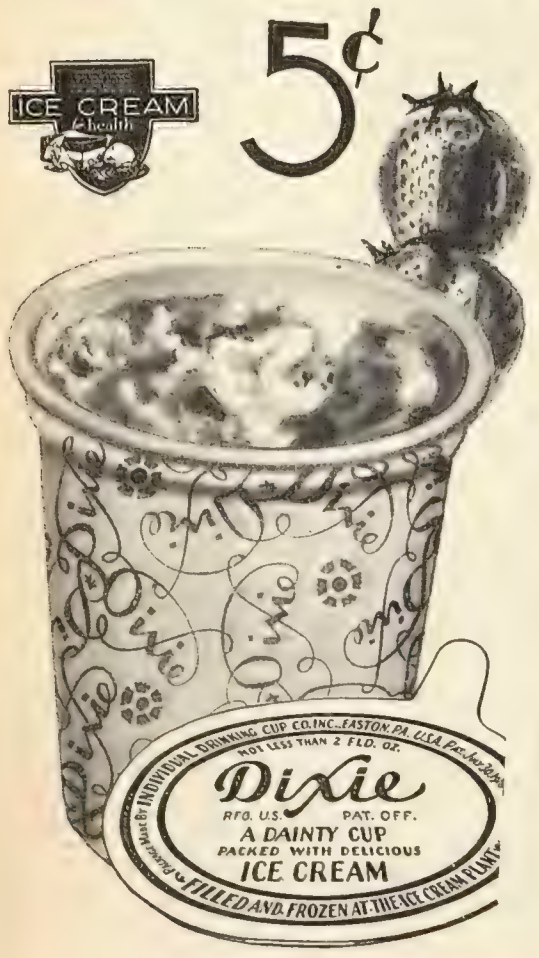



[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

his bat against the ball, rolled it toward third, and, with a desperate burst of speed, sprinted for first. There was not one chance in twenty for any fielder to throw him out on the bunt.

But Brown's plan was different. As he pitched the ball he started at top speed toward the line between third and home. He was running when Cobb poked the ball down that direction and, leaping forward, he grabbed it, whirled, and threw with terrific force at Steinfeldt, who, after making a start toward the ball, had remembered and stepped back to the base. Brown's throw was so speedy Steinfeldt had trouble in catching the ball; but O'Leary, one of the fastest runners in the game, was forced out by twelve feet on a perfect bunt.

*Harry Steinfeldt, the Cubs' third sacker.*

The Ring photos

*Charlie O'Leary, Detroit shortstop.*

THERE is an adage in baseball: "You can't catch a dumb base runner." It means that the smart base runners, who take a chance, are the ones who can be caught by a fast play. Tinker and Kling had a play they had used when as boys they played on the lots in Kansas City. Evers was a party to it.

Sam Crawford was a smart base runner. He was edging off second base, taking as great a lead as he dared, each time Brown pitched to Claude Rossman. Evers and Tinker were "holding him up" by making quick dashes to the base, compelling Crawford to keep close to it.

Three times Evers dashed to the base and Kling bluffed as if to throw. Then Evers, as if abandoning the effort, moved far up toward first. On the next ball Tinker made a fast leap, got past Crawford, and covered the base, yelling at Kling to throw. Crawford leapedquickly back to safety, and Kling, relaxing, started to toss the ball back to Brown.

Tinker, as if disgusted, walked back of Crawford and resumed his normal position. He kicked the dirt as if angry and said to Crawford:

"Old boy, if the Jew had thrown that time we'd have caught you."

CRAWFORD turned his head toward Tinker to retort. For just an instant his eye was off the ball. Then he looked back. Kling had thrown the ball like a rifle shot straight to second base. Crawford started, hesitated, looked around—then, realizing he was tricked, dived desperately back toward second base. But Tinker, who had leaped over and caught the ball, whirled and tagged him out.

The promising Tiger rally was wrecked, but they still fought. Two strikes and two balls were called on Rossman when Brown broke a curve over the plate. Rossman swung and missed, but most of the spectators failed to see his strike-out, as Cobb was sprinting for second.

Kling hurled the ball high over second base. Evers, sprinting over, stuck up one hand, grabbed the ball, and, alighting on top of the sliding Cobb, stopped him a foot short of the base—for the fourth out of the sensational inning.

THE END

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

*(Answers will be found on page sixty)*

1—What is the largest lake in North America?
2—What is a sinecure?
3—What is the name of the Federal act that forbids combinations in restraint of trade?
4—What does *in toto* mean?
5—Where does "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark" occur?
6—What is known as the Hawkeye State?
7—What is a pogrom?
8—Who painted The Angelus?
9—What are carnivora?
10—What is the capital of New Zealand?
11—Who composed the opera Madama Butterfly?
12—Who are called "leathernecks"?
13—What is the Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being?
14—The killing of what bird figures prominently in The Rime of the Ancient Mariner?
15—What is a statute of limitation?
16—What famous American author once was a steamboat pilot?
17—What is common to the following names: Torchon, Honiton, Chantilly?
18—What is a longhorn?
19—Between what countries were the Punic Wars fought?
20—What is equitation?


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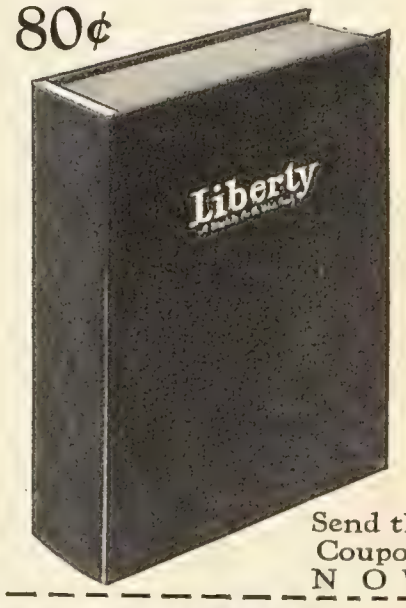


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# Playing Hookey

## A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"COME home early, dear," Lil said as she kissed Sandy good-by. "And bring back some eggs for breakfast. Cooking eggs. They're just as tasty as the real fresh ones."

"All right," Sandy said. "Don't sit up; but I'll be home by ten. And I'll bring some ice cream. I'll phone at nine-thirty to see if the baby's crying." He bent over the crib, made a slight pillow readjustment, curled the little one's seven wisps of so-called hair, and went out.

"I wish I could go too!" Lil called after him. "I'm dying to see Hearts Asunder at the movies. But I'd better look after the baby's prickly heat. Have a good time, dear!" She felt like adding, "And don't take a drink," but something told her not to put this ginny idea in her fond husband's head!

This week's cover picture.

Sandy's first night out since his firm's business dinner back in April!

When he projected his nose out of the entrance to Elkton Terrace Apartments, something in the summery, mosquito-y air told him to toss domesticity to the winds and hail a taxi. He felt like balancing his legs out of the cab window, speeding through the old burg, shouting to friends, picking up pals, and rushing out to the Crystal Beach Amusement Park—there to shout even louder from roller coaster, merry-go-round, and German beer garden!

But did he? No!

The thought of Lil cooped up with their baby in the hot two-by-four spoiled his fun. The first summer with an offspring at home! The little fellow seemed to be starting right in voting thumbs down on his parents' vacation spirits. Either Lil or Sandy had to remain indoors while the other went out. And it was just a year ago that he was jubilantly buying a high silk hat for his wedding!

He hailed a community bus, paid six cents to ride three miles between a crate of strawberries and a fat woman with asthma, and landed up at a favorite pool parlor. It was Jake's; before prohibition a real joint. But there was still the poker nook behind the parlor, and the same old neighborhood crowd still congregated.

"Well, if it ain't little papa himself!" somebody said as Sandy poked his head between the imitation Chinese embroidered curtains.

Sandy grinned, rolled up his sleeves, and said: "Let's play!"

The snap of cards . . . the *click-click-click* of chips . . . the *pfizz* of seltzer . . . a few high-ballish pleasantries.

"I open for a dollar," Sandy announced.

"Whee! Some splurger, papa!" Slant Burns yelled, counting up his bullets, ladies, and johnnies. And he wondered who would freeze out whom.

At 9:30 Sandy dutifully called up his wife.

"I'll be home at ten, dear," he said. "And I won't forget the ice cream or eggs."

"Playing cards?" she asked, wondering how much money he had taken with him. "Well, don't get rash, remember the baby, and don't forget you're short of sleep."

"I'll tap you," Bud Hawes said, playing Here Comes the Bride with one blue chip against another. He had a straight flush and felt swell, a second innocent drink adding to his enthusiasm.

"Oh, sweetie!" Dick Groce called out. "It's music to my ears to hear a sucker squeal!"

At 10:30 Sandy called up Lil again.

"I'll be home about eleven," he told her. "And I'll stop for the ice cream. What kind do you want?"

"Strawberry, chocolate, vanilla, and orange ice mixed," she said. "And, Sandy, I don't smell cocktails, do I?"

"No, dear, I should say not!" he fibbed. "How's the baby?"

"Sleeping. Are you winning? Cough if you are." Sandy coughed. "Oh, goody-goody!" she squeaked, fearing she'd wake the baby. "Keep on playing. Never mind the ice cream, but don't forget the eggs. I'm going to bed now. Don't bother to call up any more. Give me the cash in the morning!"

"Come on, Sandy," Dick bellowed. He had a full house, not to mention his fifth full glass.

Sandy squinted at the pot, then into the hazy eyes of each player. He didn't know what the others expected to buy with the evening's profits, but *he* hoped to get way ahead on his car payments.

"Drinks all round!" he ordered, playing a tune on the tuneful brass receptacle at his feet. A royal flush brought a blush to his cheek. *Sandy knew his poker!*

*(To be continued next week)*


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Marmola aims to correct a common cause of obesity in a scientific way. Its chief factor is now employed by physicians, the world over in treating excess fat. The complete formula appears in every box. Also the reasons for results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until normal gland conditions bring weight down. Full details in every box.

With fat reduction comes other benefits which will make you doubly glad.

Learn what Marmola means to you. Every tablet is worth its weight in gold if it does what it does for so many. And all results come from correcting a condition that's abnormal. A help which has proved itself for 20 years, with such results, such a growing demand, deserves a test.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*



*Mary Pickford Asks*

Please May I Bob My Hair?

Watch for the entertaining article in which she asks your permission

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

## Soften its penalties with Sal Hepatica

SOME one has justly called this twentieth century the "Age of Indiscretions." And we certainly deserve the reproach for our many violations of the a-b-c's of health—for the things we do that nature never intended that we should.

We eat rich food and too much of it. We take only fitful exercise. We hurry and we worry. We skimp on sleep. Anxious not to miss anything, we drive our bodies all too often on our store of nervous energy.

And so we pay the piper—pay him in the way we look and the way we feel. We awake unrefreshed by slumber. Our digestion fails us. Headaches are common. Unpleasant taste in the mouth is all too often with us. We are irritable—nervous.

TO dispel these old familiar symptoms—headache and indigestion, acidity, constipation and bad complexion—there is nothing quite so simple or so good as a heaping teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Take it on arising.

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# Good Form *in* Word Golf

GOOD form in WORD GOLF refers to but one thing—the character of the words used at all stages of the problem. Obsolete and foreign-language words are definitely barred, and others which might be classed as very unusual are not in high favor.

The solutions of last week's holes, printed below, demonstrate the possibility of devising problems which are interesting without being too difficult. They will serve you well as a guide in laying out holes to compete for one of the weekly prizes.

For every original WORD GOLF hole that it prints LIBERTY will pay $5 and you are invited to submit as many as you wish. There are no prizes for solutions, of course.

Address entries to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here are this week's prize holes. See if you can play them in less than the indicated number of strokes.

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M. G. McCLURE
Needham, Mass.

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EVELYN VERVILLE
Hancock, Mich.

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FLORENCE K. LEONARD
Fremont, Iowa

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IDA MOMENTHY
Baltimore, Md.

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Quebec, P. Q.

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## *Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| JUNE | BEAK | TEXT | NEWS | TOOTH | RING |
| DUNE | BEAT | TEST | SEWS | TOOTS | RIND |
| DONE | SEAT | BEST | SEES | COOTS | BIND |
| DOLE | SLAT | BEAT | SEEM | COSTS | BEND |
| DOLL | SLAW | BOAT | STEM | CASTS | BENT |
| DULL | CLAW | BOOT | ITEM | CASTE | BEAT |
| DULY | | BOOK | | PASTE | BOAT |
| JULY | | | | | BOUT |

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*He Had No Maternal Instinct*

Betty and Billy are five-year-old twins. Betty delights in playing house, and Billy, much to his disgust, has to play too. One day, after Betty had been playing mother all morning and Billy had been playing father, she decided that they would change, she playing father and Billy playing mother. Billy, very much disgusted with his rôle, soon began knocking the baby doll around and even went as far as to pull some of its hair out. Betty could not stand this, and, snatching the doll away from him, cried, "Give me that baby; you are not fit to be a mother."—C. Schafer, 1321 Merrick Ave., Brookline, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

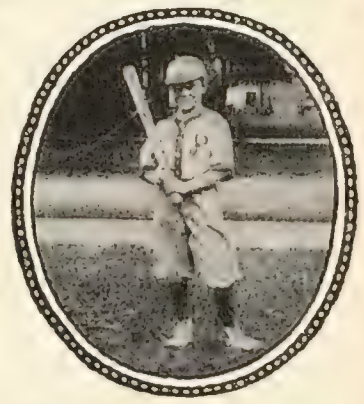
*He Had Her There*

Billy, who had just started to kindergarten, was proud of himself and grasped every opportunity to show off his knowledge so recently acquired. One evening he was playing with his blocks and held up the letter D to his mother, saying, "Mother, what letter is this?"

His mother replied, "Capital D."

"Wrong," said Billy triumphantly. "It is part of a dog."—Kate W. Arrington, 707 Falls Rd., Rocky Mount, N. C.


# Boys!



*Harold Hartzheim of Wisconsin is one of the many happy boys playing the game with free equipment.*

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# Don't Have "Nerves"—They're Aging

By
EILEEN BOURNE

NOT long ago an eminent physician in Paris made a significant pronouncement on beauty. When asked what health measure was most important to looks, he promptly replied, "Control of nerves." Then he went on to say that sick nerves rather than any other one ailment did most to ruin the charm, not only of expression, but of complexion, hair, and contour. Moreover, since nervousness usually impairs digestion, it is associated with a general poisoning of the system.

When are nerves sick? Oh, you know. To snap your husband's head off after he's forgotten for the sixth time to mail an important letter is righteous indignation. But to snap it off because he doesn't immediately answer a question—that's nerves! If you shut your eyes and clutch the seat every time the driver of your car passes another in the road, if you lie awake listening for strange night sounds, if you can't sit still without tapping your foot on the floor or twisting your hands—then "the gobble-uns'll git you ef you don't watch out!"

Now, what's making you nervous? Do you resent your work, your family, or your social obligations? Are you worried? Then give yourself a change or some good mental discipline.

I know one harried housewife who changed in a week from an ugly shrew to a radiant creature by the simple device of spending a week at a good hotel in her own city. She slept late every morning, went to the theater, bought a new frock, took two beauty treatments, and returned to her family looking as if she'd spent a thousand dollars on specialists instead of the hundred she'd actually paid for her brief whirl.

On the other hand, there may be a physical cause for extreme tension. In this day of overthinness and after-meal hurrying, a fallen stomach is one of the most common causes of nervousness. Neglected eyestrain, a hidden abscess in a tooth, a generally depleted condition, may, without your knowledge, be wearing down your nervous resistance.

Go to a doctor, get a complete checking up, and then do everything he says.

Don't neglect "nerves." When they are on edge a woman is at her lowest ebb of attractiveness. It is then that the face becomes drawn and lined, the brow puckered, and muscles tense. Little by little, beauty vanishes.

Unfortunately, it's the rare woman who really tries to overcome nervousness as she tries to overcome oily hair or overweight. We all are apt to idealize this state. You deny it? Why, you know perfectly well that you're subtly flattered to be called "terribly high-strung." And you'd be absolutely insulted if anyone were to say, "You haven't a nerve in your body."

There's a reason for this attitude. It was recently expressed by a little French girl in a famous *salon de beauté*. She said:

"It is funnee about beauty. Women who are most like cows—who nevair feel great joy or suffering—it is they who haf no wrinkles and who look ze same at sixty as they did at thirty. Yet they are nevair great beauties. I hate them—they are so dull.

"But I hate just as much ze nervous woman. She is please wiz nothing and she get old queeck. So I think we must haf some nerves, but not too many. Zen we haf ze charm, ze expression, but not ze tenseness which spoil ze pleasure of others."

This is our dilemma. We don't wish to be unfeeling "cows," and so we don't discipline our susceptibilities. But the trouble is that when the mechanism that should only make us sensitive to the nuances of life gets out of control, those same nuances receive less response from us than do irritations, fears, and worries. And so laughter dies out of our eyes and we begin to concentrate on "our poor nerves."

*TO snap your husband's head off because he doesn't immediately answer a question — that's nerves!*

How are we to control our nervous reactions and preserve beauty? Well, first we must assure ourselves a period of relaxation every day. Young things need it just as much as do their elders.

Nobody can go steadily from one activity to another—even if each is pleasurable—without ultimately feeling strain. And, regardless of age and condition of servitude, we are fast becoming a nation that has forgotten how to rest. By the same token, we are equally precocious in the number of our women who break down before forty.

To rest after exercise, and whenever possible before dinner, is an enormously helpful measure. But do you know what resting means? You should be covered by loose, light clothes; place your pillow, not under the head, but under the feet or knees; and be sure that the room is dark, filled with fresh air, and quiet.

Quiet! It's of no use to lie talking to people or listening to the radio.

Moreover, the mental side of repose is equally important. If you go over your worries, fears, excitements, and regrets, every muscle will be tense and every nerve quivering. Fix your thoughts on some calm scene—the ocean at sunset, for instance—until its stillness gets into your body and soothes you to complete relaxation. When you awake, all the tired lines will be smoothed out and you will feel fresh for new action.

Practicing this method of quieting yourself will suggest what to do under the worst circumstances. Whatever you find most trying—the traffic jam, unexpected guests for dinner on a hot night, having a dress fitted, telephoning, associating with cross people—tests your power of self-control. Some persons are helped by repeating: "Doesn't matter! Doesn't matter! Doesn't matter!"

Grin and relax. Stop pushing! Don't drive the car when you're not at the wheel! If you're kept waiting, try to recall your favorite bit of poetry or go on with your book. It's because we're too serious about trifles that we look old before our time.

Of course, preventive work includes a simple diet and moderation in the use of stimulants. Women are such extremists and so sensitively organized that they suffer more than men from self-indulgence. We have to be rigorously temperate. Otherwise we pay in sleeplessness, bad color, and shaky hands.

One woman who had become this sort of wreck because of too many cigarettes, cocktails, and late parties suddenly began to look so serene and young that her friends eagerly inquired her antidote. "Oh," she replied airily, "I'm going in for buttermilk, walking, and the classics. Aren't they becoming?"

To cure nerves that are really sick you should consult a specialist. Women who have suffered some shock, who have been worn out by illness or some terrible burden imposed by destiny, often must be treated with the utmost skill in order to regain nervous health. But for one such person there are fifteen who are the victims of bad habits, physical or mental. These may recover by their own efforts—provided they are sufficiently in earnest.

First of all we must rule out self-pity. The more you say to yourself, "Oh, my poor nerves!" the more they'll be whimpering and crying. Nerves are never cured by kindness alone. You must constantly suggest that they are strong enough to bear anything, and then be careful for a while about what you give them to bear. Rest; keep out of crowds; stay out of doors.

Remember that a change of scene need not involve much expense. You may lie in a canvas chair on your roof or sit in some park. If you have a little plot of ground, nothing is better for you than gardening. The slow rhythm of the good green earth becomes your rhythm.

DON'T forget that the main reason for controlling nerves is to make living richer and more beautiful. A certain robustness is the basis for your being good company. It takes energy to go out sympathetically to others. And who will deny that this power gets you farther than mere surface good looks? Moreover, serenity is a tremendous beauty aid to the older woman.

Remember the old women of France. They look as if they could bear anything that life demands of them, and yet have vitality left for a witty word, a graceful gesture, a charming manner. Brown and wrinkled they may be, but they carry their heads superbly and their eyes glow with undiminished fire. They haven't "nerves." They have a splendid nerve!

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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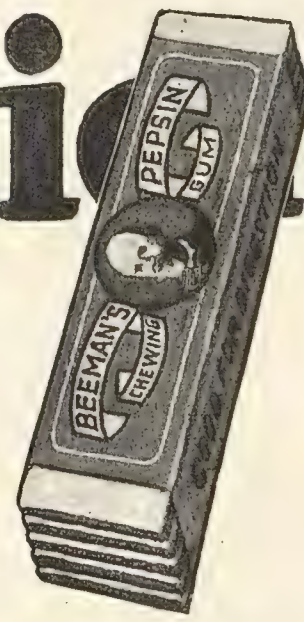
*When you overeat—*

# Beeman's Pepsin Gum *aids* digestion




The fine quality that Doctor Beeman put into Beeman's Pepsin Gum more than thirty years ago has always been maintained. That's why it becomes a greater favorite every year. Chew Beeman's after meals, it aids digestion.



# Bright Colors Bold Stripes

Man's Suit *Pictured:* 2-Piece Style 101 TS $7.00

**The Gay-Girl**
A V-neck, soft, rolling lapels and a tailored collar lend charm and distinction to the *Columbiaknit* Gay-Girl, featured this season. Style 209 TS $7.50

FASHION decrees brilliant hues—bold designs—in swimming suits. Columbiaknits have both, as well as clinging snugness of fit made possible by a wonderful elastic stitch and special form fitting features of design—the patented crotchless trunk, for instance.

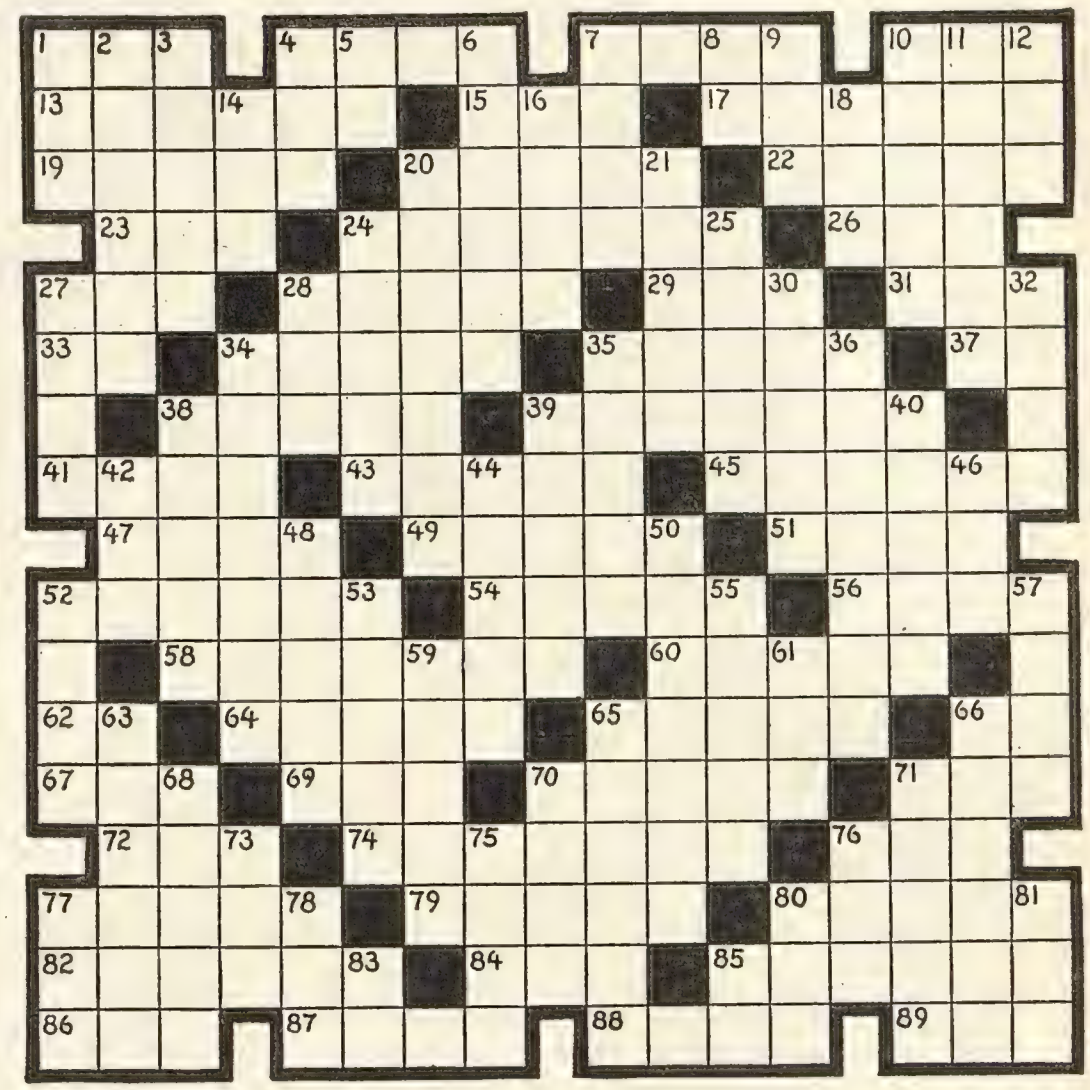
Columbiaknit ELASTIC STITCH Swimming Suits

T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Ask to see them at your local stores*
If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, giving your weight, height and color desired.
COLUMBIAKNIT—PORTLAND, OREGON
*Send 2c Stamp for Style Booklet and Windshield Sticker*


# OFFSET CENTER Puzzle

Numerous beasts, birds, fishes, and mollusks are hidden here, but the only real stranger to cross-word puzzles is the weasel which has made a place for himself at 60 Horizontal.

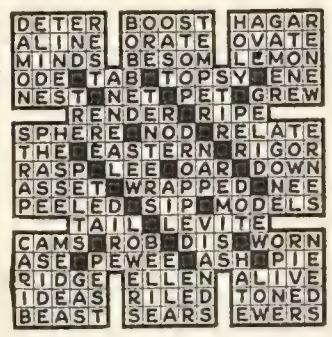


HORIZONTAL

1 Past
4 Substance resulting from electrolytic decomposition (plural)
7 Aromatic herb
10 Period
13 Characteristics
15 Letter of the Greek alphabet
17 Public speaker
19 Gains by effort
20 Antic
22 Avoid
23 Inclosure
24 A crown
26 American fabulist
27 Small cultivated plot
28 Perfume base derived from an animal
29 Disease of sheep
31 Termination
33 While
34 Part of the head (plural)
35 Kind of parrot
37 Toward
38 A document
39 Residence of a sovereign (plural)
41 Heavenly body
43 Cardinal number
45 Thinner
47 Crude metal (plural)
49 Loves extravagantly
51 Remain
52 Backbones
54 Spars
56 Hastened
58 Cut-out design for applying decorations
60 Animal of the weasel kind
62 Form of to be
64 Pastime
65 Measure of length
66 Father
67 A gypsy
69 Entreat
70 Intimidated
71 Artful
72 Fall behind
74 Food of Indian corn, meat, and peppers (plural)
76 Exclamation
77 Saltpeter
79 A simple being
80 Feminine personal name
82 Joined
84 By
85 Device for unfastening
86 Cardinal number
87 Pigeon
88 Certain
89 Compass point

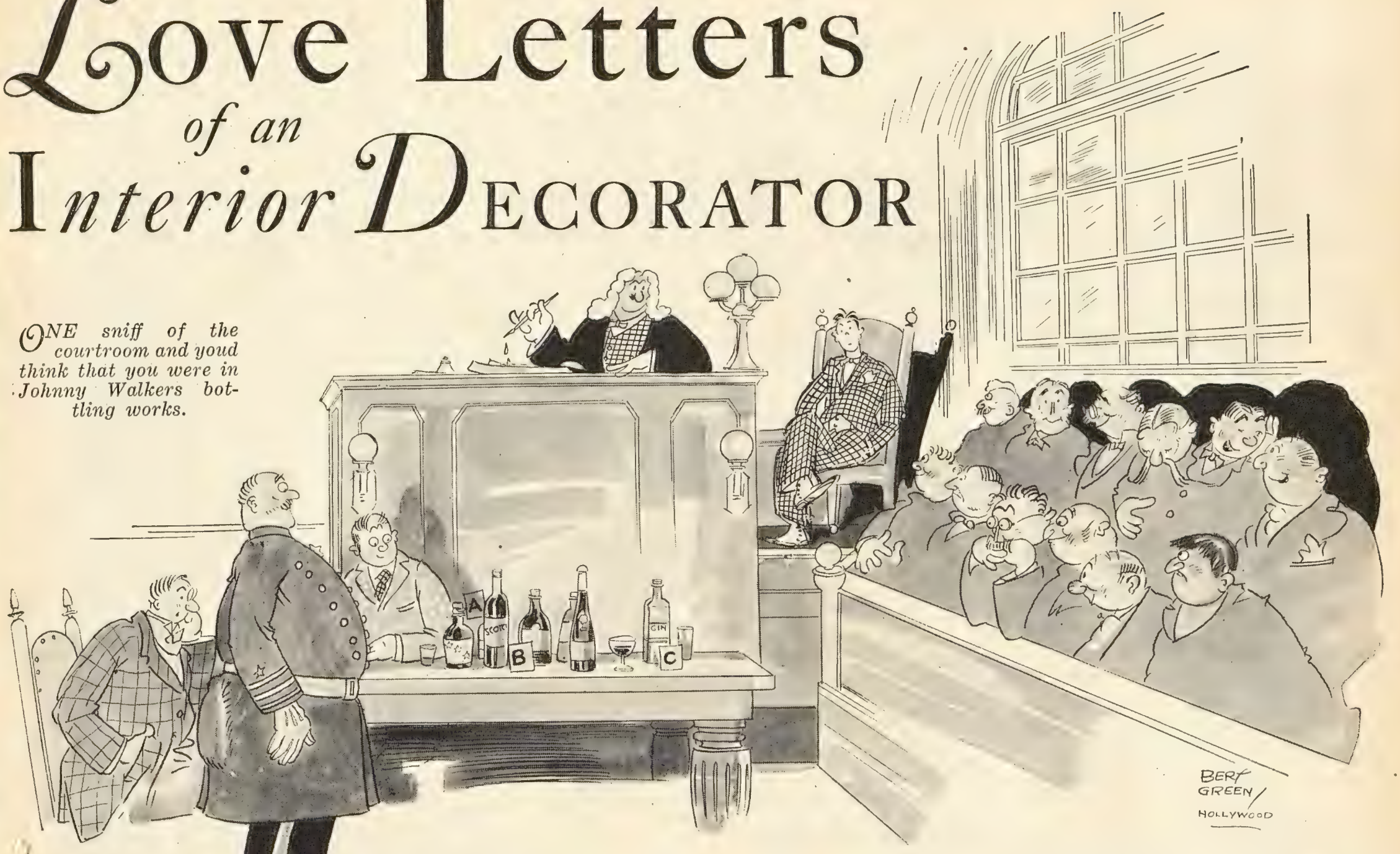
VERTICAL

1 Consumed
2 Fruit (plural)
3 Rowed
4 Pronoun
5 A bone
6 Uses mercy
7 Demeanor
8 Not
9 Italian word for three
10 Composition for musical practice
11 Gnawing animal
12 Exist
14 Tavern
16 Small discoloration
18 Wing
20 Overlaid
21 Kingly
24 Quotes
25 Siamese coin
27 Flying mammals
28 Head covering
30 Fishes of the carp kind
32 Portal
34 Progenitors
35 Hairy growth on an animal's neck (plural)
36 General condition of atmosphere
38 City in France
39 Leaf of a blossom
40 A mollusk
42 Highest point
44 Disgorge
46 Gaze steadily
48 Percolates
50 Scattered
52 Scorch
53 Muzzle of an animal
55 Satisfies to repletion
57 Vehicle for hauling heavy articles
59 Soft, oily cosmetic
61 Spread for drying
63 A city in Illinois
65 Teeth
66 Sites
68 Morning religious service
70 Walking stick
71 Glisten
73 Obtain
75 Give way to dejection
76 Malt liquor
77 A fruit
78 A color
80 Imitate
81 Before
83 Act
85 Either




Answer to last week's puzzle

# Love Letters of an Interior Decorator




*ONE sniff of the courtroom and youd think that you were in Johnny Walkers bottling works.*

*(Reading time: 9 minutes 27 seconds.)*

*Hollywood, Calif.*

## *A Couple of Cases in Court*

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

DEAR MARG,

Oh, what a place this is. Beef, iron, wine, woman, and song and that aint the half of it. *And the giggle soup!* There aint a coffin in a carload. You can do a Gertrude Ederle in it without a hangover. Three bottles, and you dont even strike out. The rum chasers are certainly good to California. They run em all in—yeah into Santiago and Golden Gate harbor. If I could only get a job on a rum chaser I could pay off the French War debt.

Theres not a family tree in California that doesnt need trimming. While one guy is growing oranges and lemons the other is selling gin. If not, he has a relative in Vancouver or Scotland that knows that two pints make one quart. Before prohibition, nobody knew the liquid measure. Now, everybody sells it. The nation is wet with prohibition. Why my dear its nothing to see the children in the nursery mixing up a new drink to spring on their parents. For this we have children. Its gotten so now you cant get the baby to sleep without a good stiff scotch highball. If history repeats itself, the Queen of Scot-ch musta had a frolickin time. Oh boy.

Why now Marg, you cant have a nice pleasant evening at home without the hole works gettin plastered. And as for week ends—you have to go to the office for a rest. Even then the desk is turning into a buffay. Every secretary has rings on her fingers and rings on her desk. It takes a furniture polisher with a blow torch to remove em, and I dont mean perhaps.

The family budget reads like a page from a Broadway show. Two dollars a month for the radio, four dollars per month for the piano, twenty-five bucks per month on the car, ten per week for the good old stuff and the grocer and butcher gets whats left in the shaker. Thats all people think of,—When do we DRINK? Heres mud in your Rye etc. Why its terrible. They give you a silver flask with every new suit of clothes you buy, and a quart one at that.

I was over to the court house the other day to see a buddy of mine who got pinched. He was running a nice little quiet speak easy on Hollywood Boulevard called the FALL INN. He was doin a fairly good business of about 200 grand per year when the federal cowboys came in and button holed the joint.

Oh kid, what a panic that trial was. The jury was made up of a bunch of low skulls what never took a dram of strong liquor in their lives. The first juror was a teamster. He said he drove a truck between the docks and a warehouse. The second was a politician what said he never was a drinking man. Good night, you could have lit your pipe off his nose. Next up was a travelling salesman. Oh, what a wreck he was. He had been selling ice bags on the Canadian boarder. He was so overworked that he had to take a job on the jury for a rest.

Next came a plumber. Ben Turpin had nothing on him. He couldnt even tell whether his toast was buttered or not. He got so cross eyed fixing leaks in stills that he was round shouldered.

Then came a doctor. Oh ye gods! If hes a doctor, I could run for congress and sleep in the senate. He was about as important as a vice president with the heebee-geebees. He couldnt even feel his own pulse. A stethiscope meant as much to him as a tictaphone does to a mummy. Of all the simple minded imberciles he draws the Luther Burbank with the rubber thorns. He was all doubled jointed from writin out laughing soup prescriptions.

The next bozo up was a druggist. What a sell-out he was. He had a face that would make the brakes drag. Of all the funny lookin yokels, he could make Singers Midgets look like the Greatest Show on Earth. The mustach on his pan could be used for a trapeese—in fact, like the handlebars on a high wheeled bike. He mixed more gin in the bath tub, and wrote more priscriptions than there are leaves on a juniper bush. Every drink was a Steinmetz. Three drinks and General Motors stock would look like the cerial number on a model T Ford.

THEN there came a lawyer. A wise guy with an awful thurst. When it came to drinking, he could make the Gold Rush of 98 look like the run on a last years sock. He was one of the greatest lawyers that ever put a foot before the bar. He would argue while they dragged him out. Every case he ever had ran fourteen bottles to the box.

Next to him was an undertaker. A soft hearted bird that had a heart like the U. S. Steel Company. He wouldn't for the world brush your hair with a log. Not him! He told the district attorney that he was retired because he had the cemetary filled up with giggle soup victims.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Then came a prohibitionist. Oh lady, what a burlesque he was. He had on a suit that must of cost the hole of eight fifty. A comedy cut. You could have played a game of chess on it. He said that he was a strict prohibitionist, but he had to give up drinking because the doctor ordered it. He came in the courtroom with a hangover that cost plenty.

Number nine was a printer. A bald headed bird that could take a flock of white paper and decorate a nakid bottle so that it would go for 22 bucks in a nite club. He made Benjamin Franklin look as though he set type for a cotton gin. He printed every label for the Haig and Haig conference. Oh lady, you dont know the fifth of it.

NUMBER ten was a little Scotchman who said he ran a gift shop. Can you imagine that? Yep. He said he was retired. I guess he had gotten big hearted and left all his dough to the unknown soldier. On the level he was so tight that he was afraid to say a word fur fear hed give himself away.

Number eleven was an alientist. One of them goofy guys what takes your measure for a straight jacket. Just a good natured dope. He had so many holes in his arm from using the hop gun that youd think that the Chicago yegs had practiced on him with a sawed off shot gun.

He could tell a wood alcohol victim at a glance, cause he was so full of grain himself.

Oh Marg, what a jury. One sniff of the courtroom and youd think that you were in Johnny Walkers bottling works. A comic opera had nothing on that.

Number twelve was a liquor tester. He was the darby of the works. All kiddin aside, he could drink the stuff they put in cigar lighters. Liquor went down his throat like water down the mountain side. A quart of leopard sweat wouldnt even touch the wall paper on his stomach. He was so good they made him foreman of the jury.

Well, as soon as they had the jury box full, in came the judge. Oh what a night he musta had. His eyes were hangin out a foot like a pair of onions hung out to dry. He was about as good natured as a motorcycle cop with a flat tire. I'll say he may be a bad judge, but he's a good judge of liquor and I don't mean perhaps, or even maybe.

The court was called to order and the district attorney got up and went through a long speal about how his federil officers busted in on the Fall Inn club and pinched the joint.

Then the other lawyer managed to get on his feet and started hollerin that his client had the liquor about fifteen years before prohibition. The big liar. He only made the stuff that afternoon because I helped him. You know me, Marg, I wasnt goin to open my head.

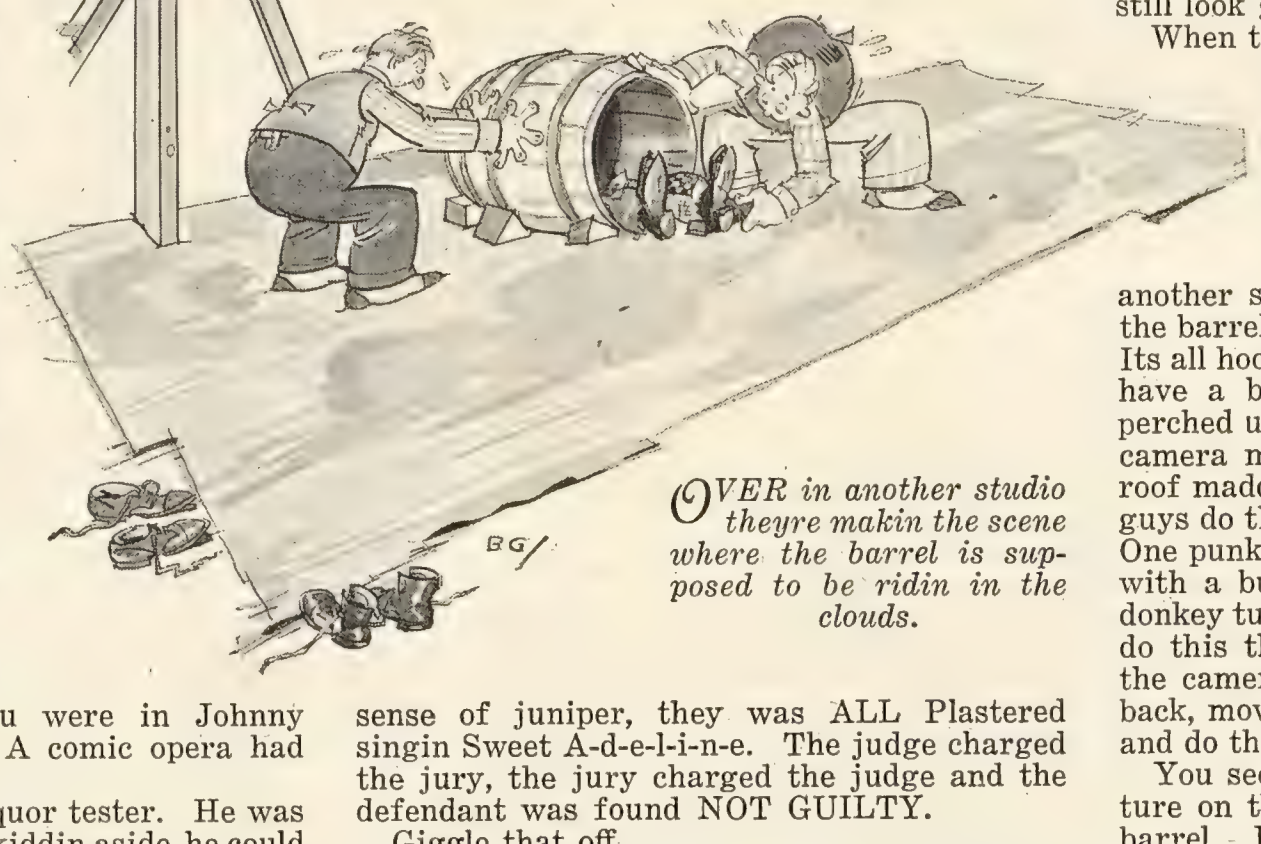
Well, while the two lawyers were callin each other a few sweet scented names, the foreman in the jury box began squarkin for the exhibits. So right away the judge began smilin. Then what do you think happened? Oh my dear! Out from under the table came the laughing soup. Bottles and bottles of it. Exhibit Number 1 was the scotch. Exhibit number 2 was the gin. Exhibit number 3 was the rye. Exhibit number 4 was the bourbon and so on all along the line. Everybody started smilin, the court room looked like a saloon. The jury was sittin up on the raw edge of nothin glarin at the stuff when all of a sudden the foreman starts yellin that the jury would like to test the stuff to see if it was real.

So right away the judge gave permission. The gentlemen of the jury no sooner got the soup than they started for the jury room and I never heard so many corks poppin in my life. Everybody musta had a cork screw.

Finally after the jury was out for about an hour the judge began to get a bit uneasy and left the bench.

A half hour later he comes back with a smile on his kisser that you could smell for about six blocks.

Then in staggers the jury. Sweet es-




*OVER in another studio theyre makin the scene where the barrel is supposed to be ridin in the clouds.*

sense of juniper, they was ALL Plastered singin Sweet A-d-e-l-i-n-e. The judge charged the jury, the jury charged the judge and the defendant was found NOT GUILTY.

Giggle that off.

Well, Marg, I was out on one of the movie lots today to try and get a job in the fillums. I didn't get a job but I watched em makin a comedy. Oh Kid, what fakirs them guys are. They make everything look real.

Heres the comedy Marg. First I'll tell you the story and then I'll tell you how they made the thing.

The picture is supposed to be a shack on the top of a big hill. A woman has just baked a couple of nice juicy apple pies and she sets em out on the winder sill to cool. A tramp passin by spies the pies and is all set to fold his duke around one of them when a bulldog starts barkin.

The tramp gets scared and hops in a rain barrel and hides. Then a bunch of kids come along and turn the barrel over and start the thing down the long hill. The kids dont know the bum is in the barrel.

Well, away down the hill theres a couple of guys blastin. One guy is wavin a red flag terrible. All the time the barrel is goin down the hill. Just when the barrel gets over the place where the dynamite is the blast goes off and the barrel goes up about 2000 feet with the tramp in it.

Then you see the thing sailin along through the clouds.

Now heres how they photograph it Marg.

OH, what a bunch of jips these movie guys are. You should see the house they built. They only had two sides on it, no kiddin. Just the front porch and a winder. They had a big tree in the front that Joseph Jefferson must a hung his coat on when he was writin Rip Van Winkle it was so old. They dragged it in, set it up and put some foney foliage on it and it looked swell. You couldnta told it from one in the park.

Yes, and another thing, when the woman was supposed to bake pies, she didnt. She couldnt even fry an egg. The pies she set out on the winder were made by the Goodyear Rubber Co. You could fold em up and theyd still look good.

When the kids came in and upset the barrel, thats where the director pulled another fake. They stopped the camera, took the tramp out and stuck in some dummy feet, some stuffed feet, then they started the barrel down the hill.

But heres the laugh,—over in another studio theyre makin the scene where the barrel is supposed to be ridin in the clouds. Its all hooey. Its trick stuff, they fake it. They have a barrel on the floor. The camera is perched up near the roof shootin down, and the camera man is up there under that nice hot roof madder than hell. Down on the floor two guys do the business of manipulatin the barrel. One punk turns the barrel an inch, props it up with a bunch of little blocks while the other donkey turns the dummy feet. As soon as they do this they tip toe off the set and holler to the camera man to shoot. Then they tip toe back, move the barrel anc her inch, prop it up and do the same with the bums feet.

You see Marg, they only took one little picture on the fillum every time they moved the barrel. It took the two guys three weeks to make the picture. They had to walk on and off the set 480 times to make thirty feet of fillum. Oh, were those guys sore at each other. Sweet Lady, what they called each other was absolutely delicious. They walked on and off the set so many times that they wore out ninty pairs of sox because they didn't dare get the clouds dirty what was painted on the floor.

Well, I got to go now and meet Tom Mix. Hes goin to try and get me in a picture with him.

Remember me to your old lady and the girl friend with the crockery eye. I showed her picture to Ben Terpin and he said it was too bad she had to go through life with a china peeper like that. Yours to the bitter end MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I'm going to take a ride up to the Grand Canyon with Emil Jennings, I'll write you all about it. Tell your old man that if theres anything left of those french post cards I can sell em to a near sighted bozo here.

---

*You know, it would be a good joke on Marge at that if this baby landed a job in the movies. Watch for the next installment.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 54

1—Lake Superior.
2—An office or position that provides for pay but requires little if any service.
3—The Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
4—Altogether; entirely.
5—In Hamlet: Act 1, Scene 4.
6—Iowa.
7—An organized massacre of a body or class of people.
8—Jean François Millet.
9—Animals that feed on flesh.
10—Wellington.
11—Giacomo Puccini.
12—The United States Marines.
13—Allah.
14—An albatross.
15—A law prescribing a time after which a claim may not be enforced by suit.
16—S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain).
17—All are types of lace.
18—One of a breed of domestic cattle.
19—Rome and Carthage.
20—Horsemanship.

# Feels like a *million dollars*

## after you shave!

# 7 MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY) *Shaves Free to prove it*

MOLLÉ ABOLISHES brush, soap, rubbing in, steaming, lotions and powder. But that's the *least* of the story:

THE BIG REASON why a million men have switched—permanently, to MOLLÉ is the way it makes the face feel all day, after the shave. That feeling of silken smoothness, of luxurious COMFORT, *simply can't be described.*

That is why we invite you to try MOLLÉ for a week at our expense. Then you will know how MOLLÉ *lubricates the shave* with a protective film of healing* cream between razor's edge and skin—so you can shave faster and easier than ever before, but without danger of cutting the face.

See how MOLLÉ makes *your* face feel AFTER shaving. No matter how tough your beard, or tender your skin.

***MOLLÉ Lubricates the Shave***

Permits faster, easier shaving, with no danger of cutting the skin. No brush, no lather, no rubbing in. Just apply with hand and shave!

***MOLLÉ Means HEALING***

Comes from the word "emollient." A skin specialist's formula of antiseptic, healing creams.

***Every MOLLÉ Shave "a facial treatment"***

Indescribable after-shaving effect like a master-barber's facial massage. No steaming, lotions or powder needed. Leaves the skin without shine.

**A whale of a tube—50c—your druggist has it**

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Send absolutely free and postage paid a week of MOLLÉ shaves to

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"*The blend* is indeed admirable and justifies the praise given it." The man who wrote these words is the president of a noted University and a great pipe smoker. His message—like the messages of satisfaction that come to us, every day, from everywhere—is the kind of recommendation pipe smokers respect and trust. It is convincing proof that you, too, will find in Old Briar tobacco all of the genuine pleasure, solace and comfort of pipe smoking.

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

*A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.*

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

## SPECIAL OFFER

Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar tobacco.

Tear out and mail *with coin or stamps* to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

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*Address*.....

*City*.....

*State*.....

L.M.-6-23-28

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

# VOX POP

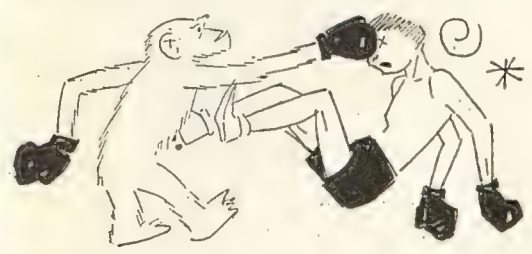
### *Happy Ever After, Eh?*

LUBBOCK, TEX.—The ending of Viña Delmar's story, "Companionate," wasn't there. It should have been tagged at the end: "Continued next week." Even if this companionate marriage stuff has to be aired out in LIBERTY, there is no use ruining a good story.

The heroine should have married somebody. How about the iceman? —*Pat Barnard.*

### *Those Instincts Again*

OAKLAND, NEB.—Once more, in "Prize Fighting, Etc.," your editorial writer speaks out of turn. Will the time never come when certain groups of people will quit worrying themselves over other people's likes and dislikes? "Indulging their lowest instincts." Cripes! That gives me a pain. And here's another good one from that editorial: "As Mr. Brisbane frequently points out, a gorilla could do it better."



A suggestion, dear editorial writer. Why don't you and Arthur Brisbane go to Africa and bag yourselves a good gorilla? Train him and I'll manage him and we ought to clean up.

Yours for the Lowest of Instincts. —*Frank Leith.*

### *Miss Mayo: Pro—*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Permit me to thank you for Katherine Mayo's article on "companionate marriage." It is the finest thing I have read in years. No one could read it without being a better man or woman. This is the kind of literature we need.

I think that the reaction is setting in against the gross materialism that the world has been bathing in for the past few years. Thank God for such women as Katherine Mayo. She is the kind of woman that God planned in heaven.

I was in the war, and left a wife, whom I had married when she was fifteen, and four babies. I felt a spiritual exaltation that they did not understand at home. In my mind I was a Crusader, and the worries back here, when I returned, seemed so trivial. Everyone was so *practical.*

You will pardon me, Miss Mayo, if I cried over your article a little bit. —*R. J. Dinie.*

### *—and Con*

EXETER, N. H.—After reading Katherine Mayo's article, "Companionate 'Marriage'—and Marriage," one has a genuine doubt whether the author really knows what companionate marriage is.

"Would any of you like to contribute a share in heading America toward such a level?" queries Miss Mayo. The level is the one she assigns to India, where "women exist for sexual use only." I have yet to see a grosser misinterpretation of Judge Lindsey's idea.

As it has been defined by its author, there is nothing debasing, demoralizing, or even extremely radical about companionate marriage. "Legal marriage with legalized birth control, and with the right to divorce (not offhand but only after a court of domestic relations has handled the case) by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony."

There is nothing in the companionate program that is not contained in that definition.—*R. L. Brooks.*

### *Not Knocking the Average Girl of Today*

AKRON, OHIO—Katherine Mayo most certainly deserves more than a few cheers for her message to girls in "Companionate 'Marriage'—and Marriage."

I am twenty-nine years old and spent two years in that hell over there. Rather than marry the average girl of today, I'd go back and serve two years more.—*J. D. Parkinson.*

### *Not So Good, If You Ask Us*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What's a poor girl to do, with fashions in feminine flesh changing so rapidly? That was my thought upon reading "Dangerous Curves Ahead," by Eileen Bourne.

Up till fairly recently, as she says, it was the fashion to be skinny. Now, soft curves are back in vogue. Personally, I am thin. But if I try to put on weight, just about the time I've made myself plump, scrawny lines will be in fashion again.

Some men still like us slender as pencils. Others want us like broad vases. I might solve the problem by developing fat on one side, and leaving myself thin on the other. Then my escort of the moment could take his choice, depending on his tastes—and "get on my good side."

A hunch, don't you think?—*Susan L.*

### *So?*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If your magazine was good, you wouldn't have to brag about it.—*F. Higgins.*

### *Well, That's a Relief*

BUTLER, N. J.—Lothrop Stoddard, in his article, "White Australia," seemed to be working under the delusion that our country was dedicated to the preservation of British colonies.

If the Australians need any assistance, they will get plenty from Canada and Great Britain.

If the Asiatics wish to settle in Australia, that is something for British subjects to worry about, not Americans. Lothrop Stoddard to the contrary notwithstanding, we Americans will not "be in it, too."—*John Luebehusen.*

### *All Right—Say When*

CHICAGO, ILL.—That article, "An Empress in Exile," by Princess Radziwill, was good. But one thing in it made me grin.

The author calls on us to sympathize with poor Maria Feodorovna. Among the other things that the Dowager Empress has to put up with is the small size of her household. She has only: A lady in waiting. A chamberlain. Two maids. A Cossack, who accompanies her on drives. A chauffeur. A cook. Two parlor maids.

"And," says Princess Radziwill, "that is all."

Poor Maria! Let's cry a little.—*J. L. D.*

### *Probably Just an Oversight*

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Have been patiently waiting for the "panning squad" to land on "Poems You Ought to Know." Can't imagine how or why they have missed them. Thank you for publishing them.—*F. W. T.*

### *Read Our June 2 Editorial*

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Right now, I am suffering from some emotional reactions caused by Sidney Sutherland's articles, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments," and the letters of correction from Senators George and Glass.

For the love of your own daughters and sons, let's don't have Negro public officials with any authority over white men. And don't let them represent white men.

They aren't cut out for the job, and a terrible race tragedy is coming to this country if any such thing is persisted in. Not merely Southern men but white men everywhere will argue against that proposition with *guns,* and don't let anyone tell you differently.—*R. B. Flowers.*

### *Standing By*

BUFFALO, N. Y.—LIBERTY deserves the utmost commendation for the masterful way in which it permitted Sidney Sutherland fearlessly to explain how he obtained his interviews on the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments from Senators Glass and George.

Anyone who saw the generous amount of space which you accorded Sutherland's explanation was impressed with the fact that LIBERTY backs up its writers and contributors when it is certain that they are right. —*Roy L. Albertson.*

### *Can't You Stop Him?*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I can hardly wait until next week for the next article by Ada Patterson. I wish I could be a reporter like her.

The pirate stories are wonderful, but I always save them until last and read them on Sunday morning, because if I read them at night I am so frightened I am afraid to turn out the light.

I do think, though, that the "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator," by Bert Green, are sort of vulgar, don't you? I never read them myself, but my boy friend always reads them to me when he comes over.—*Nellie Heath.*

### *For Mr. Springs*

BOONVILLE, MO.—I have just finished wading through that Springs person's story, "5618." The allotted time, I believe, was twenty-five minutes or so. The time should have been twenty-five hours. One can't be expected to read a dry thing like that in twenty-five minutes. It took me three days, reading on and off.—*Jack Rea.*

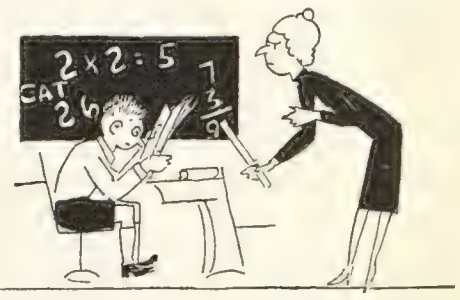
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—There are a few things in life which fate imposes upon us in spite of all we can do to the contrary. Instance: Headaches, the phone bell at night, and Elliott White Springs.—*A Reader.*

### *How Interesting*

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Your whole magazine is awful, but your Robert W. Chambers stories are the worst yet.

The other day I was "studying" my Cicero, but my LIBERTY happened to be open at the pirate story. About that time, a hard-boiled teacher passed by, and of course she knew the *Literary Digest* had no illustrations in it like those with the pirate stories.

Well, she told me a lot of things, including the fact that the superintendent wouldn't even allow LIBERTY in the school library.—*Harold McKeown.*




### *Mr. Chambers Mentioned That*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—From some of the comments which appear in the letters that you print, it seems that many persons think Robert W. Chambers' pirate stories were pure fiction.

If they would read historical books on pirates they would learn that Mary Read, Anne Bonny, Teach, Bonnet, Rackham, and so forth were real persons.—*F. V. Greene.*

*I sang it on Mary's nose. Mary doesn't like French, I guess. She got mad. She pulled my nose.*

# I Can Speak French!

*As Dictated by* TONI, JR.,
*to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

*Pictures by* DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 41 seconds.)*

DEAR WORLD:

I have a new naybur. The Tough Kid says she's a Frog. The Tough Kid doesn't live in our bill-ding. He only comes here. He doesn't stay long. He gets chased out. He wears a peaked cap. The peak is always on the back of his head. He wants to fight. He wears a red sweater. It's full of holes. So are his shoes. You can see his toes. His hair is red. His face is dirty where there aren't freckles. The door man says, "Get out of here, you Tough Kid." That's how I know what his name is.

When he said my new naybur is a Frog, I said she isn't. All the Frenchies are frogs, he said. I said a Frog jumps. He says well, she jumps, doesn't she? I said a Frog is green. He said she's so green she can't spik eng-lish. I said a Frog is ugly. He said so's she. I said she's pretty. He said if she's pretty so'm I. I said you're not. He said neither are you. I said No, I'm not. But my name isn't Tough Kid. And Cherie's isn't either. Cherie is a lady, I said. I guess I should know. I'm told every day to try to be like her. The Tough Kid said Ho! Ho! Har! Har! So's yer—

The door man heard him laughing rough and hollering. He said you get out of here, Tough Kid, and don't you ever come back. The Tough Kid said: "You Big Stiff you couldn't lick Gene Tunney." The door man took him by the seat of his holey pants and threw him out.

So I said to Cherie you're not a Frog? And she said Jennie com prom. Which I guess means no, I'm not. Because we didn't say any more about it.

Cherie is a little French girl. She came from Paris. She just came. She's going to stay. I'm glad. She's so cu-u-te. She looks like the big doll I saw in the window. I wanted the doll. But they said it was too nice. I'd break its head and its legs. I'm too rough for such a nice doll to play with. But Cherie doesn't think so. She wants to play with me. So I won't break her head.

Cherie's sank. She's sank on—

That's what she says when you say how old are you? It sounds silly to me. I'd rather be five than sank on.

Her father is a pear. Her baby sister is a sewer. She's a fee. A June fee. She's teaching me French so I can go to Paris with her. That's what I learned already. Also, her head is a tate. Her arms is brass. Her legs is a jam. Her foot is pied. Her mouth is booch. Her eye is—I can't say it. Her hair is che-voo. And her storybook is a liver. There are pictures in her liver.

There's a cat with whiskers and its tail up in the air. She says it's a chat. And a speckled dog. She says it's a chee-en. And a fish which is poison. And a bear which she says is ours. I tole her I don't want it. She can have it. The only thing that is right in her book is the élé-phant. It's the same as in my book. Cherie talks in French. She laughs in French. She cries in French also. But she eats the same. And she dresses—no she doesn't. She doesn't wear bloomers. Her skirts are too short for them. She wears something. It doesn't show. Only her legs do. Her legs (her jams I mean) are very long. I mean they run up far. Mine stop at my knees where my bloomers begin. I don't know where Cherie's stop. I can't tell because she doesn't wear bloomers.

She has beau-TI-ful eyes. She has a dimple right in the middle of her chin. I said what's that, putting my finger in it. She said une fos-sette. I wish I had a fos-sette in my chin. I can make one but it won't stick on like Cherie's. As soon as I take my finger away it is gone.

HER name isn't Cherie. Her Maman only calls her that. She is Julie. I like Cherie better, too. Her Maman stamps her foot at her sometimes. She says: "Me-shawn-fee!" That means Bad Girl. I'd know that in French or anything. Because the foot always stamps with it or the face looks cross.

When Cherie ate dinner with us she called po-ta-toes pum de-ter. And spinach—days-épinards. I guess it doesn't sound good in any lang-widge. And milk is lay. And soup it pot-awje. And where it all goes is in the es-to-mac. Which is almost the same as where it goes with us.

*Jack* and *Jill* didn't go up the hill in French to get a pail of water. No. It was *Martin* and *Mar-teen.* And they went up a co-lean. But *Martin* fell down on his tate and *Mar-teen* fell on what came after.

If my fingers were French I'd have dwats. D-o-i-g-t-s, Cherie spells them. I'd have l'index dwat. My middle finger would be le majeur dwat. My ring finger would be l'annulaire dwat. I'm glad my little finger isn't French. Its name is too long. It is l'aur-i-culaire. My thumb would be a pouce. And *Tom Thumb* would be *Tom Pouce.* Cherie knows him. *Tom Pouce* est très petit, she says.

Cherie's doll is une pou-pée. Her three dolls are une, deux, trois pou-pées. Each doll has un petit lit. A lit is a bed. When her Maman tells her to go to bed Cherie tells her dolls to go to bed, too. She puts night-gowns on them. Then she puts them in cribs under the window sill. She sings: Dô Dô. Dô Dô. L'enfant dô. That's By-by. By-by. By-by, baby.

She pulls her poupée's nose. She sings Ah! quel nez! Ah! quel nez! That means Oh! what a nose!

*Cherie's doll is une poupée.*

My dolls' noses aren't on their faces any more. So I sang it on Mary's nose. Mary doesn't like French, I guess. I mean her nose doesn't.

First, I thought Mary was going to cry. She put her pouce in her booch. I mean she put her thumb in her mouth. Then she didn't cry. She got mad. She pulled my nose. She kept saying Oh, what a nose! Oh, what a nose!

And Mom came running. Oh, what a noise! Mary was crying. I was crying. And Cherie was crying because we were.

Well, Mom says we don't need to learn any more French. She has troubles enough handling us in Ing-lish.

"Me-shawn fees" she must have said. She stamped her foot and looked cross also.

---

*Not much trouble this week, but wait and see what happens to Toni in the next issue of Liberty.*

# flavor

Guess what—lift the cover—aha!—spaghetti. Tender, creamy curlicues in a happy scarlet sauce. That juicy, fresh-tasting tomato sauce, temptingly seasoned and spiced. That nippy, snappy cheese. Good! Isn't it though? Wonderfully good—and satisfying! This savory combination of delicious flavors—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—*Italian* style—in tomato sauce with a special cheese—steaming hot.

It was from a rather noted Italian chef that Heinz learned the gentle art of *flavor* in spaghetti. For in spaghetti, you know, flavor is everything—the tomato sauce—the way it's blended—the way the whole of it is cooked . . .

To be sure of quality we make the spaghetti from a special hard *durum* wheat and wash and filter the very air in which it is dried. And our friend, the chef, was delighted to know that we grow the tomato seed and start the plants and use the tomatoes while they are still fresh. For, as he said, it's only from plump, juicy, ripe tomatoes—fresh from the garden—that you get the *real* flavor for the sauce.

Then he suggested what spices to use—and such spices!—personally selected by our buyers in far off lands. And a certain kind of cheese that gives to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti an inimitable zest and savor . . . And particularly he showed our own chefs just how to blend and cook the whole together in our own sunny kitchens.

*Flavor!* And particularly, *uniformity* of flavor. With any Heinz product you can always be sure of getting the same delicious flavor – wherever you buy it—whenever you buy it. • *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

57 flavor

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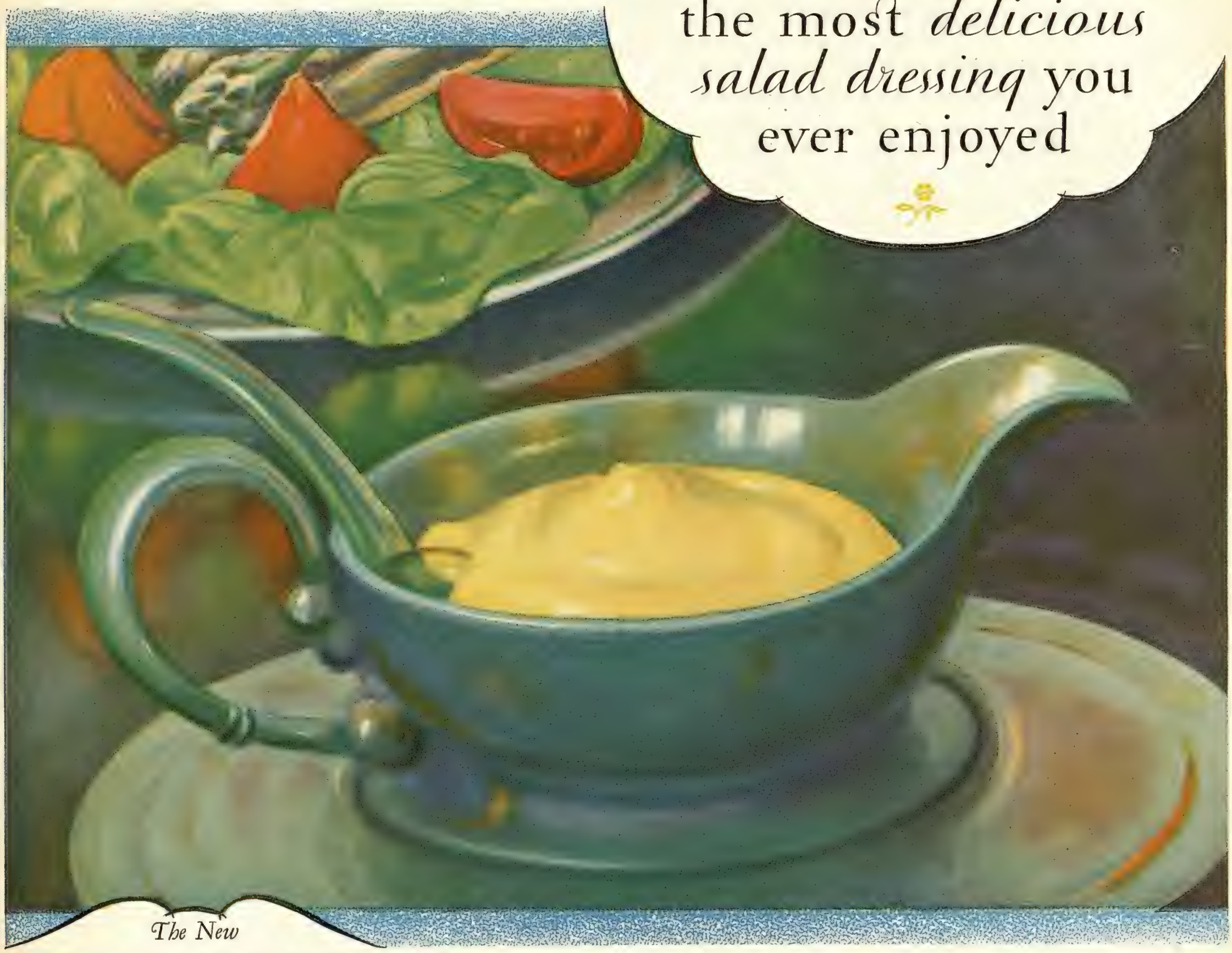
# HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

# A little trick in this recipe makes the most *delicious salad dressing* you ever enjoyed



*The New*

## MAZOLA SALAD DRESSING

*1 egg*
*2 tablespoons sugar*
*1½ teaspoons salt*
*2 teaspoons dry mustard*
*⅛ teaspoon paprika*
*¼ cup vinegar*
*¾ cup Mazola*
*1 cup water*
*4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch*

*{All measurements should be level}*

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch, with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup of water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

THERE'S a "trick" in making the remarkable New Mazola Salad Dressing—yet no "knack" at cooking is required. The "trick" is in the recipe—discovered by an expert cook.

Follow the recipe to the left and discover for yourself how easy it is to prepare the most delicious Salad Dressing you ever tasted—

Made in a few minutes—"beating" requires but 30 seconds—perfect results are certain—and so economical—a pound costs about 20 cents.

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# Fresh Fruit and Berry Pies

By Ethel Somers

*Of all the schemes for lifting pie crust to the pan, this is perhaps the easiest.*

JUST now, and for some time to come, fresh fruit and berry pies are the dessert supreme. Care and skill are necessary in their baking.

Fruit loses much of its fine flavor and quality through overbaking. That is why we advocate the very hot oven until the crust is baked, and removal as soon as the fruit is tender enough for the juices to flow and cook the fruit gently without heat.

Success with pastry is attained only through accurate measuring and by employing careful methods of manipulation. The more the dough is handled and worked, the tougher and more rubbery the product becomes. And the colder the ingredients are, the greater is their expansion on baking, and hence the flakier the results. Cutting in the fat with a light stroking instead of a down motion helps to produce an airy rather than a packed dough, and a maximum flakiness of crust.

*Bend the edge of the upper crust under the lower one before pinching together.*

*Chill the lower crust, after lining the pan, to prevent sogginess.*

## *How to Prevent Boiling Over*

ONCE the crust is baked, reduce the oven temperature. This prevents boiling over, as the further cooking is done by simmering.

A small paper cornucopia, open at both ends, inserted in the center of the pie, acts as a vent in addition to the holes or slits cut into the raw crust.

In filling the pie, be especially careful to keep the brim of the lower crust free of all particles of sugar or fruit and wet the brim thoroughly before pressing the top crust to it, to prevent leaks. Turn the edge of the upper crust over the edge of the under crust before pressing the two edges together.

A further caution may be practiced by binding the edge of the pie and pie pan with a dampened 1¼-inch wide strip of muslin. Press the muslin firmly to the pan rim and crust, and be sure to remove it while the pie is still hot.

## *To Prevent a Soggy Under Crust*

A QUICK heat at the start bakes the lower crust rapidly. The lower crust should be baked before the fruit juices begin to flow. A high heat at the start further improves the lower crust by expanding the air within it and by changing its water to steam. Both of these changes aid in producing a flaky lower crust.

Rolling to just the right thickness is essential to a successful lower crust. A crust that is too thick heats slowly and is apt to be soggy. If too thin it breaks and allows the juices to soak the crust.

After lining the pie pan with the lower crust, set it aside to chill and *dry* before filling, to prevent sogginess.

The lower crust is protected from soaking by scattering a quarter of the well blended sugar-and-flour mixture over it before putting in the fruit or by brushing the lower crust with egg white. Plain sugar tends to solidify or cake in a hot oven.

## *Flaky Pie Crust*

1 cup flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
¼ cup ice water
2 tablespoons washed or unsalted butter

THIS quantity of dough will make two crusts on a 7-inch pie pan. For a 9-inch pan use 1½ cups of flour. Cut the shortening into the well blended chilled flour and salt. Lightly mix in the water with a knife. Chill the dough. Roll into a rectangular shape. Cream the washed or unsalted butter and spread half of it evenly on the rolled out dough, leaving ⅓-inch margin all around unbuttered. Dampen this margin with ice water and fold the paste in the center lengthwise. Press the dampened edges together. Now fold one-third of this new rectangle under crosswise and one-third over. Chill. Roll out again. Spread with the second half of the butter and repeat the process. Chill and roll out to ⅛-inch thickness.

### A Table of Ingredients for Fresh Fruit and Berry Pies

| FRUIT | QUANTITY | SUGAR | FLOUR | BUTTER |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apples | 6 apples or 3 cups sliced | 1 cup | 2 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon [1] |
| Apricots | 3 cups apricots sliced | 1 cup | 3 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon |
| Blackberries | 3 cups berries | ⅓ to 1 cup | 3 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon |
| Cherries | 3 cups pitted cherries, about 1 quart unpitted | 1 cup | 3 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon [2] |
| Elderberries | 3 cups berries (partially green preferred) | ½ cup | ¼ cup | 1 tablespoon [3] |
| Gooseberries | 2 cups berries (Stew with sugar until slightly soft, and cool before putting on crust) | ⅞ cup | ¼ cup | 2 tablespoons |
| Huckleberries | 3 cups berries | ¾ to 1 cup | ¼ cup | 1 tablespoon [4] |
| Blueberries | 3 cups berries | ½ cup | ¼ cup | 1 tablespoon |
| Peaches | 3 cups sliced | ¾ to 1 cup | 2 tablespoons | 1 to 2 tablespoons [5] |
| Raspberries (Red or Black) | 3 cups berries | ½ to ¾ cup | 3 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon [6] |
| Rhubarb | 3 cups sliced | 1 cup | ¼ cup | 2 tablespoons [7] |
| Strawberries | 3 cups berries | ¾ to 1 cup | 3 tablespoons | 1 tablespoon |

*Additions, if desired:* [1] From 2 to 4 tablespoons apple or crabapple jelly; ½ teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon. [2] Add ⅛ teaspoon salt, 3 drops almond extract if the flavor of the cherry pits is desired. [3] If the berries are ripe, add 3 tablespoons lemon juice for tartness. [4] ⅔ cup cream may be mixed with the flour and sugar. [5] 2 or 3 peach pits if desired. [6] 2 tablespoons currant jelly if desired. [7] 1 or 2 eggs beaten into the sugar and flour.

## *Fruit or Berry Pie*

PICK over berries and wash thoroughly. Fruits should be peeled and sliced into uniform pieces.

Blend the sugar and flour. Line the pan tightly with pie dough. Add one-fourth the sugar and flour mixed. *Loosely* pile in the fruit, leaving plenty of air spaces. Sprinkle the remaining sugar-and-flour mixture over the top. Dot with the butter.

Moisten the rim of the under crust. Cut eyelets in the top crust, and place it in position. Turn the edge of the upper crust over lower crust. Press the edges firmly together and trim. Place in a hot oven (425° F.) until the crust is thoroughly browned. If the fruit is not done, reduce the oven to 375° and continue the cooking until the fruit is just tender. Remove from the oven and cool on a rack.

NOW is the time to tempt the family with fresh fruit and berry pies. The advice Miss Somers gives in this week's article should prove very helpful. On very hot days, however, you may want to substitute a quick dessert or a gelatin or frozen dessert. You will find many excellent recipes for these in Liberty's Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, as well as in the other two cookbooks Miss Somers has prepared. You may have one of them for 10¢. But why not order all three—for only 25¢? Use the coupon, please.

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# The DOUBLE

*The Story of a Girl Who Dared Death for a Career*

By

## CARL H. CLAUDY

*Pictures by* G. PATRICK NELSON

*(Reading time: 24 minutes 12 seconds.)*

AS the train ground to a screeching stop at Brestville, Lane Grey told herself that she was not yet a failure at anything but getting a chance to act.

"I will not be afraid—I will not be afraid!"

She made a ritual of it as she powdered her nose while being driven to the country house in the small town which served as office and dressing rooms for the location shooting of Desperate Waters. Mr. Gordon was a famous director; he might give her a real chance.

Lane was not naturally a dare-devil. Poverty had put her name on the list of doubles. She blessed the unknown Miss Kent who became ill on location, waiting to take her risks for the beautiful Miss St. Claire. Headquarters searched the register, sent for and looked Lane over, and shipped her off to an unknown destination to dive and swim.

"Gordon says it's not dangerous for anyone with nerve," they had said.

On the doorstep, Lane pulled her stockings tight and gave a last look in her compact mirror, to make sure her face was placid.

She had been looked over many times in casting directors' offices. She knew she could act, though casting directors and agents thought her too "queer" looking for any but a restricted range of characters.

Strangers often turned the conversation to Japan when she was introduced. High cheek bones, a generous mouth, eyes heavy lidded enough to seem slanting, and a face with a healthy pallor gave her less of beauty than of interest. But looks didn't matter in a double.

Mr. Gordon was not awe inspiring. Lane liked his face and his businesslike manner.

"You are not very pretty, but—gather your skirt in a little, will you?"

Flushing, Lane pulled her dress tight to show a shapely figure. Walking around her as impersonally as if she were a wax dummy, Gordon referred to a card.

"Five feet two, 114 pounds, twenty-two years, expert swimmer, diver, canoeist, driver, rider; good figure, brown-black hair—"

Mercifully he did not read aloud the "plain" which expressed someone's opinion of Miss Grey's face.

"If you're not afraid, you'll do," Gordon announced. "You dive fully dressed from Hammer's Cliff—it's about sixty feet. Then you climb into a canoe and paddle down Race River. Later you get in the rapids below the falls and swim out. In the story, you're supposed to go over the falls. I've built a platform for the cameras, almost in the falls. It ought to make a great picture, even with a dummy."

"Why don't I go over the falls?"

"Wait until you see them! We've tried to plan it, but it would be woman-slaughter. No; I'm sorry, but we'll use a dummy and long shots." Gordon sighed. "Think you can do it?"

Miss Grey said: "Of course. When?" in a businesslike tone. But her heart thumped.

"Tomorrow. Now I want to see you and Miss St. Claire together. In the dressing room, there, are two gingham dress outfits. Put one on, and I'll send Miss St. Claire in to put on the other. Your figures are similar and your face won't show at that distance—"

*KNOWING she could not turn back, Lane urged her craft onward. The roar of the falls became plainer.*

THE atmosphere of the parlor, now a dressing room, was uncomfortably familiar. A worn carpet, an easy chair with a broken spring covered with a faded cushion, steel engravings walnut framed, might have been in her own home. A towel-covered card table supported a bewildering array of toilet and make-up articles. Upon an ancient settee lay two gingham dresses and an inexpensive outfit of plain underclothes, cotton stockings, cotton slip—

"If those are for me, they needn't have bothered!" Lane's lip curled at the poverty she had to endure or admit what two years of extra-girling at Hollywood had not yet proved to her. "I've plenty like them.

"Oh, well, it's better to double for a famous actress than fail. If they knew what a fraud I was!"

Scornful lips relaxed in an impish grin. Miss Grey found humor in her registration as a swimmer, diver, bareback rider, automobile driver, canoeist being accepted at face value. Necessity drove her. The will-o'-the-wisp of a chance to show she could act enticed her before the camera as a substitute for valuable principals too costly to be risked in dangerous parts.

The door opened, and Lane turned breathlessly to see the famous Miss St. Claire at close range.

The star looked Miss Grey up and down.

"Sure you can do it? My public must not be disappointed. This has got to be done with dash, nerve. I'd do it myself, but Gordon won't let me."

"Shades of Jefferson, the woman is committing suicide, and she's acting!"

Lane concealed a smile. Miss St. Claire was not the first star she had heard protesting willingness to do dangerous parts.

"But she's lovely to look at!" she owned honestly.

The actress, lazily removing her gown, prepared to put on the gingham of the hill girl she was to portray.

"I'd look like that in pretty underclothes!" Lane admired a shapely figure nonchalantly displayed. "But I don't look like a Dresden china shepherdess in the face," twisting a sensitive lip. "I wish I did. She's too perfect. Straight nose, artist's-model mouth, dimple, big gray eyes; no more character than a dressmaker's form—"

Miss St. Claire reached a rounded arm for a gingham dress. The movement's lazy grace made Lane think of a cat.

They stood before the mirror. From the necks down they might have been twins.

"The long shots won't show up your face, and you have a fair figure," conceded Miss St. Claire.

"I don't care about being beautiful—much." Lane almost believed her thought. "But I wish I didn't have a face that shouted 'long shots' at every director!"

She followed her principal out for inspection.

"This is a damn bore, Gord!" Miss St. Claire announced in the hall. "I wouldn't do it for anyone else." She smiled at the big director. "Why didn't you pick me a double with looks?"

Lane flushed hotly. Gordon's "not very pretty" was business. This was cattiness.

"They sent us Miss Grey for her figure, which is like yours, and because she can dive and use a canoe," explained Gordon patiently. "It's not looks, but nerve, she has to have. *You* wouldn't want to make that dive, would you?"

"You wouldn't risk me!" pouted Miss St. Claire. "Besides, swimming makes me ill. But I'm not satisfied with her figure. I don't think she'll do! She doesn't look like me. My public— Oh, why did Kent get sick?"

"REPORT in the mess tent at seven-thirty tomorrow," Gordon interrupted, speaking to Lane. "I want you, too," to Miss St. Claire.

"You're crazy, Gordon dear!" Miss St. Claire answered sweetly, but with a glint in her eye. "Why should I lose my beauty sleep to see this woman fall off a cliff?"

Gordon's eyes snapped, but he spoke with the winning smile of his big twisted mouth that made him friends.

"Because, little lady, you have to run down the path from the house."

"Why can't she run?" Miss St. Claire pointed at Lane.

"I don't want to shoot her face. Close-ups of you before and after will get illusion into the doubling. Seven-thirty sharp! I want morning light, and it takes half an hour to get to the cliff. Hey, Bud!"

Bud came running.

"Take Miss Grey to the cliff. She's taking Kent's place. Show her where she's to dive. Show her the signal. Take her down below the falls, too. Then she can back out if she's scared. Get her a room if she sticks. 'By."

"Not very comforting!" Lane thought, as Bud opened the car door for her. But she would not back out. A chance—the chance she had prayed for.

"Suppose he likes my work? Oh, I wish I could be a picture doll!"

The country lane they traveled was rough. Trees, wild and dark, grew stuntedly on each side as if existence were a hard struggle. A wood violet here, a buttercup there, glowed tiny spots of color in a gray-green somberness. Lane saw a battleground: rocks struggled with trees, trees with earth; flowers for their lives against winds of which she could guess. She shivered. There would be another struggle tomorrow—

The car stopped.

"Up there's the house where the girl finds out about the plot to ruin her lover." Bud pointed. "She runs down that path. The villain comes after her, hotfoot. St. Claire will do that scene. Then you run through those woods and dive over the cliff. Then— But come on; I'll show you."

The hillside was rough, rugged, uninviting. They entered the woods by a narrow path between tree trunks leaning as if to an expected blast. What sunlight wrestled through the leaves glowed but feebly on the dark earth.

Lane walked warily, lest she tear her clothes on the bushes which seemed to reach for her. She had worn her best to seem prosperous and successful.

The woods ended abruptly on the brink of a chasm which seemed hundreds of feet deep. Below raced a boiling river. Here and there a stationary wave testified to the presence of hidden rocks.

"What's that rumbling?" Lane asked.

"Falls two miles down. You'll see presently. Here is where you dive. See those two canoes? You scramble into one and shoot on down the river. I'm damn glad it's your job and not mine!"

Reading both admiration and commiseration in the assistant director's eyes, seeing he was trying to be nice to her, Lane forced a smile. She neeeded a human contact.

"I've seen nothing difficult yet," she answered evenly. "It's only sixty feet!" Lane downed a visible tremor with an effort.

"Water's deep, though," Bud went on. "Come on, if you've seen enough."

He led the way along the cliff. It was a difficult walk and Lane had no breath left for speech. She took careful note of the stationary waves. The canoe trip did not appear dangerous to a girl who had managed boats all her life, and to whom swimming was just another way of having a good time. True, this was quite different from protected, lifeguarded swimming. She thought grimly of her false pretenses.

A SECOND line of stationary waves across the river came into sight, their voice a higher, more menacing note, audible above the growing roar of the falls.

"I can't canoe through those!" Her cry was involuntary.

"You could, but you don't. Lean over the edge—here, give me your hand."

Lane leaned out, Bud holding her wrist tightly.

"Look down!" he commanded. "See that red and white flag? That's your signal. If you don't let the current carry you beyond it, you'll have plenty of time to get ashore before those rapids grip you. Then we put a dummy in the canoe and point it downstream. The dummy goes over the falls. It's a long shot, of course—"

Bud sighed.

"Gordon won't risk a life to make it real. We'll make a lot of close-ups of St. Claire in a canoe anchored in the rapids, and flash them between long shots of the dummy going over the falls. Pity, but it's the best we can do."

"And then what?" asked Lane.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DOUBLE
Continued from page sixty-nine]

"The girl is supposed to upset in the falls and swim out in the rapids below. She makes for a town, where she tells the sheriff about the plot to blow up the mine. You'll see the falls in a moment."

The murmuring pulse of sound suddenly became a continuous explosion, deafening. The river, a sleeping tiger, peaceful if of potential power, burst into an odorous roar of foam and spray. The downward rush was hypnotizing—resistless, inevitable, interminable.

*"Come on! Come on—you daredevil! You crazy woman! Don't stop now—come in!"*

In this she was expected to swim! She must get into a canoe and paddle out and then up and into that boiling caldron of flying foam, upset, and swim back to shore. She must fight this river because a beautiful woman with a doll's face and a doll's soul was too valuable to risk.

"Oh, I can't—I can't! It isn't worth it."

She felt like a very small and frightened girl. But something within would not permit it to show. On tiptoes she shouted into Bud's ear:

"Do you think a movie audience will believe anyone could go over those falls and live?"

"They've got to believe it!" he yelled. "We depend on laboratory work—careful mixing of long shots of you, of the dummy going over, of St. Claire registering triumph over the villain—she'll do that in the anchored canoe."

"Why don't you put a skirt on a man to shoot over the falls?"

"Not willing to risk it. Yet it's been done. Last year a man got caught in the current and swept over. He got through. Miracle, I call it. If we'd only had a camera here then! What we want is close shots of a real girl going over. That would put this picture across, I mean, and no maybe about it. But miracles don't happen twice in the same place—"

Bud coughed. It was hard to shout against the roar.

"It will be a miracle if I don't run away!"

LANE thought suddenly of her far-off home. It seemed very desirable. But home meant failure.

"I will—I will!" she cried, too softly for Bud to hear. "I will not be afraid—I will not show I am afraid—"

"Scared?" Bud yelled the word.

"At what?" she shrieked back. "That?"

She pointed and laughed, trusting the noise to conceal its forced quality. She gulped, hoping he would not see.

"I'd be scared stiff."

Bud didn't shout, but she caught the words from the motion of his lips.

A DREARY afternoon in a dreary small-town "best room." Lane had nothing to do but to think. The composed dare-devil became a very human and frightened girl pacing the floor, up and down, up and down, thinking of a fearsome dive on the morrow.

Dinner hour in the mess tent was a relief, even though the talk and laughter, as in a happy family, made her an outsider.

These actors and actresses were all successes. She was only an extra, pretending she was a nervy dare-devil. Gordon was not present; but Bud rose as she came in uncertainly.

"Sit here, Miss Grey," he said. It was Kent's chair. "People, this is Lane Grey, going to double for Miss St. Claire. Miss Grey, meet the company, and don't be formal!"

People of the screen, as of the stage, are big hearted. They made her welcome, told her the camp gossip, chatted about the story they were to film, exclaimed at her courage. Her heart warmed to them.

"But I am not one of them. I'm just doubling for a double! They think I'm not frightened. But I am!"

When Miss St. Claire entered there was a momentary silence. As the star took a chair opposite, Lane said, "Good evening, Miss St. Claire." But the beauty looked past her without answering.

Lane flushed. "What's she got it in for me for?" Lane inquired of Bud at her side, really puzzled.

"Oh, St. Claire thinks she wants to play the part all the way through. Only she hasn't the nerve. It makes her wild to have anyone double for her, even though the public won't know it. She made Kent sick, nagging her."

The monster that was tomorrow pressed closer to Lane as she slipped away to her room. Sleep might bring forgetfulness of the hard day to come, and many other days when no camera had been interested in anything she did, except when she risked her life in place of a woman with a face worth screening.

But slumber was unkind. Lane dived and swam through the hours—now a swallowlike swoop down, ending, not in the shock of cool water, but in a muscular contraction that shook her half awake in bed. She fought a smother of foam and white water which choked and strangled her, to become suddenly conscious of covers over her face.

Mr. Gordon paraded through her visions, impersonal and unseeing. Lane spent half the night trying to make him look at her and give her a chance; but an inexorable arm

waved her to the falls. Unless she agreed to suicide that a picture might be put over, she could not get a contract.

She woke with a feeling of relief. She could even smile when she dressed. Cotton underwear and stockings, clumsy shoes, gingham dress helped her to forget a forlorn Lane Grey and become a hill girl, uneducated, primitive, anxious to save the man she loved.

On hand promptly, Lane was glad to be assigned to a car with a cameraman and Bud; they did not expect her to talk.

Fright gave way to determination; pride made her fear failure more than danger.

"Miss St. Claire will be in the background for once, even if the public gives her credit for what I do!"

Miss St. Claire did her scene well, running with speed and determination. Her expression was sufficiently frightened to indicate the villain supposed to be pursuing her.

"I WANT plenty of close-ups!" the beauty, panting, demanded of Gordon. "I won't have my public think I am doubled."

Lane would have thought it funny, if she had not been too busy steeling herself. She dreaded the dive, but less than the river farther down. That red and white signal—suppose she didn't see it in time? It was so close to the falls! If she passed it, caught in the current—

"All right, Miss Grey, we're ready. Start there." Gordon pointed. "Run straight down the path. Don't hesitate on the brink. No real hill girl would, chased by a villain and anxious to save her lover. She'd go over straight. That's what you are to do!"

*She prayed her skirt would not wind-vane her to strike other than fair.*

"Then what?" Lane inquired.

"There will be a lot of cameras on you. Don't look around. You know where the canoes are—yours has paddles sticking up. Paddle downstream. Look back occasionally—it's too far to get your features. You expect to be pursued, so paddle fast. You can't miss the signal. I wish— What's the use of wishing? You can't—"

"Can't what?" Lane asked, more to take her mind off her fright than to know what he thought.

"Can't go over the falls. Wish it wasn't murder, but— Oh, well, we'll make it real, somehow. Mind you watch for the signal. You are safe if you don't go beyond it. All plain?"

Lane couldn't speak. She nodded.

"Well, let's go. You're not frightened, are you?"

Lane gulped. "No; why?"

"It's dangerous business. I wouldn't let you do it if you were afraid."

Lane hoped no pallor showed under the small amount of rouge she had allowed herself. She had not made up, since her face played no part in the drama.

"Ready? All right, Miss Grey, go ahead— *Cameras!*" The word was shouted through a megaphone.

LANE ran down the path. Now for it! A hundred yards, fifty yards, many trees, smooth earth, rocky edge. With a lump in her throat, Lane made a clean running dive, a straight out jump, and turn. A hill girl would not know fancy diving. A long way down—she prayed her skirt would not wind-vane her to strike other than fair. Shock of cool water. Reversing, she shot to the surface. A cheer from above warmed her heart. The canoe with paddles. There!

Swinging herself over the end of the canoe, she turned swiftly into position. Dropping one paddle, she paddled hard for the center of the river and the current.

Remembering instructions, she looked back and up, but saw no one. "They can't scramble over the rocks as fast as I can paddle. Long-shot cameras all the way down. Someone will be near the signal."

Below the level of thought was that succession of stationary waves. Soon they would grip the canoe. If she upset she could never swim to shore; the current would carry her over the falls.

"I won't think of it! I am a hill girl. My lover is the important matter. I must escape the villain. I must paddle fast—"

The first wave. It drew nearer fast—fast; there was a sense of speed, of life and power, under the frail craft. There! In that low place, hard aport, in—in—over!

She panted. Perspiration dimmed her vision. The resistless lift as she rode over the hidden rocks, far down, brought back fear of the smooth, swift water. Yet she had come through.

"I managed one; I can the rest. Ah, no! The falls!"

People *did* go over falls in canoes. Bud said no man would do it. Gordon wanted a picture of a girl, not a dummy, going over. Was it better to fail, go home, face friends, admit she could not succeed—or take a chance?

Cameras all the way down; eager to picture a woman going over the falls; cameras which might not record her face. Could she go over the falls and remember to act? With her life in her hands, could she look determined, triumphant? A chance! A chance to show she could act. Such a slim chance! The hideous strength of the water, that plunge over— She couldn't! It wasn't worth it.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


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[THE DOUBLE
Continued from page seventy-one]

"But you're scared, Lane Grey! That's why you don't! If you really wanted to stand out of the crowd, you'd do what the crowd doesn't dare do. Gordon said— There's the signal!"

Gesticulating, a man stood beside it, a megaphone at his face. Lane heard only the moan of the falls, the muffled tenor of the waves.

"I can't do it! I must turn in a minute—I must turn *now*—"

Lane thrust her paddle harder against the water. Even as she told herself to steer to shore and safety, she swung the canoe down river. A mighty hand grasped the canoe and pulled it forward.

Knowing she could not turn back, Lane urged her craft onward. The roar of the falls became plainer.

AS Lane came to the surface after her dive, Gordon had run to his car.

"Everyone pile in—we'll get to the falls long before she turns in at the signal."

Bud let in the clutch with a jerk. "Why don't you say right out you hope she can't turn at the signal and goes over?" he growled.

"I don't want her to go over the falls, you idiot!"

"Neither do I!" Miss St. Claire managed to get in Gordon's car. "It hurts the fans' interest in a star to have a double killed."

Lane came through the first wave as Gordon and Bud mounted the platform. A tiny figure in a microscopic canoe, she seemed hardly to move.

The canoe slowly grew larger. "Not much action yet!" Bud shrieked the words. "I thought the waves would rock her more." He lit a cigarette and immediately threw it away.

"She's good with a canoe—you can see that!" Gordon yelled. He chewed the end of an unlit cigar. "Sure the signal is big enough?"

"Oh, Gordon!" Very faintly the words came up to them.

"St. Claire has your spare megaphone! She wants you!" Bud managed to grin with his shout.

"She can't come here—let her crawl up the bank, like the rest!"

Bud nodded at Gordon's bellowing answer. He looked at the company collected on the bank where they could see both the falls and the river above. Several had field glasses.

Bud turned back to the river. Lane was between two waves; the canoe tossed wildly. "There's action!" he cried. He lit another cigarette.

Gordon threw down his cigar and stuck a fresh one between his teeth.

Bud's hands were clenched, shoved down hard in his pockets. The banks were so high, the rocks so huge, the landscape so frowning, and the canoe and the paddler so small, so helpless, so—

"She ought to turn in!" He gripped Gordon's arm. "She ought to turn in!"

"Not yet—minute—just a minute—"

Bud seized the megaphone, useless though it was. He pointed it upstream and shrieked his command: "Turn in, girl, turn in! Turn—"

"Great God!" Gordon whirled to the waiting cameraman. "Get busy! She's coming down—on—over! She didn't see it! She *can't* turn in now."

On the bank a girl bit her lip till the blood flowed. A man bruised a woman's arm with the unconscious pressure of frightened hands. Another pounded a tree trunk with his fists. He looked as if he moaned; there was no sound audible above the roar of the falls.

"Get your long focus on that—she's not even frightened! Look at that face—she's not scared. She's smiling—she's exultant. Shades of Jefferson, the woman is committing suicide, and she's acting! She's registering— Steady, boy, not too fast; don't slow the action—"

A cameraman swore. Not even to reproach his chief for the insult would he take his eyes from the tragedy. She couldn't live. No canoe could live in that water!

"Will she upset before she goes over, or—" Bud's yelled question got no answer. "Hell, what a picture!"

The canoe shot forward, faster, faster. Lane knelt, paddling skillfully, keeping the bow downstream. The frail shell shook like a leaf in a storm. It shivered as if struck, then bounded forward. Bud gripped Gordon's arm, shaking him. She had only a few seconds to live, and her face was triumphant! She did not look at them, but at the torrential smooth rounded horror which broke to a smother of foam and billows of raging, tearing, tormented water.

"Now—*now*— Oh, God!"

Gordon tore loose from Bud and dived for the ladder. Her body would be where the water lapped the rocky shore.

IN the trough between the waves which curled above her but miraculously didn't fall, Lane was suddenly very busy. Even a slight turn to one side and she must upset. These waves were higher than those behind.

A roar in her ears; eyes blind with spray. Up—poise—down! A swooping, sickening rush, up—poise again—down with a mad scramble with the paddle to hold the bow downstream. Up—poise—tiny figures wild with excitement and unheard shoutings on the shore. A stage of white timber a hundred feet away; two cameras grinding, grinding—down again! Once more up—once more—and then the falls—poise.

A last look at Gordon, Bud on the platform—crowd on the bank— She mustn't look! She was a hill girl, triumphing over someone pursuing her. She must act—act! She must not seem afraid. Only seconds now, but they must count—register determination, triumph—no fear—

"God, keep my nerve for me!"

Up—the brink—down!

A million mighty hands dragged at the canoe. A mountain fell on her. Cruel, malignant green waves bent slowly inward as she went down, down, down with never ending acceleration. A crash, a blow, a beating, a buffeting—

Time stood still. Vast arms squeezed the breath from her. She was a whirling planet

*"I'd look like that in pretty underclothes."*

among a million stars, her strength a spider web in a hurricane.

Lungs bursting, she fought free from confining clothes that ripped and tore, out of grim, strangling hands—struggling from the smother and foam and noise. With a gasp and a cry she didn't hear, her lungs got air.

Which way? She must go toward the cameras.

"The same bank, of course. Left—"

Lane swam feebly, gasping. Her legs weighed tons. Her arms—why wouldn't they do her bidding? "So—tired. Boat—soon. No! Spoil—shot. No boat—must make it—alone!"

Slowly she drew nearer the shore. She could see figures now—a cameraman working as calmly as if she were not dying. Gordon—

Shouts came faintly above the roar. She could make it. Suddenly she was conscious that she was almost naked. Dress gone, half her underclothes torn away; loose shoes and stockings had disappeared. She couldn't land like this.

"Come on! Come on, you dare-devil! You crazy woman! Don't stop now—come in! You did it—you did it! You're determined—your lover is in danger—you've taken a great chance—you've won! Don't look terrified—look hopeful—but come on! Hurry—you're in a hurry!"

The words came faintly through the megaphone. Gordon was directing her—he knew she was acting! She mustn't forget she was acting! She was a hill girl; her lover was in danger—what did clothes matter? But she couldn't hurry. So tired!

Her foot struck a rock. It hurt, dully. Many cameras, figures jumping, most unprofessionally shouting.

Too tired to be ashamed, too numb to care whether clothed or nude, with blood half covering one exposed breast, a gash across one arm, Lane stood up in three feet of water.

She staggered, but surprise held her up. Cameras were pushed almost into her face. They were making close-ups—of her! She mustn't notice—she must smile, grimly triumphant, a hill girl saving her lover.

"But they're shooting me—me! They are shooting *my face!*"

Lane dragged at one weary leg, wavering. Then the stagger became uncontrollable. She lost her feeble balance and collapsed, as Gordon jumped in the water to catch and carry her to the rocky shore.

MEN beat each other on the back. Everyone talked and laughed and cried at once. Two women she couldn't remember seeing before kissed her repeatedly. Gordon held her up and shook hands with her and hugged her, then folded a coat around her as a cameraman grabbed one hand, crying, "Great Gawd, sister, some shots!"

"Why didn't you turn in at the signal? God, what an actress!"

Exhausted, Lane lay in Gordon's arms, only half understanding—yet happy.

Gordon carried her up the bank and behind the falls, so that words did not have to be shouted. They told it over and over with the enthusiasm of children, the joy of artists who have seen a great scene.

Lane turned in Gordon's arms. "I can stand. I'm—I'm all right—"

Gordon hugged her again. "Girl, I don't know whether you are insane or just a moron, but— Oh, hell! That was magnificent!"

"But, Gordon!" Miss St. Claire was icy of voice. "You can't use those close-ups! She doesn't *look* like me! And I won't duplicate her lack of costume—it isn't decent!"

Lane quivered. It was one thing to be almost nude in a picture that justified it; quite different to be made Exhibit A by another woman.

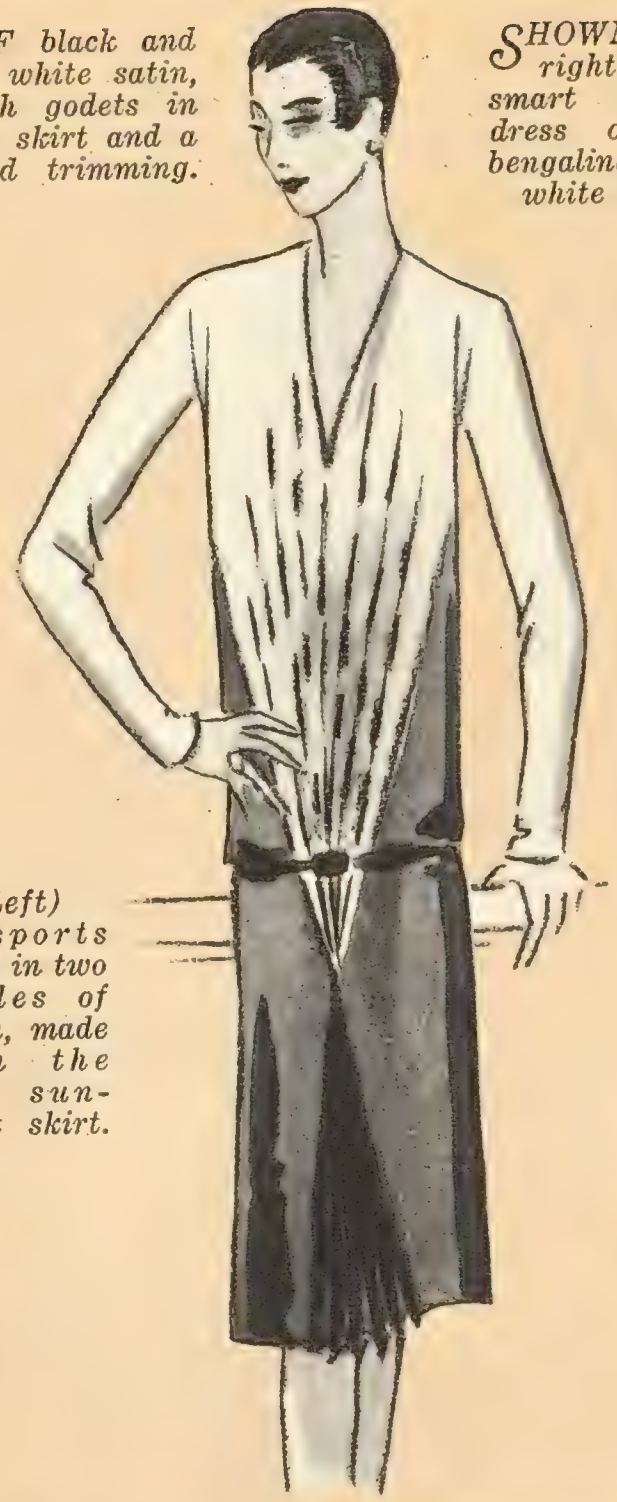
Gordon wrapped the coat more firmly around her, and tucked her tightly under the crook of one arm.

"I didn't write your contract"—he spoke in level tones to Miss St. Claire—"but I know what it is. It's for a year, not for any special picture. When they see those shots, unless I am out of my head, they'll order the rest of the picture made over, with Miss Grey as the leading woman. But, whether they do or not, Miss Grey gets a contract from this company, and gets it fat! She can *act!*

"Come on, little kid; I'm going to carry you to the car!"

THE END

*(Left) A sports dress in two shades of green, made with the new sunburst skirt.*



*OF black and white satin, with godets in the skirt and a bead trimming.*

*SHOWN at the right is a smart summer dress of blue bengaline and white piqué.*

*ONE of Vionnet's most successful coat dresses (right), made of loosely woven voile.*

# *Cool Clothes for Hot Days*

*By* MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

HOW to look cool, though sweltering, will be the problem from this time on into the indefinite future. We wish to look as cool as we are supposed to look in organdie on a summer porch, even when we are walking in the soft asphalt of Main Street. Indeed, to acquire clothes that have the dignity of formal street dress for our semitropical climate at midday has been a problem to occupy us these many years.

Now another nation has given its attention to this subject, and, since this is the French nation, the effort has met with valuable results. These people have begun to acknowledge that in countries outside their own the thermometer occasionally rises to a point beyond 76° Fahrenheit, and they have occupied themselves with fashioning clothes for such extraordinary places.

First of all, there was the business of devising a fabric for a climate so bizarre. As we have mentioned before, these arbiters of styles have, for one thing, decided to sanction wash materials and short sleeves. But, after all, these do not contribute to costuming for semiformal occasions. One must, you know, appear occasionally for luncheon in the palm garden of a smart hotel. One has to go shopping, because no matter with how full a wardrobe one starts the summer, it will have to be replenished before the season is over.

The material which the French have created this year for more or less formal street wear is a sort of wool voile. How very unfortunate it is even to have to mention such a word as wool in connection with anything supposed to be cooling in significance! Yet this is scarcely more than the name of it, for the wool is spread so very, very thin that it affords not much beyond the formal, structural foundation of this new material, which is extremely loose in weave and of open mesh.

The coat dress shown here is being made from it, although the original model, as it first appeared in Vionnet's shop in Paris, was of tweed. All Paris is now wild on the subject of materials that are transparent yet have a body to them, so you will go far from wrong in having this dress made up comfortably in the new fabric for summer wear.

The model is made with the familiar collarless neckline of Vionnet and with the surplice closing. The dress has a slightly circular line to it, with a suggestion of a flare. In color the original model was of that popular shade known as greige, which means a cool beige or a warm gray. Dark blue would be excellent for it in the warm season. It has the loose armholes and the roomy sleeves, yet withal the semiformal outline that makes it more appropriate for hot-weather wear than a conventionally tight dress. It is indeed cut on very roomy lines except around the hips, where it is closely fitted.

The frock of piqué and bengaline also is singularly successful in its appropriateness for more or less formal wear in warm weather. Young girls like piqué because of its crisp hardness. Yet it can be laundered softly for those who prefer it so. At any rate, it is very much in the spirit of summer, and of this summer especially, which is reviving all sorts of little odds and ends that flourished in Queen Victoria's time. Piqué is certainly one of these.

The interesting thing about the dress is that it is done in the old mid-Victorian shirt-waist and skirt manner, yet with a modern twist to it. The skirt appears to be buttoned up on one hip, with a flap to it falling slantingly across the front of the dress down to the opposite side. The same movement is repeated in the blouse at the neckline. The costume buttons down its full length on one side. The skirt is in ribbed bengaline silk, which is extremely smart this season.

THE second offering represents a more formal dress of black and white satin in the original model, although it is frequently made in crêpe de Chine for summer. The sunburst motif, very fashionable this season, is beautifully developed on this costume; first, in the long V line of the bodice, which is shot with slanting rays of sparkling beaded embroidery, and then in the sunburst plaits going at intervals downward around the skirt.

Meantime comes a "little" dress from the hands of Claire, which has all the requirements for practical sports wear, and at the same time is very new in style, with its most modern of sunburst skirts, achieved by combining the circular movement with the inset triangles of plaits. This dress is in two shades of fine-weave green jersey.

# 'Slender *Is* as Slender *Wears*' *says* Paris

By BETTINA BEDWELL

*Paris, May 28.*

ANGLES are out of fashion. Summer chic is a matter of curves. Even slenderness requires treatment, and according to rumors which keep on circulating around Paris, "the full-blown rose" figure is coming back to its own. The idea of smart clothes creators today is to make us look like women, and this means that every line is a curved line, only very, very gently curving. Only a few of us have this modified slimness, so Paris varies her lines to bring slenderness down or up to what she wears.

Illusory fabrics are extremely tempting in torrid temperatures, and for certain degrees of slenderness they are excellent. For others, less transparent but equally cool materials are the only medium to achieve the correct line.

Paris has produced an entirely new midsummer material. It is more like organdie than anything else, but is all silk and a little less transparent than organdie. It is crisp and doesn't wilt in the heat, and it is an excellent curve retainer, which many summery fabrics are not.

*White bengaline makes this unusual summer ensemble from Suzanne Talbot. In this model curved lines reign.*

*A smart summer ensemble of printed crêpe from Chanel has a short jacket with plaited bands and a frock with a black hem.*

*Every line of this black silk organdie frock from Cheruit (above) is a curved line. The collar, cuffs, and band are made of pink silk organdie.*

*(Below) Madeleine Vionnet cuts a long scarf in one piece with the front and back of the blouse of this red marquisette frock. The skirt is circular. The lines are especially suited to the Junoesque woman.*

Our third sketch shows a Paris frock made of this new fabric. Cheruit, who created this model, is also the one who introduced the material. The curved lines of this dress are about the best illustration I have seen of the kind of figure which is fashion's ideal this season. The usual straight lines of the bodice are replaced by very long shallow curves reaching to the hips at the sides. They are not fitted, but they indicate a lovely curving body, which is just what Cheruit intended, whether the woman wearing this frock has such a figure or not.

The trimmings are of the same material as the dress, only in pale pink, while the dress is black. The round collar, the rounded flaring cuffs, and the curved, diagonal band which buttons over on the left hip are all demonstrations of the suppression of angles or straight lines.

Giving curves to the upper silhouette is a favorite occupation of Paris couturiers this season, and the incurve above the waistline combined with the outcurve below makes one of the two most distinctive silhouettes.

Where natural curves demand the secrecy of an opaque fabric, one of the pet materials of smart Paris is bengaline. Our first model shows a midsummer ensemble of white bengaline, with the incurve and outcurve silhouette. New and smart is the three-quarter-length coat with its single-button fastening and cutaway lines. Suzanne Talbot, who signs this model, gives to the skirt a right-side tunic which is curved like the coat line. The waist is a sleeveless garment, cut like a vest and fastened with a large button at the waistline.

In this costume you see that there are no angular lines, and the Talbot hat, which was made for the ensemble, increases its feminine aspect, being a cap of white bengaline straw covered with a black veil.

THE fourth model shows a summer afternoon dress from Vionnet, which makes use of the scarf to increase the illusion of curves.

The Chanel printed crêpe ensemble is recommended for those ladies who really have pencil-like figures. Every detail of this model tends to enhance its effect of softly flowing lines.

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If you have any foot pain and cannot walk, dance or indulge in sports as you would like to—*now* is the time to get relief.

For this is Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK—an annual event of importance in every civilized country on the globe!

Its object is to convince you that you can get relief from any foot trouble—no matter how bad it is. This you are *guaranteed.*

Whatever foot ailment you may have—corns, callouses, bunions, weak foot, flat foot, crooked or overlapping toes, weak ankles, tender heels, pains in the heel, ankle, knee or back—you can be quickly and permanently relieved.

There is a specific Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for each of these conditions—made under medical and orthopedic supervision—and guaranteed to end pain and remove the cause of your trouble. Sold in shoe, department and drug stores everywhere.

### *Where to get Expert Service*

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service is featured in leading shoe and department stores. They employ a Foot Expert especially trained in Dr. Scholl's scientific methods, and have every facility for rendering complete service in fitting Dr. Scholl's latest improved Arch Supports as well as all other Dr. Scholl Appliances and Remedies.

On request we will mail you a copy of Dr. Wm M. Scholl's booklet "The Feet and Their Care." Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, 62 W. 14th St., New York, or 112 Adelaide St., E. Toronto.

# Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

Dr. Scholl's *Zino-pads* for *Corns* give instant relief from pain by removing the *cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. They are thin, protective, healing, safe and sure. 35c per package.

Dr. Scholl's *Zino-pads* for *Callouses* stop pain instantly; remove shoe pressure. 35c per package.

Dr. Scholl's *Zino-pads* for *Bunions* give instant relief; prevent shoe pressure. Safe, sure. 35c per package.

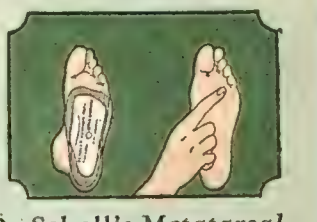
Dr. Scholl's *Toe-Flex* restores crooked toes to normal shape with comfort. 75c each.

Dr. Scholl's *Bunion Reducer* instantly relieves bunion pain, preserves shape of shoe. 75c each.

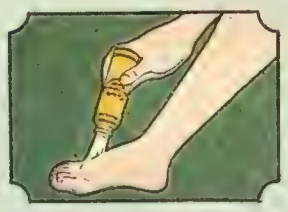
Dr. Scholl's *Foot Balm* soothes, cools, rests, and heals tender, tired, burning feet. 35c per jar.

Dr. Scholl's *Walk-Strate Heel Pads* prevent crooked heels; preserve shape of shoes. 35c per pair.

Dr. Scholl's *Nu-Grip Heel Liner* prevents shoes slipping and rubbing at the heel. 30c per pair.



Dr. Scholl's *Metatarsal Arch Supports* relieve callouses and cramps at the ball of the foot. $5 per pair.



Dr. Scholl's *Bromidrosis Powder* dispels foot and body odors, normalizes perspiration. 50c per can.

Dr. Scholl's *Bunion Spring* is the ideal corrective for extreme cases of bunions. Worn at night. $2.50 each.

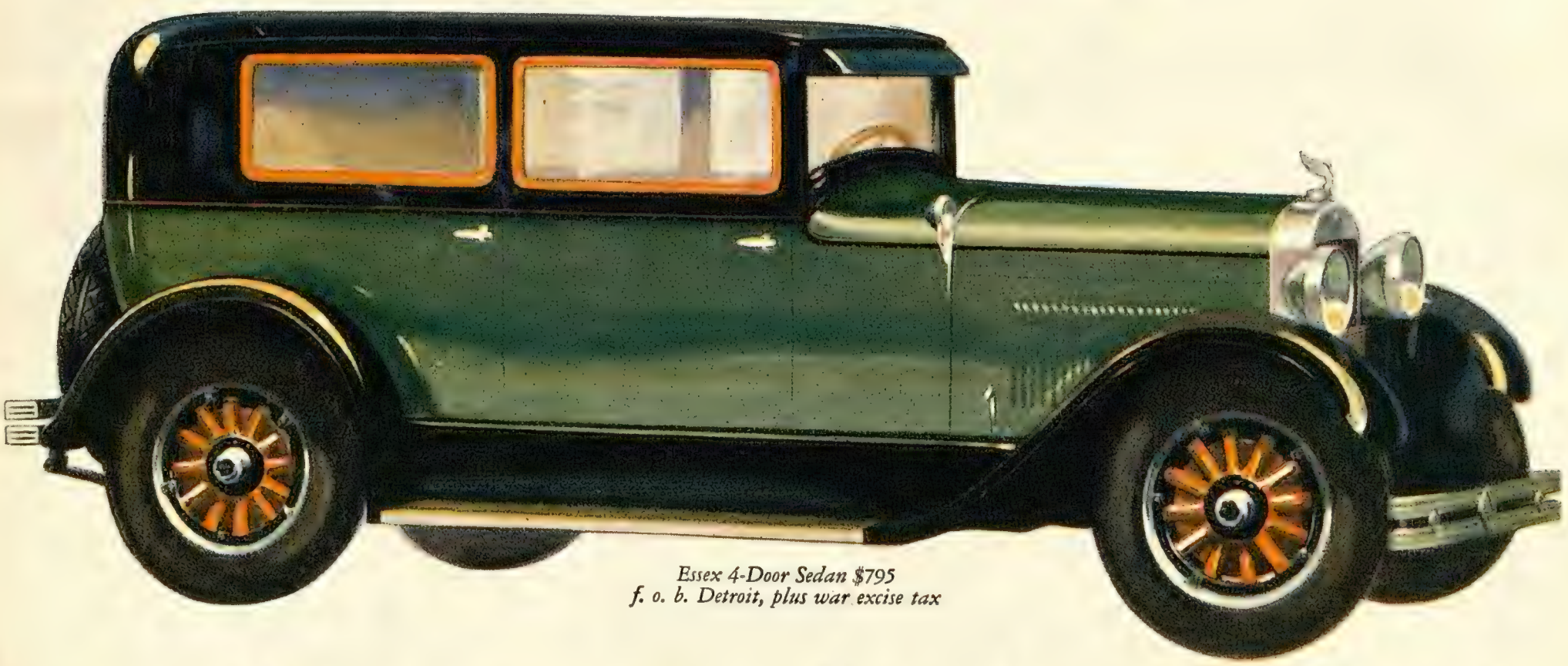
Dr. Scholl's *Callous Salve* quickly removes callouses; stops pain; heals the deeper tissues. 35c per tube.

Dr. Scholl's *Corn Salve* instantly ends pain and quickly loosens and heals corns. 35c per tube.

*Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports relieve and correct tired, aching feet, weak or fallen arches, cramped toes, callouses, tender, painful heels, weak ankles, etc. Light and comfortable. $3.50 to $15 per pair.*

# Paper Does Make a *Difference!*

All four-color advertising in LIBERTY is reproduced on 58-pound cover stock—11 pounds heavier than the paper used by the Saturday Evening Post. The reproduction to the right is an exact reprint on the *same* grade of paper and from the original plates which were used in the Hudson-Essex advertisement which appeared in the May 12th issue of LIBERTY.



*Essex 4-Door Sedan $795*
*f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax*

# Super-Sixes *portrayed in* Super-Printing

AS HUDSON-ESSEX takes pride in the performance of its Super-Sixes, so does LIBERTY take pride in faithfully reproducing in four-color printing the various models of these attractive automobiles.

Advertisers schedule more four-color pages in LIBERTY, in proportion to total advertising pages, than in any other weekly. A recognition of LIBERTY'S superior four-color reproduction is a factor in this preference.

C. C. WINNINGHAM, INC., prepare Hudson-Essex advertising which appears in

**Liberty**
*A Weekly for Everybody*

# HUDSON-ESSEX

*Both Are Super-Sixes*

# I Saw a Man HANGED

## The Story of the Babbling Millionaire

CONCLUDING SOME MEMORIES OF A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By

ADA PATTERSON

*(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: A visit at midnight to New York's old red light district—a trip as the first woman to go down in a submarine—a venture into a cage of lions, to further a publicity scheme: these are some of the experiences Miss Patterson has described. This is the fourth and final installment of her series.]

ASSIGNED to me is the dubious distinction of being the only newspaper woman who ever witnessed an execution. I saw a man hanged. Reporters, recalling unusual events, still allude to that experience, some of them with covert, or overt, disfavor.

Virginia Harned, who was then Mrs. E. H. Sothern, listening to the discursive recollections of one to whom she was giving an interview, said:

"I know Ada Patterson did that. I have heard her say it was the most hideous experience, the most horrible duty, of her life. But, knowing her, I know why she did it. She was performing what she sincerely believed to be her duty."

There was another narrator of this unique performance—a lean, straight-shouldered, gray-faced man, editor of the newspaper of the Missouri town in which the tragedy under the law was enacted.

A Titian-haired fellow worker whom we knew as "Red" indicated him by a flick of the thumb and a one-sided twist of his lips.

"Look out for that fellow," he whispered. "He's stunned by your being here. He thinks this is awful for a woman to do. He says he's going to give you a turn over and basted roast in his paper next week."

Crossing the country road, I approached the grim, gray man. Preliminary scrutiny revealed on the lapel of his coat the gleam of a Grand Army badge.

"I see you are a Grand Army man," I began. "That is a pleasant sight to me. You must have been very young to join the army. A runaway? So was my father. Since you belong to the order you can understand why I am here. I am here as a soldier's daughter in the performance of duty. It is inconceivable that a woman would be here for any other reason."

Picture by JOSEPH A. MATURO

*THE wife told me of hiding beneath a leopard skin while her husband and her rival tarried at a road house and came out, continuing a quarrel.*

The steel colored eyes searched mine. The furrow between the bushy gray eyebrows smoothed. The grim lips relaxed into a smile. We clasped hands. Understanding was established. He sent me a marked copy of the next issue of his paper, containing words more than pleasant of the soldier's daughter who had honored the hamlet by her presence while in the discharge of a painful but necessary duty.

A crafty demoiselle? Not quite. For what I had told him was true. One must try to disarm a threatening foe.

THE Duestrow murder was a celebrated case of the Middle West. The dissolute and ne'er-do-well son of a millionaire brewer of St. Louis had killed his wife and child. It was an atrocious crime.

He had driven in a sleigh to the door of his home to take his wife for a drive. His drink-sodden brain and hair-trigger temper were inflamed by her tardiness. After a minute's wait he called. His voice did not penetrate the closed windows.

After five minutes, peeping and apprehensive neighbors saw him spring out of the sleigh, run up the steps, and fling himself through the door. They heard his voice raised in fury. A shot. A woman's long-drawn scream. A child's cry of terror.

Infuriated because his wife had caused him to wait in the chill air, Arthur Duestrow had dashed into their room and sent a bullet into her breast. Because their child, playing on the rug at its mother's feet, had wailed its fright, Duestrow had seized its ankles and dashed out its brains against the wall.

The act of a madman?

Some so believed. Some still believe that it was the abnormal act of an abnormal man. But most persons who knew the young profligate said that rage is not madness, and de-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Simply wash away the hair

ATTRACTIVE, smart women have found it easy to gain lovely skin, absolutely free from the slightest blemish of hair growth. They simply *wash away* the annoying hairs from limbs, underarms, neck or face with the delicately perfumed, liquid DeMiracle!

Only a touch with De Miracle, a quick rinse with water and your skin is left clean and smooth. You actually see the hairs dissolve.

De Miracle is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Sold everywhere, 60c, $1.00 and $2.00. If you have difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing $1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 96, 138 West 14th Street, New York City.

DeMiracle
REMOVES HAIR

Accurate, Dependable Time
Mansfield Slip-On Motor Clock

$5.00 Easy to Install

for Chevrolet Chrysler Whippet Dodge Essex Ford Nash Buick Other Leading Makes

No cutting of dash needed to attach this remarkable clock—not even a single screw hole to mar the instrument board. No drilling or cutting whatever. Ready for instant attachment to any car, and the car owner can do it himself.

Heavy clamp insures rigidity, and tightening screw bites under instrument board. Runs 30 hours at a winding, has radium dial and is guaranteed for the life of the car. Finished in bright nickel. At dealer or direct.

J. F. MANSFIELD, 15 Maiden Lane, New York

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

J. F. Mansfield, 15 Maiden Lane, New York
Send me one SLIP-ON clock. When it arrives I will pay postman $5.00. I reserve right to return in ten days if not satisfactory and you agree to refund my money.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

SEND NO MONEY

Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands


[I SAW A MAN HANGED Continued from page seventy-seven]

manded that he pay the law's full penalty for the slaying. The youth's lawless life, his arrogance, the purse pride of his family, had made him a hated Ishmaelite.

"Millions shall not buy him immunity from punishment,' said public sentiment.

ARTHUR DUESTROW engaged the most brilliant legal mind of the Southwest in his cause. Governor Charles P. Johnson—the title a relic of his term as lieutenant governor of Missouri—had an impressive personality. His was the bearing of a Confederate officer, the gentleness of a scholar, the charm of a coveted diner out. Oratory was a gift the fairies had dropped upon his brow in the cradle. He had the gold-tipped tongue of a Bryan.

"The greatest criminal lawyer west of the Allegheny Mountains," proud St. Louisians said of this ornament of their bar.

Duestrow drew him into the campaign for his life—a long, brilliant, losing campaign. Charles P. Johnson carried the case into every available court. Again and again he heard the judicial reply, "The judgment of the lower court affirmed."

In courtrooms and in his cell Duestrow babbled. He said he was General van Brandenburgh, an officer in the army of Holland's queen, and a suitor for her hand. Progressively he declared that his suit was won, that he was betrothed to Queen Wilhelmina, that he had married her.

For three years Johnson pursued his lone, gallant fight.

For three years his strange client babbled.

"You are demanding the life of a maniac, unaccountable for his deeds," Johnson flung into the teeth of anti-Duestrow sentiment.

"I am General van Brandenburgh, returned victorious from the war, and bridegroom of Queen Wilhelmina!" shouted Arthur Duestrow, pacing his cell with military stride, abbreviated by the size of his steel-walled room.

Governor Johnson, in his handsome home in St. Louis, welcomed the girl reporter who asked an interview with his puzzling client. I wrote a page about the marchings and countermarchings, the military jargon, the numerous allusions to his regal bride, the small, restless brown eyes, the reiterated "I am not Arthur Duestrow. I have killed no one. I tell you I am a general of Queen Wilhelmina's army."

Duestrow's resourceful attorney planned a coup.

"I am convinced that the lad is insane," he said. "If I can prove that there is a clot on his brain or that a bit of bone is pressing upon it, I can save him." He placed in a room in the jail an X-ray machine, and led his client before the instrument. Duestrow defeated his defender's purpose.

"If this means the end, I want to know it," he said with a new and astounding clarity.

"Sit down, my boy. This is an instrument that will determine whether you are so ill that you cannot be held accountable to the law," soothed the gracious lawyer.

But Arthur Duestrow would not sit down. He paced the room, eying with anger and suspicion the bulky instrument. After half an hour Governor Johnson sighed and ordered that he be taken back to his cell.

"His last hope, and he has destroyed it," he sighed.

It was true. On a February day the man at whom the public spat the words, "the millionaire murderer Duestrow," was led out of the square gray building, the Four Courts, and driven to Union City to pay the last penalty. A shabby figure in threadbare clothes, abandoned by his family; a rich man with empty pockets.

It was a journalistic afterthought that drafted me for a witness of the execution. A quiet scholar, a greater adept at telling big stories, struck. He was excused from duty. In an editorial conference the emergency was considered. It was decided that the man who previously had been sent to cover the case could not handle alone a feature so important.

"He can handle the routine story; no more," said one of the wise and worried circle.

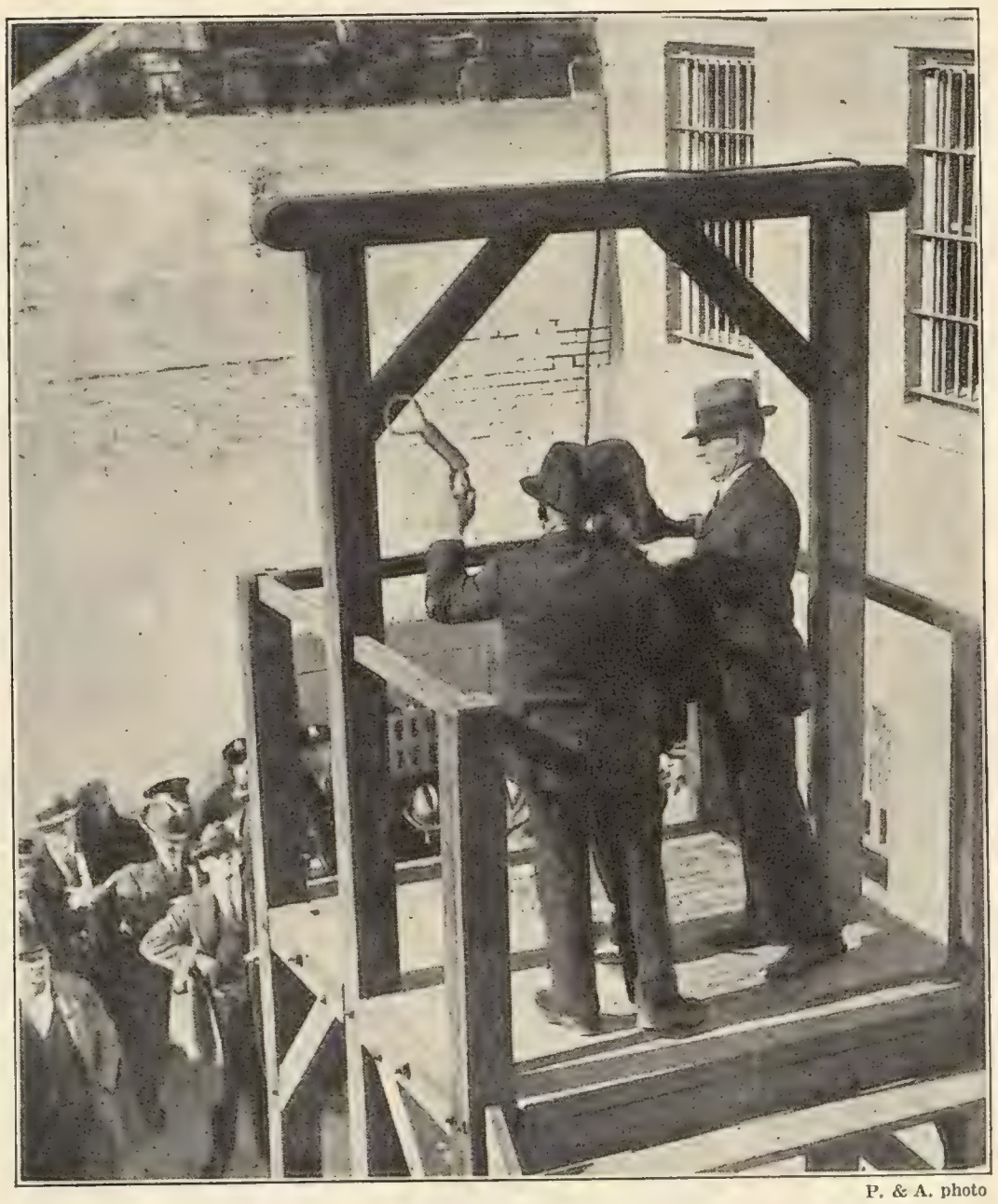
Another passed around a telegram from Union City: "It is apparent that he is bracing himself vinously for the ordeal. He has fallen down on stories before for the same reason."

From one hitherto silent came my name.

"She is the logical person to write the introduction and do the 'spread eagle,' for she has written two or three page features about him. She is associated in the public mind with the case. Let us send her."

They did.

I ARRIVED at the little town the day before the execution. With a group of newspaper men, I went to the tiny jail to see the doomed man. Hammer strokes assailed the village quiet. In the courtyard at the rear of the jail the rough gallows on which Duestrow was to be hanged next day was being built.



P. & A. photo

*A tense moment at a hanging: the fitting of the black cap over the doomed man's head.*

The prisoner walked out to the narrow balcony before his cell. He sent me a look and smile of recognition.

"How do you feel, Mr. Duestrow?"

"As well as can be expected," he answered. "Have you seen Governor Johnson?"

"For five minutes, on my way here. He is very sorry he could not come with me. Have you seen him?"

"No. But I have written him. I wrote him that you and I were married."

A breath-taking statement at which my companions set their pencils scratching their pads and to which I made no reply.

A battle between pity and the newspaper instinct was being fought within me. The newspaper instinct won. Successive hammer strokes splintered the silence.

"Do you know what is happening?" I asked.

Another smile—a cunning one, it seemed. "I have a pretty good idea," was the answer.

He was still smiling when the jailer led him back to his cell. He was muttering, "There's going to be a war."

Supper in the dining room of the country hotel was a mere empty form for me. Sleep in the narrow white-walled room was a mocking word. I was haunted by the smile in his small, restless brown eyes and about his weak lips set in the pallor of a pale, bearded face like the pictured faces of madmen. Silence broken by commands to unseen soldiers. Shouts of "I am General van Brandenburgh!"

Breakfast was a vain effort. The odor of coffee was sickening.

I rose from the table and went out to meet the gray morning of a February day.

Leaden shadows moved in the gray light. Single figures. Forms in close groups. All moving toward the little square brick jail in which Arthur Duestrow was spending his last hour. The smell of freshly cut timber, of newly split boards, came gratefully to sickened nostrils. It came from the gallows, built during the night.

A MAN was walking about the scaffold, inspecting critically its workmanship; a man with coarse black hair, high cheek bones, a forceful nose and chin. He was the sheriff.

Four o'clock. In half an hour the drama would begin. The gray light was turning to pearl. Against it the assembling figures looked less spectral. Hardly a type of male humanity was missing from the faces that crowded about the scaffold.

I saw the faces of dreamers, of students, of men of affairs who viewed even a picture so dark as this from a merely utilitarian standpoint; of men who paled a little at thought of the fate closing upon the man to whom life had offered so much and had given so little.

Men there were of the kind who affect a levity they do not feel in the face of life's deepest shadows. One of these lighted a cigar. Another said: "They will have to carry him to the gallows."

He was wrong. Arthur Duestrow walked to his death with the springy step those who had known him before his murderous act remembered. It was the step of an eager, light-hearted boy. The sheriff and the marshal had to hasten their steps to keep pace with him.

There was a startled look as he passed through the narrow lane made by the falling back of the spectators. The anxiety that overspread the thin, wan features was not one of fright.

Duestrow seemed to be seeking a face he did not find. He was looking for the lawyer who was his sole remaining friend. Then he ceased looking for him. With steady steps, between the sheriff and the marshal, he mounted the scaffold.

As the representatives of the press followed him closely to the places assigned to them at the gallows' edge, inside the frail, one-barred railing, he noticed my presence.

"Good morning, Miss—" He spoke in a clear tone. "What is your name? Anderson?"

"What do you want to say?" I prompted.

"There is going to be a war," he said.

His eyes, restless still, wandered to two kneeling men. They were deputy sheriffs who were binding his feet with ropes.

Out of the crowd pressing close to the gallows stepped a man who handed something to the sheriff. It was of the size and proportions of a pillow slip that might have been used for an infant's bed. It had been fashioned, half an hour before, by the deft fingers of the jailer's wife. The capsheaf of the grisly structure of death. The fateful symbol. The black cap.

Int. Newsreel photo

*Libbie Garrabrandt, who was pardoned after thirty-four years in prison.*

At sight of it, a silent frenzy possessed me. Panic fought with will.

"You must not scream," my stronger self adjured my weaker. "You must not faint."

My knees quaked.

Someone supported me.

"You went so white that I thought you were going out," my neighbor who had slipped his arm about my waist told the story of that moment. "But the next second your muscles got back their tone."

"Think not of this man, but of his deed," I was saying to myself. I pictured the pretty woman slain before her mirror, the impact of the weeping babe against the wall. With the picture came strength. My reeling senses steadied themselves in time to hear the man's mumblings.

The black cap fell before his eyes.

"I didn't kill my wife." With a gesture of the thin brown hand, that had twice slain, toward me: "There she stands."

The black cap covered his lips. Silence.

The rope was knotted about his neck. The man in the threadbare suit submitted as he would have done to the tender touch of one dear to him. He bent his head slightly to the side, as though to aid the man who tied the knot. The man who tied it said that to his ear, through the muffling black cap, came a whisper. He was sure it was, "Remember me to Queen Wilhelmina."

One man bared his head in the presence of death.

The marshal stepped from his place beside the sheriff. A lift and fall of his strong arm that held a hatchet. The stroke cut the slender rope that held a lever.

The trapdoor fell. The emaciated figure beneath the black cap dropped noiselessly into the space below. The body twitched slightly twice, then swung back with a pendulumlike motion. The work of the executioners was done.

A sudden whimsical breeze played a fantastic game with the projecting, earlike corners of the black cap. The pendulumlike motion slackened.

Three men gathered about the gently swaying figure. They were physicians. One placed eager fingers on the pulse. Another pushed back the threadbare coat and placed his ear against the shrunken breast.

I walked unsteadily down the steps, the stranger who had supported me at the moment of my need close beside me, his eyes searching my face, which he said "again had gone dead white."

I waited at the foot of the steps for the decision of the physicians. The man who thought that death had come in eight minutes disputed heatedly with him who said it came in ten. A third physician smiled.

The body was cut down. It was lifted hastily, roughly it seemed, into the cheap coffin incased in a rough pine box that had waited behind the scaffold. Its lid was fastened hurriedly at the sheriff's command. The hangmen, tired and hungry, were irritated by the undertaker's delay.

The box was thrust into a farm wagon. The driver and undertaker climbed to the front seat. The horses started at a slight trot. The next train to St. Louis must be met. Arthur Duestrow's body had no other attendants as it started on its last journey.

At the cemetery in St. Louis it was met by a tall man with a smooth, handsome face and steady bearing. The sweating gravediggers had emptied the last spadeful of clay. To them and to the small group of the curious who had gathered about the grave, Charles P. Johnson made his brief address.

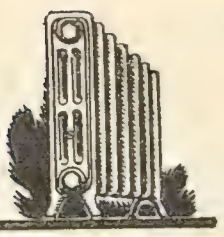
"It was a judicial murder," he said. And he believed this till Death's finger hushed his protesting tongue.

For a week after Arthur Duestrow's execution my meals were tasteless. Sleep fled my pillow or came again only to draw the picture of a thin figure in graying coat and topped by a fantastic envelope of black cloth. A figure that swayed gently and would not be still.

Did he die shamming insanity? It is still a riddle.

THE beat, inestimably precious to the heart of every journalist, is rated highest in the halls of yellow journalism. There the reporter receives his biggest bonuses. There the spirit of "At

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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**IN making your rooms attractive, attention to the little details of decoration is very important. The tasteful use of silver, gold, white gold or bronze on radiators, registers, lighting fixtures, mouldings, picture frames is the finishing touch that completes artistic interiors.**

**You can choose from a wide variety of Sapolin Gildings in gold, white gold, silver (aluminum) and other metallic finishes, for practically every color and degree of durability required. Some of them withstand heat; and all can be washed with soap and water. Sapolin Gildings and Metallic Enamels come packed in combination cans, ready to mix. They assure you both brilliance of color and economy in their use.**

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**Write for our new textbooks of decoration, with illustrations in color and definite instructions for adding beauty to your home. We gladly send them without charge. SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. R-6, 229 E. 42nd St., New York City.**

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**a special finish...for each surface**

ENAMELS
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**HAY FEVER**

*Sufferers!*

Act Now For Real

**RELIEF**

Don't delay ordering POLLENAIR, the electrically operated air filter that removes the *cause* of Hay Fever and Pollen Asthma. We may not be able to fill your order at the last minute before Hay Fever starts. Better reserve your *POLLENAIR* now, by telegraph and your check for $25, applicable on full purchase price. POLLENAIR has the highest professional endorsement.

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**STOPS**

**TRAIN SICKNESS**

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

*75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct*
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

**Stomach Cramps?**

For prompt and complete relief from cramps or similar intestinal disorders, take a little of Chamberlain's Colic Remedy in water. Used for 57 years as a family remedy for first aid in stomach aches. On sale at druggists. For trial size, write to Chamberlain Medicine Co., 562 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

**Chamberlain's Colic Remedy**

*"The First Aid in Stomach Ache"*

**Clear Your Skin**

Itching, pimples, blemishes, inflammation, cold sores, cuts, burns, bruises, abrasions, and most other forms of skin irritations promptly relieved by soothing, healing Zemo.

At all druggists—35c, 60c and $1.00.

**zemo**

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS


[I SAW A MAN HANGED Continued from page seventy-nine]

all costs get your story" flames highest. The beat is an exclusive story.

When the news, or some feature of it, appears only in the newspaper he serves, the reporter who secured it treads the higher air. His editor tosses a word or two of commendation. If he forgets, that carelessness cannot oust from the victor's breast his own swelling consciousness of his triumph.

A beat for which I searched New Jersey cities and villages and those of adjacent States for five days is an enduring memory.

"Libbie Garrabrandt has been pardoned. She has been in the penitentiary since she was seventeen. Get a signed story from her about her thirty-four years in prison," said the man of few words and many preoccupations.

MY search included two cities, fifteen villages, and fractions of three States. Again and again I doubled on my tracks. The woman I sought "has driven away with friends," the warden insisted, despite my surprise that one who had remained so long in prison claimed any friends.

A local correspondent said that a group of charitable women, including the wife of a local editor, was interested in her and might know her whereabouts. I called at the yellow house at the edge of the city which was the editor's home.

His wife responded to my ring.

"She isn't here. We don't know where she is," she said with smiling eyes and, as I suspected and afterward learned, with lying lips.

Depth upon depth of ignominy—to be betrayed by the spouse of one of my own craft!

The answer, "She is resting and cannot see anyone at present," would have spared me travel, hunger, and the sleeplessness of temporary defeat.

I have never forgiven that woman.

The defeat, I have said, was temporary. For in my footsore, heartsore search I came at last upon a good looking young Samaritan, the blond-haired, candid-eyed law student who told me he was sorry his mother was not at home. Yes, she was one of the group that was trying to help Libbie Garrabrandt.

He hadn't heard where they had hidden their shy prisoner, but he would ask his mother at dinner. And he would let me know. Yes, I might depend upon him.

He kept his word. I was awakened by his telephone call:

"She's been at the home of that editor in Trenton. Yes, the woman lied to you. Tomorrow she's going to her brother-in-law's in Passaic. If I were you I would offer her something for the story. The family is poor and she hasn't a cent."

Wise young Daniel! There was an interchange of letters. Libbie Garrabrandt would receive me and would recite her memories of thirty-four years in prison for $150.

Editorial conclave. Doubts as to whether the story was worth it. Pomeroy Burton—now Sir Pomeroy Burton, knight of England and a millionaire—decided that it was.

In a little back room of her mechanic brother-in-law's cramped home, I found Libbie Garrabrandt. Speech came slowly to her. In the long silences of thirty-four years in prison she had nearly lost that art. But the story flowed freely at last.

In his office that looked upon the big city room, the future baronet looked at his watch, then at a face that must have been woefully pale.

"There's only half an hour left," he said. "Can you dictate?"

"I never have," I answered.

"Let this be the time," he said with a smile. Then, to his secretary:

"Take it on the typewriter, Jim."

© Brown Bros.

*Left to right: Thornton Haines, the novelist; Captain Peter Haines, who killed his wife's lover; a detective.*

Back and forth I walked in a long, desk-cluttered office downstairs, telling Libbie Garrabrandt's story. I told it in the first person, while my feet and head ached in tormenting rivalry.

I scanned the typewritten pages and thanked the high gods, or low, of a newspaper office that the typist of my début at dictation was an expert. A copy boy clattered down the iron stairway. The typist handed him the story.

I went home to a heavy, but not dreamless, sleep. One dream was of torturous recurrence. I dreamed I had gone to my desk next morning and found a note written on yellow copy paper. Opening it with trembling fingers, I had read:

That was an awful story.
P. BURTON.

The next morning I did find on my desk the folded piece of yellow paper. I read the note of my dreams with a variation:

That was a very pretty story.
P. BURTON.

ALWAYS I turn a friendly regard upon a vagrant horseshoe. For with one, embedded in mud, I associate one of those victories represented on Park Row by the small but mighty word, "beat."

"Judge Charles H. Parker has sentenced over two hundred men to death. Most of them have gone to the gallows. He is called the American Judge Jeffreys. I've been trying for two years to get him to talk. I've tried eleven men on the story. I am looking to you to get it."

The task assigner said not how or why. It was the message to Garcia. Mine not to ask instructions. As though to convey that hint, he swung round in his swivel chair and began to address a young man who bore the burden of a waxed mustache and a European title that was not his, and who was briefly of the staff.

He was that which in the journalism called yellow is of vast preciousness, though transient — a "name." He had become "famous" by marrying a packer's daughter and kicking her downstairs.

I arrived at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in a gray drizzle that turned the native mud into brown lakes. At the bottom of one of these shallow lakes, beside the station platform, reposed a horseshoe. I retrieved it with my umbrella, removed the clinging mud with the advertising sheet of the morning paper, and placed it under the back seat in the hack.

The ancient driver chuckled. "You'll have good luck, miss," he said with fervor. The ancient driver was a prophet true.

Judge Parker was lying on what, six weeks later, was his deathbed.

"Do you want to know why I have consented to talk with you when I have refused others?" he asked. "It is because I wanted to see the girl who drove an engine

to Chicago. I rode in an engine through the Tennessee mountains. It was a great experience.

"The first time I sentenced a man to death I burst into tears. The thought of my dooming him to leave his wife and family without support or protection unmanned me. After that I steeled myself by thinking of the wife that the man before me had made a widow and the children whom he had robbed of their father.

"You must consider, when you think of the men I have sentenced to pay the full penalty, of the country over which I have jurisdiction.

"It is a borderland strip, populated by Indians and half-breeds. It has been the worst region of the United States. To revolutionize the country into a place of law and order I had to inspire awe of the law. I did it by inflicting the full penalty."

Judge Parker's wisdom was demonstrated in a book entitled Hell on the Border, in which, after his death, was told the story of his victory over lawlessness in half-breed land. The justification interview he gave me was reproduced.

THE beat, while representing the heights of journalistic experience, stands, too, for its depths. For in the same degree as the victor is exultant is the defeated one dejected.

A memory I would rather not have is one that involves one of the best newspaper men of this or any other country. Gus Roeder's career corresponded to that of the Canadian Mounted man. The mountie always got his man. Gus Roeder always got his interview.

News that disturbed the calm of the most serene of homes in the land was that of the murder of W. E. Annis by Captain Peter Haines.

While Captain Haines, member of an old and estimable family, was stationed in the Philippines, his beautiful young wife became interested in a man he thought was his friend. Captain Haines, returning from his far post, frenzied by the stories told him by his brother, the novelist, Thornton Haines, shot and killed his rival at the Bayside Yacht Club on Long Island.

Mrs. Haines fled to her mother's home in a suburb of Boston. Thither followed her the men from each newspaper who had the reputation for getting their story, with Gus Roeder in the lead.

"Grumbling Gus" his fellow workers affectionately called him. He spoke in gutturals. His habitual growl was belied by eyes that alternately twinkled with mirth or softened with human kindliness. Those alternating ocular expressions, preceding and accompanying a series of growls from Gus Roeder, first challenged me at the trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White.

Roeder and I were neighbors in the sob-squad corner, the barracks of the sympathy brigade, the royal pew, derisively named by those reporters who, gathered about a long table, wrote the running story of the day's events, while we, in our reserved corner, made mental notes and wrote after the close of court.

Returning from a vacation, when the Haines story was three days old, I was drafted to go to Boston to join the group that bivouacked about a two-story gray house that was the retreat of the heroine of the Haines case.

Int. Newsreel photo

*Mrs. Peter Haines, whose husband killed her lover.*

"You might as well not have come," said the dapper young man who was doing scout duty for the newspaper I represented. "No one has seen her and no one will. Her lawyers won't allow her to say a word."

"Who is here?" I asked.

"Gus Roeder and—"

IN my hotel I perfected my plan. I knew a man about town who was a friend of the murdered man. I determined not to risk telephoning him or telegraphing him from Boston. He was a good-humored man and I wanted an exclusive story.

The mention of his name gained entrance into the modest home. It gained me sight and hearing of the beautiful young woman who assailed her husband and her brother-in-law and said that Annis was the finest man in the world.

First-page stuff. I was writing it on the train bound for New York before Mrs. Haines realized that, after all, there had been no direct message from her lover's friend. When I again met the man about town, and told him of the victory he had helped me win, he laughed.

In his good-humored inclusiveness, he had lent the key of his apartment to Annis. His place was the trysting place of the notorious pair.

By so slight a thing as this man's name, and mention of his friendship for the slain man, Gus Roeder, the invincible, had been put to bed. For Park Row unreservedly told its neighbors that that beat had sent the redoubtable Roeder to his couch. He had been made sick by disappointment at the transient plucking of his plumes.

It was the only beat I ever regretted. Grumbling Gus was my elder and wiser. I could afford to await the growing of a plume.

Not so when I secured the first interview with Mrs. Herman Rosenthal. That was not won by any accident of warfare. Reflecting that the picked men of Park Row had been ringing the widow's unresponsive doorbell for five fruitless days, I decided that such an emergency demanded extreme measures.

I asked the district attorney for a letter requesting the widow to give me an interview. Since the man who was prosecuting her husband's arch-enemy asked the favor, it was granted.

Then did I learn the lesson that a woman may expect no gallantry from a professional rival. With mouth curving expansively and unbecomingly upward in an exultant grin, my chief said:

"I understand you describe rooms you have never entered and write interviews with persons you have never seen."

HE told me that five minutes after the appearance of the first edition on the street, the night before, a reporter from the neighboring journal had rushed into the office and demanded an audience.

"You've allowed yourself to be victimized," he said. "Nobody has gotten into that house for the last five days. I know, because I have been watching it. My instructions were to watch until Mrs. Rosenthal was able to see anyone, and I did."

"The young woman who wrote this has not a reputation for faking. Quite otherwise," the editor said.

"There is no name on the story."

"Then that is an oversight. I will see that it is put on."

The bringer of the news wept and swore in male hysterics: "I don't care who wrote it. If she said she got inside that house, she lies."

Even then odors hung heavily about the young man that indicated where he had been in that pre-Volstead hour when I achieved the coveted crossing of the forbidden threshold.

Tears I shed once, when all other attacks had failed. The paper desired a photograph of a prisoner in the Tombs. No others being available, it sent me to the commissioner of corrections for his permission. He refused it. Every other argument failing, I wept. Stage tears. But he wrote the note of command to the warden.

The desire to "make a good story" is the chief temptation of the journalist termed yellow. To a Park Row Solomon, since gone to what rewards await the newspaper man in whom conscience survives experience, I went to ask counsel before I entered this field.

"Never fake of your own accord," he said. "Tell your editor

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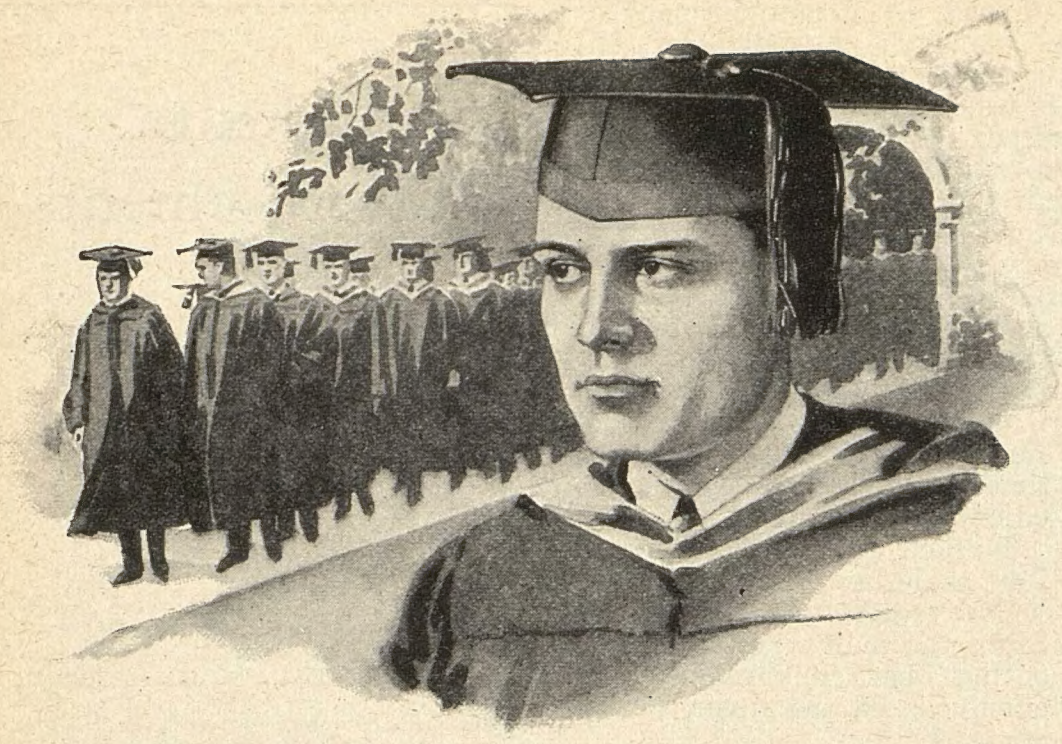

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Some of them may perhaps be taken on by the very firm for which you work—sitting close beside you—competing with you through the years for recognition and advancement.

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There is only one possible way you can do it and that is to devote yourself seriously to getting the same sort of training.

You may not be able to spare the time or the money to go to college, yet there is no reason why you should deny yourself the equivalent of a college education.

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[I SAW A MAN HANGED Continued from page eighty-one]

the facts. If he orders you to color your story, the sin and the responsibility will be his."

Not once in a score of years did I forget that advice or depart from it. Surprises awaited me:

When the facts were gray and the story issued in scarlet and gold.

When the pallid wife in a triangle told me of hiding beneath a leopard skin in an automobile while her husband and her rival tarried at a road house, came out continuing a quarrel, and the rival sprang from the car and tried to throw herself into the river and end the soiled romance.

*Lillian Russell, actress, and friend of the author.*

She exacted a promise that I write only what she told me, because if I departed from it her husband would punish her by cutting off the pittance on which she must exist for the short time she expected to live. And I, and the infuriated she, read in long-drawn detail of cooing and coddling by the pair that she had not heard from beneath the leopard skin.

When gleanings of the wit and philosophy of Lillian Russell, that I laboriously collected after her death, eventuated in two extended poker stories which I had never seen or heard, and for which a relative tearfully chided me, saying:

"Nellie never told those stories. And if she had, she wouldn't have stretched them out to that length. You know how pithily she told a story. That paper shall never again come into my house." It never has.

Find the colored person in the woodpile, is an oft baffling game in the office of yellow journalism. The negroid person appeared in the case of Miss Russell's posthumous poker stories, with loud laughter and a tale of an evening-long session with a poker player who graciously mined them from his experience.

With the death of two men, already aging, the sins of yellow journalism will end. One of the pair fathered, the other fostered, the type. Its contribution to newspaper making—picturesque and palpitating presentation—will survive. But in newspaper offices will the public's reading right again be recognized—the right to unembellished truth.

THE END

# Poems You Ought to Know

## Nathan Hale

*By* FRANCIS MILES FINCH

[Francis Miles Finch (1827-1907) was an American poet and jurist. He was a collector of internal revenue during Grant's first administration, a judge of the New York Court of Appeals, and he took a prominent part in the organization of Cornell University. His literary work consists largely of poems.]

TO drum beat and heart beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum beat and heart beat
In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and the moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With a calm brow and a steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadowy trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spent wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die.
With his last words, his dying words.
A soldier's battle cry.

From fame leaf and angel leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on fame leaf and angel leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

*Yankee Doodle went to town*
*In his little auto—*
*Thought he'd get his girl a treat*
*Beneficial, lasting, sweet—*
*Saw a sign and took the hint*
*And bought a pack of Double Mint!*
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

You will like the new and better *Peppermint* Flavor in WRIGLEY'S Double Mint.

It's lasting and healthful.

WRIGLEY'S aids digestion, keeps the mouth moist, the throat refreshed and in short it is:

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